

THE  
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ENGLISH POETRY:

CONTAINING

- I. Rules for making Verses.
- II. A Dictionary of Rhymes.
- III. A Collection of the most Natural, Agreeable, and Sublime *Thoughts*, viz. Allusions, Similes, Descriptions and Characters, of Persons and Things ; that are to be found in the best *English* Poets.

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By EDW. BYSSHE. *Gent.*

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The Second Edition, Corrected and Improved.

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L O N D O N

Printed for Sam. Buckley: And Sold by Dan. Midwinter  
at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1703.



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# RULES

For making

## ENGLISH VERSE.

**I**N the English Versification there are two Things chiefly to be consider'd ;

I. The Verses.

2. The several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

But because in the Verses there are also two Things to be observ'd ; The Structure of the Verse ; and the Rhyme ; this Treatise shall be divided into three Chapters :

I. Of the Structure of English Verses.

II. Of Rhyme.

III. Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

### CHAP. I.

#### *Of the Structure of English Verses.*

**T**HE Structure of our Verses, whether Blank, or in Rhyme, consists in a certain Number of Syllables ; and not in Feet compos'd of long and short Syllables, as the Verses of the Greeks and Romans. And tho' some ingenious Persons formerly puzzled themselves in prescribing Rules for the quantity of English Syllables, and, in Imitation of the Latins, compos'd Verses by the measure of *Spondees*, *Dactyls*, &c. yet the Success of their Undertaking has fully evinc'd the Vainness of their Attempt, and given ground to suspect they had not thoroughly weigh'd what the Genius of our Language would bear ; nor reflected that each Tongue has its peculiar Beauties, and that what is agreeable and natural to one, is very often disagreeable, nay, inconsistent with another. But that

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Design

Design being now wholly exploded, it is sufficient to have mention'd it.

Our Verses therefore consist in a certain Number of Syllables; but the Verses of double Rhyme require a Syllable more than those of single Rhyme. Thus in a Poem whose Verses consist of ten Syllables, those of the same Poem that are accented on the last save one, which we call Verses of double Rhyme, must have eleven; as may be seen by these Verses.

*A Man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:  
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,  
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long:  
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,  
Was Fidler, Chymist, Statesman, and Buffoon.  
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;  
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.  
Praising and Railing were his usual Themes,  
And both, to shew his Judgment, in extremes,  
So over violent, or over civil,  
That every Man with him was God or Devil.*

Dryd.

Where the 4 Verses that are accented on the last save one, have 11 Syllables; the others, accented on the last, but 10.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 8, the double Rhymes require 9. as,

*When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears;  
And made 'em fight, like mad, or drunk,  
For Dame Religion, as for Punk;  
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a man of 'em knew wherefore.  
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,  
And out he rode a Collonelling.*

Hud.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 7, the double Rhymes require 8. as,

*All thy Verse is softer far  
Than the downy Feathers are  
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,  
Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows.*

Cowl.

This must also be observ'd in Blank Verse; as,  
*Welcom, thou worthy Partner of my Lawrels!  
Thou Brother of my Choice! a Band more sacred  
Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship!  
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival,  
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better half,*

And



*And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet,  
Who waits the Inspiration of his God.*

Rowe.

And this Verse of Milton,

*Void of all Succour and needful Comfort,*

wants a Syllable ; for, being accented on the last save one, it ought to have 11, as all the Verses, but two, of the preceding Example have : But if we transpose the Words thus,

*Of Succour and all needful Comfort void.*

it then wants nothing of its due Measure, because it is accented on the last Syllable.

S E C T. I.

*Of the severall sorts of Verses; and first of those of ten Syllables. Of the due Observation of the Accent ; and of the Pause.*

OUR Poetry admits for the most part but of three sorts of Verses ; that is to say, of Verses of 10, 8, or 7 Syllables : Those of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14 are generally employ'd in Masks and Operas, and in the Stanzas of Lyrick and Pindarick Odes, and we have few intire Poems compos'd in any of those sorts of Verses. But those of 12 and of 14 Syllables are frequently inserted in our Poems in Heroick Verse, and when rightly made use of, carry a peculiar Grace with them. See the next Section towards the end.

The Verses of 10 Syllables, which are our Heroick, are us'd in Heroick Poems, in Tragedies, Comedies, Pastorals, and Elegies ; and sometimes in Burlesque.

In these Verses two things are chiefly to be consider'd.

1. The Seat of the Accent.

2. The Pause.

For, 'tis not enough that Verses have their just Number of Syllables : the true Harmony of them depends on a due Observation of the Accent and Pause.

The Accent is an Elevation of the Voice on a certain Syllable of a Word.

The Pause is a Rest or Stop that is made in pronouncing the Verse, and that divides it, as it were, into two parts ; each of which is call'd an Hémistich, or Half-Verse.

But this Division is not always equal, that is to say, one of

the Half-verses does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other : and this Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent that is strongest, and prevails most in the first Half-verse. For, the Pause must be observ'd at the end of the Word where such Accent happens to be, or at the end of the following Word.

Now in a Verse of 10 Syllables, this Accent must be either on the 2d, 4th, or 6th ; which produces 5 several Pauses, that is to say, at the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th Syllable of the Verse ; For,

When it happens to be on the 2d, the Pause will be either at the 3d, or 4th.

At the 3d in two manners :

1. When the Syllable accented happens to be the last save one of a Word ; as,

*As busy—as intèntive Emmets are ;*

*Or Cities—whom unlook'd-for Sieges scare.*

Dav.

2. Or, when the Accent is on the last of a Word, and the next a Monosyllable, whose Construction is govern'd by that on which the Accent is ; as,

*Despise it,—and more noble Thoughts pursue.*

Dryd.

When the Accent falls on the 2d Syllable of the Verse, and the last save two of a Word, the Pause will be at the 4th ; as,

*He meditates—his absent Enemy.*

Dryd.

When the Accent is on the 4th of a Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 5th, or 6th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word ; as,

*Such huge Extreames—inhabit thy great Mind,*

*God-like, unmov'd,—and yet, like Woman, kind.*

Wall.

At the 5th in 2 manners.

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word ; as,

*Like bright Aurora—whose refulgent Ray*

*Foretells the Fervour—of ensuing Day ;*

*And warns the Shepherd—with his Flocks, retreat*

*To leafy Shadows—from the threaten'd Heat.*

Wall.

2. Or the last of the Word, if the next be a Monosyllable govern'd by it, as,

*So fresh the Wound is—and the Grief so vast.*

Wall.

At the 6th, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last save two of a Word ; as,

*Those Seeds of Luxury,—Debate, and Pride.*

Wall.

Lastly,

Lastly, When the Accent is on the 6th Syllable of the Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 7th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

*She meditates Revenge—resolv'd to dye.*

Wall.

At the 7th in two manners.

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

*Nor when the War is over,—is it Peace.*

Dryd.

*Mirrors are taught to flatter—but our Springs.*

Wall.

2. Or the last of a Word, if the following one be a Monosyllable whose Construction depends on the preceding Word on which the Accent is; as,

*And since he could not save her—with her dy'd.*

Dryd.

From all this it appears, that the Pause is determin'd by the Seat of the Accent; but if the Accents happen to be equally strong, on the 1d, 4th, and 6th Syllable of a Verse, the Sense and Construction of the Words must then guide to the observance of the Pause: For Example; In one of the Verses I cited as an Instance of it at the 7th Syllable,

*Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs.*

The Accent is as strong on *Taught*, as on the first Syllable of *Flatter*, and if the Pause were observ'd at the 4th Syllable of the Verse, it would have nothing disagreeable in its Sound: as,

*Mirrors are taught—to flatter, but our Springs*

*Present th' impartial Images of things.*

But tho' this be no Violence to the Ear, yet it is to the Sense, and that ought always carefully to be avoided in repeating Verses.

For this Reason it is, that the Construction or Sense should never end at a Syllable where the Pause ought not to be made; as at the 8th and 2d in the two following Verses:

*Bright Hesper twinkles from afar :—Away*

*My Kids!—for you have had a Feast to day.*

Staff.

Which Verses have nothing disagreeable in their Structure but the Pause; which in the first of them must be observ'd at the 8th Syllable, in the 2d at the 2d; and so unequal a Division can produce no true Harmony. And for this reason too, the Pauses at the 3d and 7th Syllables, tho' not wholly to be condemn'd, ought to be but sparingly practis'd.

The foregoing Rules ought indispensably to be follow'd in all our Verses of 10 Syllables, and the observation of them, like that of right Time in Musick, will produce Harmony; the neglect of them, Harshness and Discord; as appears by the following Verses,

A 3

None



*None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.*

*And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were.*

— Dav.

In which tho' the true Number of Syllables be observ'd, yet neither of them have so much as the found of a Verse: Now their Disagreeableness proceeds from the undue Seat of the Accent: For Example, the first of them is accented on the 5th and 7th Syllables; but if we change the Words, and remove the Accent to the 4th and 6th, the Verse will become smooth and easie; as,

*None think Rewards are equal to their Worth.*

The harshness of the last of them proceeds from its being accented on the 3d Syllable, which may be mended thus, by transposing only one Word;

*And Lovers both, both thy Disciples were.*

In like manner, the following Verses

*To be Massacred, not in Battle slain.*

Blac.

*But forc'd, harsh, and uneasie unto all.*

Cowl.

*Against the Insults of the Wind and Tide.*

Blac.

*A Second Essay will the Pow'rs appease.*

Blac.

*With Scythians expert in the Dart and Bow.*

Dryd.

are rough, because the foregoing Rules are not observ'd in their Structure: For Example, the first, where the Pause is at the 5th Syllable, and the Accent on the 3d, is contrary to the Rule which says, that the Accent that determines the Pause must be on the 2d, 4th, or 6th Syllable of the Verse; and to mend that Verse, we need only place the Accent on the 4th, and then the Pause at the 5th will have nothing disagreeable, as,

*Thus to be murther'd, not in Battle slain.*

The second Verse is accented on the 3d Syllable, and the Pause is there too; which makes it indeed the thing it expresses, forc'd, harsh, and uneasie; it may be mended thus,

*But forc'd and harsh, uneasie unto all.*

The 3d, 4th, and 5th of those Verses, have like faults; for the Pauses are at the 5th, and the Accent there too, which is likewise contrary to the foregoing Rules: Now they will be made smooth and flowing, by taking the Accent from the 5th, and removing the Seat of the Pause; as

*Against th' Insults both of the Wind and Tide.*

*A Second Tryal will the Pow'rs appease.*

*With Scythians skilful in the Dart and Bow.*

From whence we may gather, that in all Verses of 10 Syllables, the most prevailing Accents ought to be on the 2d, 4th, and 6th Syllables; for if they are on the 3d, 5th, or 7th, the Verse will be rough and disagreeable, as has been prov'd by the preceding Instances.

In

In short, the wrong placing of the Accent is as great a fault in our Versification, as false Quantity was in that of the Ancients; and therefore we ought to take equal care to avoid it, and endeavour so to dispose the Words, that they may create a certain Melody in the Ear, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sence.

S E C T. II.

*Of the other sorts of Verses that are us'd in our Poetry.*

**A**FTER the Verses of 10 Syllables, those of 8 are most frequent, and we have many intire Poems compos'd in them.

In the Structure of these Verses, as well as of those of 10 Syllables, we must take care that the most prevailing Accent be neither on the 3d nor 5th Syllables of them.

They also require a Pause to be observ'd in pronouncing them, which is generally at the 3d, 4th, or 5th Syllable; and the true Seat of it may be discover'd by the Rules already prescrib'd in the preceding Section.

The Verses of 7 Syllables are most beautiful when the strongest Accent is on the 3d, and the Pause either there, or at the 4th, as,

*All the Fields,—which thou dost see,  
All the Plants —belong to thee:  
All that summer —Hours produce,  
Fertile made —with early Juice.  
Man for thee —does sow and plow,  
Farmer be, —and Landlord thou.*

Cowl.

The Verses of 9, and of 11 Syllables, are of two sorts, one is those that are accented upon the last save one, which are only the Verses of double Rhyme that belong to those of 8 and 10 Syllables, of which Examples have already been given. The other is those that are accented on the last Syllable, which are employ'd only in Compositions for Musick, and in the lowest sort of Burlesque Poetry; the disagreeableness of their Measure having wholly excluded them from grave and serious Subjects. Those who desire to see Examples of them, may find some scatter'd here and there in our Masks, and Operas, and in our Burlesque Writers. I will give but two.

A 4

Hilas,

Hilas, O Hilas, *why sit we mute ?*

*Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring.*

Wall.

*Apart let me view then each Heavenly Fair,*

*For three at a time there's no Mortal can bear.*

Congr.

The Verses of 12 Syllables are truly Heroick, both in their Measure and Sound ; tho we have no intire Works compos'd in them ; and they are so far from being a Blemish to the Poems they are in, that on the contrary, when rightly employ'd, they conduce not a little to the Ornament of them ; particularly in the following Rencounters.

1. When they conclude an Episode in an Heroick Poem : Thus *Stafford* ends his Translation of that of *Camilla* from the 11th Æneid, with a Verse of 12 Syllables.

*The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcom Doom receives,*

*And, murmur'ing with Disdain, the beauteous Body leaves.*

2. When they conclude a Triplet and full Sence together ; as,

*Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong ;*

*And every Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue ;*

*And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung, Dryd.*

( And here we may observe by the way, that whenever a Triplet is made use of in an Heroick Poem, it is a fault not to close the Sence at the end of the Triplet, but to continue it into the next Line ; as *Dryden* has done in his Translation of the 11th Æneid in these Lines:

*With Olives crown'd, the Presents they shall bear,*

*A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair,*

*And all the Marks of Sway that Latian Monarchs wear,*

*And Sums of Gold, &c.*

And in the 7th Æneid he has committed the like fault.

*Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear,*

*In Woods and Wilds the Flags of Bacchus bear,*

*And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,*

*Increase the Clamour, &c.*

But the Sence is not confin'd to the Couplet, for the Close of it may fall into the middle of the next Verse, that is the Third, and sometimes farther off. Examples of this are so frequent, that 'tis needless to give any.)

3. When they conclude the Stanzas of Lyrick or Pindarick Odes ; Examples of which are frequently seen in *Dryden*, and others.

In these Verses the Pause ought to be at the 6th Syllable, as may be seen in the foregoing Examples.

We



We sometimes find it, tho' very rarely, at the 7th; as,  
*That such a cursed Creature—lives so long a space.*

When it is at the 4th, the Verse will be rough and hobbling; as

*And Midwife Time—the ripen'd Plot to Murther brought.* Dryd.

*Like a swoln Flood—from some steep Mountain pours along.* Cowl.

In the last of which it is very apparent, that if the Sence and Construction would allow us to make the Pause at the 6th Syllable,

*Like a swoln Flood from some—steep Mountain pours along.*  
 the Verse would be much more flowing and easie.

The Verses of 14 Syllables are less frequent than those of 12; they are likewise inserted in Heroick Poems, &c. and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet and Sence, and follow a Verse of 12; as,

*For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest;*

*For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast,*

*And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Light is blest.* Dryd. }

But if they follow one of 10 Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less agreeable; as,

*While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,*

*And sing to Memmius an Immortal Lay*

*Of Heav'n and Earth; and every where thy wondrous Pow'r display.* }

Especially if it be the last of a Couplet only; as, (Dryd.)

*With Court Informers haunts, and Royal Spies,*

*Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth with Lies.*  
 (Dryd.)

But this is only in Heroicks; for in Pindaricks and Lyricks, Verses of 12 or 14 Syllables are frequently and gracefully plac'd, not only after those of 12 or 10, but of any other number of Syllables whatsoever.

The Verses of 4 and 6 Syllables have nothing worth observing, and therefore I shall content my self with having made mention of them. They are, as I said before, us'd only in Operas, and Masks, and in Lyrick and Pindarick Odes. Take one Example of them.

*To rule by Love,*

*To shed no Blood,*

*May be extol'd above;*

*But here below,*

*Let Princes know,*

*'Tis fatal to be good.*

Dryd.

SECT.

## S E C T. III.

*Several Rules conducing to the Beauty of our Versification.*

**O**UR Poetry being very much polish'd and refin'd since the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the other antient Poets, some Rules which they neglected, and that conduce very much to the Ornament of it, have been practis'd by the best of the Modern.

The first is, to avoid as much as possible the Concourse of Vowels, which occasions a certain ill-sounding Gaping, call'd by the Latins *Hiatus*, and which they thought so disagreeable to the Ear, that, to avoid it, whenever a Word ended in a Vowel, and the next began with one, they never, even in Prose, founded the Vowel of the first Word, but lost it in the Pronunciation; and it is a fault in our Poets not to do the like, whenever our Language will admit of it.

For this Reason, the *e* of the Particle *The* ought always to be cut off before the Words that begin by a Vowel; as,

*With weeping Eyes she heard th' unwelcome News.* Dryd.

And it is a fault to make *The* and the first Syllable of the following word two distinct Syllables, as in this,

*Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night.* Wall.

A second sort of *Hiatus*, and that ought no less to be avoided, is, when a Word that ends in a Vowel that cannot be cut off, is plac'd before one that begins by the same Vowel, or one that has the like Sound; as,

*Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book.* Wall.

The second Rule is, to contract the two last Syllables of the Preter-Perfect Tenses of all the Verbs that will admit of it; which are all the Regular Verbs whatsoever, except only those ending in D or T, and DE or TE. And it is a fault to make *Amazed* of three Syllables, and *Loved* of two; instead of *Amaz'd* of two, and *Lov'd* of one.

And the second Person of the Present and Preterperfect Tenses of all Verbs ought to be contracted in like manner; as *thou lov'st*, for *thou lovest*, &c.

The third Rule is, not to make use of several Words in a Verse that begin by the same Letter; as,

*The*

*The Court he knew to steer in Storms of State.  
He in these Miracles Design discern'd.*

Dav.

Yet we find an Instance of such a Verse in Dryden's Translation of the first Pastoral of Virgil ;

*Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.*

Which I am perswaded he left not thus through Negligence or Inadvertency, but with design to paint in the Number and Sound of the Words the thing he describ'd, a Shepherd in whom

*Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.*

Or as he has english'd it,

*Who sought not Freedom, nor aspir'd to Gain.*

Now how far the Sound of the *Ha*spirate, with which three Feet of that Verse begin, expresses the Despair of the Swain, let the Judicious judge : that incomparable Poet is far above my Censure : and I have taken notice of it only to say, that 'tis a great Beauty in Poetry, when the Words and Numbers are so dispos'd, as by their Order and Sound to represent the things describ'd.

The fourth is, to avoid ending a Verse by an Adjective whose Substantive begins the following one ; as,

*Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their kind  
Parents, &c.*

Dav.

Or, by a Preposition when the Case it governs begins the Verse that follows ; as,

*The daily less'ning of our Life, shews by  
A little dying, how outright to dye.*

Wall.

The fifth is, to avoid the frequent use of Words of many Syllables, which are proper enough in Prose, but come not into Verse without a certain Violence altogether disagreeable ; particularly those whose Accent is on the fourth Syllable from the last ; as *Undutifulness*.

#### S E C T. IV.

*Doubts concerning the Number of Syllables of certain Words.*

**T**Here is no Language whatsoever, that so often joyns several Vowels together to make Diphthongs of them, as ours ; this appears in our having several compos'd of three different Vowels :



Vowels: as EAU, and EOU in *Beauteous*: IOU in *Glorious*, UAI in *Acquaint*, &c.

Now from hence may arise some Difficulties concerning the true Pronunciation of those Vowels: Whether they ought to be sounded separately in two Syllables, or joyntly in one.

The ancient Poets made them sometimes of two Syllables, sometimes but of one, as the Measure of their Verse requir'd; but they are now become to be but of one, and it is a fault to make them of two: From whence we may draw this general Rule;

That whenever one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins by one, provided the first of those Syllables be not that on which the Word is accented, those two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted and made but one.

Thus *Beauteous* is but two Syllables, *Victorious* but three, and it is a fault in *Dryden*, to make it four, as he has done in this Verse:

*Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious.*

To prove that this Verse wants a Syllable of its due Measure we need but add one to it, as,

*Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious now.*

Where tho' the Syllable *now* be added to the Verse, it has no more than its due number of Syllables, which plainly proves it wanted it.

But if the Accent be upon the first of these Syllables, they cannot be contracted to make a Diphthong, but must be computed as two distinct Syllables: Thus *Poet*, *Lyon*, *Quiet*, and the like, must always be us'd as two Syllables: *Poetry* and the like, as three.

And it is a fault to make *Riot*, for Example, one Syllable, as *Milton* has done in this Verse.

*Their Riot ascends above their lofty Tow'rs.*

The same Poet has in another place made use of a like Word twice in one Verse, and made it two Syllables each time.

*With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout.*

And any Ear may discover that this last has its true Measure, the other not.

But there are some Words that may be excepted; as *Diamond*, *Violet*, *Violent*, *Diadem*, *Hyacinth*, and perhaps some others, which, though they are accented upon the first Vowel, are sometimes us'd but as two Syllables; as in the following Verses,

*From*

<i>From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold</i>	Milc.
<i>With Poppies, Daffadils, and Violets joyn'd.</i>	Tate.
<i>With vain, but violent Force their Darts they flung.</i>	Cowl.
<i>His Ephod, Mitre, well-cut Diadem on,</i>	Cowl.
<i>My blushing Hyacinths, and my Bays I keep.</i>	Dryd.
Sometimes as three ; as,	
<i>A Mount of rocky Diamond did rise.</i>	Blac.
<i>Hence the blue Violet and blushing Rose.</i>	Blac.
<i>And set soft Hyacinths of Iron Blue.</i>	Dryd.

This Contraction is not always made of Syllables of the same Word only ; for the Particle *A* being plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel, will sometimes admit of the like Contraction : For Example, after the Word *many* ; as,

<i>Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,</i>	
<i>And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought.</i>	Dryd.
<i>They many a Trophy gain'd with many a Wound.</i>	Day.
After <i>To</i> ; as,	
<i>Can he to a Friend, to a Son so bloody grow.</i>	Cowl.
After <i>They</i> ; as,	
<i>From thee, their long-known King, they a King desire.</i>	Cowl.
After <i>By</i> ; as,	
<i>When we by a foolish Figure say.</i>	Cowl.
And perhaps after some others.	

There are also other Words whose Syllables are sometimes contracted, sometimes not : as, *Bower, Heaven, Prayer, Nigher Towards*, and many more of the like Nature : But they generally ought to be us'd but as one Syllable ; and then they suffer an Elision of the *e* that precedes their final Consonant, and ought to be written thus : *Pow'r, Heav'n, Pray'r, &c.*

The Termination *ISM* is always us'd but as one Syllable ; as

<i>Where grieved Schism and raging Strife appear.</i>	Cowl.
<i>And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.</i>	Dryd.

And, indeed, considering that it has but one Vowel, it may seem absurd to assert that it ought to be reckon'd two Syllables ; and yet in my Opinion, those Verses seem to have a Syllable more than their due Measure, and would run better if we took one from them ; as,

<i>Where grieved Schism, raging Strife appear.</i>
<i>I Rheumatisms send to rack the Joints.</i>

But this Opinion being contrary to the constant practice of our Poets, I shall not presume to advance it as a Rule for others to follow ; but propose it only to the consideration of such as are better

better Judges of Poetical Numbers, and whose Ears are more musical than mine. The like may be said of the Terminations ASM and OSM.

## S E C T. V.

*Of the Elisions that are allow'd in our Versification.*

**O**UR Verses consisting only of a certain Number of Syllables; nothing can be of more ease, or greater use to our Poets, than the retaining or cutting off a Syllable from a Verse, according as the measure of it requires; and therefore it is requisite to treat of the Elisions that are allowable in our Poetry, some of which have been already taken notice of in the preceding Section.

By Elision, I mean the cutting off one or more Letters from a Word, whereby two Syllables come to be contracted into one; or the taking away an intire Syllable. Now when in a Word of more than two Syllables, which is accented on the last save two, the Liquid R, happens to be between two Vowels, that which precedes the Liquid admits of an Elision. Of this nature are many Words in ANCE, ENCE, ENT, ER, OUS and RY; as *Temperance, Preference, Different, Flatterer, Amorous, Vict'ry*: which are Words of three Syllables, and often us'd as such in Verse; But they may also be contracted into two, by cutting off the Vowel that precedes the Liquid; as *Temp'rance, Pref'rence, Diff'rent, Flatt'rer, Am'rous, Vict'ry*. The like Elision is sometimes us'd, when any of the other Liquids L, M, or N, happen to be between two Vowels, in Words accented like the former: as *Fabulous, Enemy, Mariner*, which may be contracted *Fab'lous, En'my, Mar'ner*. But this is not so frequent.

Observe, that I said accented on the last save two; for if the Word be accented on the last save one, that is to say, on the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, that Vowel may not be cut off. And therefore it is a fault to make, for Example, *Sonorous* of two Syllables, as in this Verse;

*With Son'rous Metals wak'd the drowsie Day.*

Blac.

Which always ought to be of three; as in this,  
*Sonorous metals blowing martial Sounds.*

Milt.

In like manner; whenever the Letter S happens to be between two Vowels in Words of three Syllables, accented on the



the first, one of the Vowels may be cut off ; as *Pris'ner*, *Bus'ness*, &c.

Or the Letter C when 'tis sounded like S ; that is to say, whenever it precedes the Vowels E or I ; as *Med'cine*, for *Medicine*.

Or V Consonant ; as *Cov'nant* for *Covenant*.

To these may be added the Gerunds of all Verbs whose Infinitives end in any of the Liquids, preceded by a Vowel or Diphthong, and that are accented on the last save one : for the Gerunds being form'd by adding the Syllable ING to the Infinitive, the Liquid that was their final Letter, comes thereby to be between two Vowels ; and the Accent that was on the last save one of the Infinitive, comes to be on the last save two of the Gerund, and therefore the Vowel or Diphthong, that precedes the Liquid, may be cut off ; by means whereof the Gerund of three Syllables comes to be but of two, as from *Travel*, *Travelling*, or *Trav'ling* ; from *Endeavour*, *Endeavouring*, or *Endeav'ring*. &c.

But if the Accent be on the last Syllable of such a Verb, its Gerund will not suffer such an Elision : Thus the Gerund of *Devour* must always be 3. Syllables, *Devouring*, not *Dev'ring* ; because all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is, on the same Syllable ; and the Accent always obliges the Syllable on which it is, to remain intire.

The Gerunds of the Verbs in OW, accented on the last save two, suffer an Elision of the O that precedes the W ; as *Foll'wing*, *Wall'wing*, &c.

The Particle *It* admits of an Elision of its Vowel before *Is*, *Was*, *Were*, *Will*, *Would* ; as, 'Tis, 'Twas, 'Twere, 'Twill, 'Twould, for *It is*, *It was*, &c.

*It* likewise sometimes suffers the like Elision, when plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel ; as *By't* for *By it*, *Do't* for *Do it* : Or that ends in a Consonant after which the Letter T can be pronounc'd ; as *Was't* for *Was it*, *In't* for *In it*, and the like : But this is not so frequent in Heroick Verse.

The Particle *Is* may lose its *I* after any Word that ends in a Vowel, or in any of the Consonants after which the Letter S may be sounded ; as *she's* for *she is* : the *Air's* for the *Air is*, &c.

*To* ( sign of the Infinitive ) may lose its O before any Verb that begins by a Vowel ; as *T' amaze*, *t' undo*, &c.

*Are*

*Are* may lose its *A* after the Pronouns Personal *We*, *You*, *They*; as *We're*, *You're*, *They're*: And thus it is that this Elision ought to be made, and not as some do, by cutting off the final Vowels of the Pronouns Personal; *W<sup>r</sup>are*, *Y<sup>r</sup>are*, *Th<sup>r</sup>are*.

*Will* and *Would* may lose all their first Letters, and retain only their final one, after any of the Pronouns Personal; as *I'll* for *I will*, *He'd* for *He would*, &c. or after *Who*; as *who'll* for *who will*, *who'd* for *who would*.

*Have*, may lose its two first Letters after *I*, *You*, *We*, *They*; as *I've*, *You've*, *We've*, *They've*.

*Not*, its two first Letters after *can*; as *Can't* for *Can not*.

*Am*, its *A* after *I*: *I'm* for *I am*.

*Us*, its *U* after *Let*: *Let's* for *let us*.

*Taken*, its *K*, as *Ta'en*: for so it ought to be written, not *ta'ne*.

*Heaven*, *Seven*, *Even*, *Eleven*, and the Participles *Driven*, *Given*, *Thriven*, and their Compounds, may lose their last Vowel, as *Heav'n*, *Forgiv'n*, &c.

To these may be added *Bow'r*, *Pow'r*, *Flow'r*, *Tow'r*, *Show'r*, for *Bower*, *Power*, &c.

*Never*, *Euer*, *Over*, may lose their *V*; and are contracted thus *Ne'er*, *E'er*, *O'er*.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable; as *'Tween*, *Twixt*, *'Mong*, *'Mongst*, *'Gainst*, *'Bove*, *'Cause*, *'Fore*, for *Between*, *Betwixt*, *Among*, *Amongst*, *Against*, *Above*, *Because*, *Before*. And some others that may be observ'd in reading our Poets.

I have already, in the 3d Section of this Chapter, spoken of the Elision of the *e* of the Particle *The* before Vowels: But it is requisite likewise to take notice, that it sometimes loses its Vowel before a Word that begins by a Consonant, and then its two remaining Letters are joyn'd to the preceding Word; as *To th' Wall*, for *To the Wall*; *By th' Wall*, for *By the Wall*, &c. But this is scarce allowable in Heroick Poetry.

The Particles *In*, *Of*, and *On* sometimes lose their Consonants, and are joyn'd to the Particle *The* in like manner; as *th'*, *o'th'*, for *in the*, *of the*.

In some of our Poets we find the Particle *His* lose its two first Letters after any word that ends in a Vowel ; as *to's*, *by's*, &c. for *to his*, *by his*, &c. Or after any word that ends in a Consonant, after which the Letter *S* can be pronounc'd ; as *In's*, *for's*, for *In his*, *for his*, &c. This is frequent in *Cowley*, who often takes too great a Liberty in his Contractions ; as *t' your* for *to your*, *t' which* for *to which*, and many others ; in which we must be cautious of following his Example : But the Contracting the Particle *His* in the manner I have mention'd, is not wholly to be condemn'd.

We sometimes find the word *Who*, contracted before words that begin by a Vowel ; as,

*Wh' expose to scorn and hate both them and it.*

*Cowl.*

And the Preposition *By* in like manner ; as,

*B' unequal Fate, and Providence's Crime.*

*Dryd.*

*Well did he know how Palms b' oppression speed.*

*Cowl.*

And the Pronouns Personal *He*, *She*, *They*, *We* ; as,

*Timely b' obeys her wise Advice, and strait*

*Cowl.*

*To unjust force sh' opposes just Deceit.*

*Cowl.*

*Themselves at first against themselves th' excite.*

*Cowl.*

*Shame and Woe to us, if w' our Wealth obey.*

But these and the like Contractions are very rare in our most correct Poets, and ought indeed wholly to be avoided : For 'tis a general Rule, that no Vowel can be cut off before another, when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of it : And therefore we ought to take care never to place a Word that begins by a Vowel, after a Word that ends in one, (mute *E* only excepted) unless the final Vowel of the former can be lost in its Pronunciation : For, to leave two Vowels opening on each other, causes a very disagreeable *Hiatus*. Whenever therefore a Vowel ends a Word, the next ought to begin with a Consonant, or what is equivalent to it ; as our *W*, and *H* aspirate, plainly are.

For which reason 'tis a fault in some of our Poets to cut off the *e* of the Particle *The*, for Example, before a Word that begins by an *H* aspirate ; as,

*And th' hasty Troops march loud and chearful down.*

*Cowl.*

But if the *H* aspirate be follow'd by another *E*, that of the Particle *The* may be cut off ; As,

*Th' Heroick Prince's Courage or his Love.*

*Wall.*

*Th' Hesperian Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.*

*Wall.*

*B*

*CHAP.*



## C H A P. II.

## Of Rhyme.

## S E C T. I.

*What Rhyme is, and the several sorts of it.*

**R**hyme is only a Sameness of Sound at the end of Words. I say, of Sound, not of Letters; for as the Office of Rhyme is to content and please the Ear, and not the Eye, the Sound only is to be regarded, not the Writing: Thus *Maid* and *Perfwade*, *Laugh*, and *Quaff*, tho' they differ in Writing, rhyme very well: But *Plough* and *Cough*, tho' written alike, rhyme not at all.

In our Versification we may observe 3 several sorts of Rhyme; Single, Double, and Treble.

The single Rhyme is of two sorts: One, of the Words that are accented on the last Syllable: Another, of those that have their Accent on the last save two.

The Words accented on the last Syllable, if they end in a Consonant, or mute E, oblige the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel that precedes their last Consonant, and to continue to the end of the Word: In a Consonant; as,

*Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,  
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit.*

Dryd.

In mute E; as,

*A Spark of Virtue, by the deepest shade  
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.*

Wall.

But if a Diphthong precede the last Consonant, the Rhyme must begin at that Vowel of it whose sound most prevails; as,

*Next to the Pow'r of making Tempests cease,  
Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.*

Wall.

If the Words accented on the last Syllable end in any of the Vowels except mute E, or in a Diphthong, the Rhyme is made only

only to that Vowel or Diphthong : To the Vowel ; as,

*So wing'd with praise we penetrate the Sky,  
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly.*

Wall.

To the Diphthong ; as,

*So hungry Wolves, tho' greedy of their Prey,  
Stop when they find a Lyon in the way.*

Wall.

The other sort of single Rhyme is of the Words that have their Accent on the last Syllable save two. And these rhyme to each other in the same manner as the former ; that is to say, if they end in any of the Vowels, except mute E, the Rhyme is made only to that Vowel ; as,

*So seems to speak the youthful Deity ;  
Voice, Colour, Hair, and all like Mercury.*

Wall.

But if they end in a Consonant or mute E, the Rhyme must begin at the Vowel that precedes that Consonant, and continue to the end of the word. As has been shewn by the former Examples.

But we must take notice that all the words that are accented on the last save two, will rhyme, not only to one another, but also to all the words whose Terminations have the same sound, tho' they are accented on the last Syllable. Thus *Tenderness* rhymes not only to *Poetess*, *Wretchedness*, and the like, that are accented on the last save two, but also to *Confess*, *Express*, &c. that are accented on the last ; as,

*Thou art my Father now, these words confess  
That Name, and that indulgent Tenderness.*

Dryd.

## S E C T. II.

### Of Double and Treble Rhymes.

**A**LL Words that are accented on the last save one, require the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel of that Syllable, and to continue to the end of the word ; and this is what we call Double Rhyme ; as,

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,  
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.*

Dryd.

But it is convenient to take notice, that the ancient Poets have not always observ'd this Rule, and took care only that the last Syllable of the Words should be alike in sound, without any regard to the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Nation* and *Affection*, *Tenderness* and *Hapless*, *Villany* and *Gentry*, *Follow* and

*Willow*, and the like, were allow'd as Rhymes to each other, in the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of the Ancients; but this is now become a fault in our Versification; and these two Verses of *Cowley* rhyme not at all.

*A clean and lively brown was Merab's Dye;*

*Such as the proudest Colours might envy.*

Nor these of *Dryden*.

*Thus Air was void of light, and Earth unstable,*

*And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.*

Because we may not place an Accent on the last Syllable of *Envy*, nor on the last save one of *Unnavigable*; which nevertheless we must be oblig'd to do, if we make the first of them rhyme to *Dye*, the last to *Unstable*.

But we may observe that in Burlesque Poetry, it is permitted to place an Accent upon a Syllable that naturally has none; as,

*When Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,*

*Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick.*

Hud.

Where unless we pronounce the Particle *A* with a strong Accent upon it, and make it sound like the Vowel *a* in the last Syllable but one of *Ecclesiastick*, the Verse will lose all its Beauty and Rhyme. But this is allowable in Burlesque Poetry only.

Observe that these double Rhymes may be compos'd of two several words; provided the Accent be on the last Syllable of the first of them; as in these Verses of *Cowley*, speaking of Gold;

*A Curse on him who did refine it,*

*A Curse on him who first did coin it.*

Or one of the Verses may end in an intire word, and the Rhyme to it be compos'd of several; as,

*Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Medicines,*

*Which whosoever took is dead since.*

Hud.

The Treble Rhyme is, when in words Accented on the last save two we begin the Rhyme at the Vowel of that Syllable, and continue it to the end of the word: Thus *Charity* and *Parity*, *Tenderness* and *Slenderness*, &c. are treble Rhymes; And these too, as well as the double, may be compos'd of several words; as,

*There was an Ancient sage Philosopher,*

*That had read Alexander Ross over.*

Hud.

The Treble Rhyme is very seldom us'd, and ought wholly to be excluded from serious subjects; for it has a certain flatness



ness, unworthy the gravity requir'd in Heroick Verse. In which *Dryden* was of opinion that even the double Rhymes ought very cautiously to find place; and in all his Translation of *Virgil*, he has, I think, made use of none except only in such words as admit of a Contraction, and therefore cannot properly be said to be double Rhymes; as *Giv'n, Driv'n, Tow'r, Pow'r*, and the like. And indeed, considering their Measure is different from that of an Heroick Verse, which consists but of 10 Syllables, they ought not to be too frequently us'd in Heroick Poems; but they are very graceful in the Lyrick, to which, as well as to the Burlesque, those Rhymes more properly belong.

S E C T. III.

*Some other Instructions concerning Rhyme.*

THE Consonants, that precede the Vowels, where the Rhyme begins, must be different in sound, and not the same; for then the Rhyme will be too perfect; as *Light, Delight; Vice, Advice*, and the like; for tho' such Rhymes were allowable in the Days of *Spencer* and the other old Poets, they are not so now; nor can there be any Musick in one single Note. *Cowley* himself owns, that they ought not to be employ'd except in Pindarick Odes, which is a sort of free Poetry, and there too very sparingly, and not without a third Rhyme to answer to both; as,

*In barren Age wild and inglorious Lye,*

*And boast of past Fertility,*

*The poor Relief of present Poverty.*

Cowl. }

Where the words *Fertility* and *Poverty* rhyme very well to the last word of the first Verse, *Lye*; but cannot rhyme to each other, because the Consonants that precede the last Vowel are the same, both in Writing and Sound.

But this is yet less allowable if the Accent be on the Syllable of the Rhyme; as,

*Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests*

*His hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrests.*

Blac.

From hence it follows that a word cannot rhyme to it self, tho' the Signification be different; as *He leaves to The Leaves*, &c.

Nor the words that differ both in Writing and Sence, if they have the same Sound, as *Maid* and *Made*, *Prey* and *Pray*, to *Bow* and *a Bough* : as,

*How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,  
And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent.*

Oldh.

Nor a Compound to its Simple ; as *Move* to *Remove*, *Taught* to *Untaught*, &c.

Nor the Compounds of the same Words to one another ; as *Disprove* to *Approve*, and the like. All which proceeds from what I said before, viz. That the Consonants that precede the Vowel where the Rhyme begins, must not be the same in Sound, but different.

We must take care not to place a Word at the middle of the Verse, that rhymes to the last word of it ; as,

*So young in show, as if he still should grow.*

But this fault is yet more inexcusable, if the second Verse rhyme to the middle and end of the first ; as,

*Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.*

Cowl.

*Here Passion sways ; but there the Muse shall raise  
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.*

Wall.

Or both the middle and end of the second to the last word of the first ; as,

*Farewell, she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,  
Thou sweetest part of my divided Heart.*

Dryd. Virg.

Where the tenderness of Expression will scarce atone for the Jingle.

### C H A P. III.

*Of the several sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.*

ALL our Poems may be divided into two sorts ; the first of those that are compos'd in Couplets ; the second of those that are compos'd in Stanzas consisting of several Verses.

S E C T.

SECT. I.

*Of the Poems compos'd in Couplets.*

**I**N the Poems compos'd in Couplets, the Rhymes follow one another, and end at each Couplet; that is to say, the 2d Verse rhymes to the 1st, the 4th to the 3d, the 6th to the 5th, and in like manner to the end of the Poem.

The Verses employ'd in this sort of Poems, are either Verses of 10 Syllables; as,

*Oh! Could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream  
My great Example, as it is my Theme;  
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull:  
Strong, without Rage; without o'erflowing, full.*

Denh.

Or of 8; as,

*O fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,  
Why urge you thus your haughty Birth;  
The Pow'r, which you have o're us, lies  
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.  
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn  
Henceforth to be of Princes born:  
I can describe the shady Grove,  
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove.  
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,  
Caught with her Spouses Shape and Name:  
Thy matchless Form will credit bring,  
To all the wonders I shall sing.*

Wall.

Or of 7; as,

*Phillis, why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the Day?  
Could we, which we never can,  
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span.  
Beauty like a Shadow flies,  
And our Youth before us dies,  
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love has Wing and will away.  
Love has swifter Wings than Time: &c.*

Wall.

But the second Verse of the Couplet does not always contain a like number of Syllables with the first; as,

*What shall I do to be for ever known,  
And make the Age to come my own?*



*I shall like Beasts and common People dye,  
Unless you write my Elegy, &c.*

Cowl.

## SECTION II.

*Of the Poems compos'd in Stanzas: And first, of the Stanzas consisting of three, and of four Verses.*

**I**N the Poems compos'd in Stanzas, each Stanza contains a certain number of Verses compos'd for the most part of a different number of Syllables: And a Poem that consists of several Stanzas, we generally call an Ode; and this is Lyrick Poetry.

But we must not forget to observe that our Ancient Poets frequently made use of intermixt Rhyme in their Heroick Poems, which they dispos'd into Stanzas and Cantos. Thus the *Troilus* and *Cressida* of *Chaucer* is compos'd in Stanzas consisting of 7 Verses; the *Fairy Queen* of *Spencer* in Stanzas of 9, &c. And this they took from the *Italians*, whose Heroick Poems generally consist in Stanzas of 8. But this is now wholly laid aside, and *Davenant*, who compos'd his *Gondibert* in Stanzas of 4 Verses in alternate Rhyme, was the last that follow'd their Example of intermingling Rhymes in Heroick Poems.

The Stanzas employ'd in our Poetry, cannot consist of less than three, and are seldom of more than 12 Verses, except in Pindarick Odes, where the Stanzas are different from one another in number of Verses, as shall be shewn.

But to treat of all the different Stanzas, that are employ'd or may be admitted in our Poetry, would be a labour no less tedious than useless; it being easie to demonstrate, that they may be vary'd almost to an Infinity, that would be different from one another, either in the Number of the Verses of each Stanza, or in the Number of the Syllables of each Verse; or lastly, in the various intermingling of the Rhyme. I shall therefore confine my self to mention only such as are most frequently us'd by the best of our modern Poets. And first of the Stanzas consisting of three Verses.

In the Stanzas of three Verses, or Triplets, the Verses of each Stanza rhyme to one another; and are either Heroick; as,

*Nothing,*

*Nothing, thou Elder Brother ev'n to shade!  
Thou hadst a being e'er the World was made;  
And, (well-fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.*

Roch. }

Or else they consist of 8 Syllables; as these of Waller, Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

*Strange that such Horreur and such Grace  
Should dwell together in one place,  
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.*

}

Nor do the Verses of these Stanzas always contain a like number of Syllables; for the first and third may have ten, the second but eight; as,

*Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,  
That something like it they have shown,  
But none who had it, ever seem'd to have none.  
Love's of a strangely open, simple kind,  
Can no Arts or Disguises find,  
But thinks none sees it, 'cause it self is blind.*

Cowl. }

In the Stanzas of 4 Verses, the Rhyme may be intermixt in two different manners: For either the 1st and 3d Verse may rhyme to each other, and by consequence the 2d and 4th, and this is call'd Alternate Rhyme; or the 1st and 4th may rhyme, and by consequence the 2d and 3d.

But there are some Poems in Stanzas of four Verses, where the Rhymes follow one another, and the Verses differ in number of Syllables only; as in Cowley's Hymn to the Light, which begins thus,

*First born of Chaos! who so fair didst come  
From the old Negro's darksome Womb:  
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,  
The melancholly Mafs put on kind Looks and smil'd.*

But these Stanzas are generally in Alternate Rhymes, and the Verses consist either of 10 Syllables; as

*She ne'er saw Courts, but Courts could have undone  
With untaught Looks, and an unpractis'd Heart;  
Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;  
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.*

Dav.

Or of 8; as,

*Had Echo with so sweet a Grace,  
Narcissus loud Complaints return'd;  
Not for Reflexion of his Face,  
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.*

Wall.

Or

Or of 10 and 8, that is to say, the 1st and 3d of 10; the 2d and 4th of 8; as,

*Love from Time's Wings has stol'n the Feathers sure,  
He has, and put them to his own:  
For Hours of late as long as Days endure,  
And very Minutes Hours are grown.*

Cowl.

Or of 8 and 6 in the like manner; as,

*Then ask not Bodies doom'd to dye,  
To what Abode they go;  
Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,  
'Tis better not to know.*

Dav.

Or of 7; as,

*Not the silver Doves that fly,  
Roak'd in Cytherea's Car;  
Nor the Wings that lift so high,  
And convey her Son so far;*

*Are so lovely sweet and fair,  
Or do more ennoble Love;  
Are so choicely match'd a Pair,  
Or with more consent do move.*

Wall.

Note, That it is absolutely necessary that both the Construction and Sence should end with the Stanza, and not fall into the beginning of the following one, as it does in the last Example, which is a fault wholly to be avoided.

### S E C T. III.

#### *Of the Stanzas of Six Verses.*

THE Stanzas of 6 Verses, are generally only one of the before-mention'd Quadrans or Stanzas of 4 Verses, with two Verses at the end that rhyme to one another; as,

*A Rural Fudge dispos'd of Beautie's Prize,  
A simple Shepherd was prefer'd to Jove;  
Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies  
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,  
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n  
To the bright Carlisle of the Courts of Heav'n.*

Wall.

Where the 4 first Verses are only a Quadrans, whose Verses consist of 10 Syllables in Alternate Rhyme.

The



The following Stanza in like manner is compos'd of a Quadran, whose Verses consist of 8 Syllables; and to which a Verses that rhyme to one another are added at the end; as,

*Hope waits upon the flowry Prime,  
And Summer, tho' it be less gay,  
Yet is not look'd on as a time  
Of Declination and Decay,  
For with a full Hand that does bring  
All that was promis'd by the Spring.* Wall.

Sometimes the Quadran ends the Stanza; and the two Lines of the same Rhyme begin it; as,

*Here's to the Dick, this whining Love despise:  
Pledge me my Friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.  
It sparkles brighter far than she;  
'Tis pure and right without Deceit;  
And such no Woman e'er can be;  
No, they are all Sophisticate.*

Or as in these, where the first and last Verses of the Stanza consist of 10 Syllables;

*When Chance or cruel Bus'ness parts us two,  
What do our Souls, I wonder do?  
While sleep does our dull Bodies tie,  
Methinks at home they should not stay  
Content with Dreams, but boldly fly  
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.* Cowl.

Or as in the following Stanza, where the 4th and 5th Verses rhyme to each other, and the 3d and 6th.

*While what I write I do not see,  
I dare thus ev'n to you write Poetry.  
Ah foolish Muse! that dost so high aspire,  
And know'st her Judgment well,  
How much it does thy Pow'r excell;  
Yet dar'st be read by thy just Doom the Fire.* Cowl.  
(Written in Juice of Lemon.)

But in some of these Stanzas, the Rhymes follow one another; as,

*Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,  
Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd:  
Thy self for Money! Oh! let no Man know  
The Price of Beauty fall'n so low:  
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread  
When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led?* Cowl.

Lastly,

Lastly, some of these Stanzas are compos'd of 2 Triplets; as,  
*The Lightning, which tall Oaks oppose in vain,  
 To strike sometimes does not disdain  
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.  
 She being so high, and I so low,  
 Her Pow'r by this does greater show,  
 VVho at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.*

Cowl.

## S E C T. IV.

*Of the Stanzas of 8 Verses.*

**I** have already said, that the Italians compose their Heroick Poems in Stanzas of 8 Verses, where the Rhyme is dispos'd as follows; the 1st 2d and 5th Verses rhyme to one another, and the 2d 4th and 6th; the two last always rhyme to each other. Now our Translators of their Heroick Poems have observ'd the same Stanza and Disposition of Rhyme; of which take the following Example from *Fairfax's Translation of Tasso's Goffredo, Cant. 1. Stan. 3d.*

*Thither thou know'st the VVorld is best inclin'd,  
 Where luring Parnass most his Beams imparts;  
 And Truth convey'd in Verse of gentlest kind,  
 To read sometimes, will move the dullest Hearts;  
 So we, if Children young diseas'd we find,  
 Anoint with Sweets the Vessel's foremost parts,  
 To make them taste the Potions sharp we give;  
 They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.*

But our Poets seldom imploy this Stanza in Compositions of their own; where the following ones of 8 Verses are most frequent.

*Some others may with safety tell  
 The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;  
 And either find some Med'cine there,  
 Or cure themselves ev'n by Despair,  
 My Love's so great, that it might prove  
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love.  
 So tender is my VVound, it cannot bear  
 Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air.*

Where the Rhymes follow one another, and the six first Verses consist of 8 Syllables each, the two last of 10.

We

We have another sort of Stanza of 8 Verses, where the 4th rhymes to the 1st, the 3d to the 2d, and the four last are two Couplets; and where the 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th, are of 10 Syllables each, the 4 others but of 8; as,

*I've often wish'd to love: What shall I do?  
Me still the cruel Boy does spare;  
And I a double task must bear,  
First to wooe him, and then a Mistress too.  
Come at last, and strike for shame,  
If thou art any thing besides a Name;  
I'll think thee else no God to be,  
But Poets, rather, Gods, who first created thee.*

Cowl.

Another, when the 2 first and 2 last Verses consist of 10 Syllables each, and rhyme to one another, the 4 other but of 8 in alternate Rhyme.

*Tho' you be absent hence, I needs must say,  
The Trees as beauteous are and Flow'rs as gay,  
As ever they were wont to be:  
Nay the Birds rural Musick too  
Is as melodious and free,  
As if they sung to pleasure you.  
I saw a Rose-bud open this Morn; I'll swear  
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.*

Cowl.

Another where the 4 first Verses are two Couplets, the 4 last in alternate Rhyme; as in Cowley's Ode, Of a Lady that made Posies for Rings.

*I little thought the time would ever be,  
That I should Wit in dwarfish Posies see.  
As all Words in few Letters live,  
Thou to few Words all Sence dost give.  
'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,  
In such a Little Much to shew;  
Who all the Good she did impart  
To Womankind, epitomis'd in you.*

## SECT. V.

Of the Stanzas of 10 and of 12 Verses.

**T**HE Stanzas of 10 and 12 Verses are seldom employ'd in our Poetry, it being very difficult to confine our selves to a certain Disposition of Rhyme, and measure of Verse, for  
fo



so many lines together; for which Reason those of 4, 6, and 8 Verses are the most frequent. However we sometimes find some of 10 and 12; as in Cowley's Ode which he calls, *Verses lost upon a Wager*, where the Rhymes follow one another, but the Verses differ in Number of Syllables.

*As soon hereafter will I lay  
'Gainst what an Oracle shall say,  
Fool that I was, to venture to deny  
A Tongue so us'd to Victory.  
A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,  
That never yet it spoke, but gain'd a Heart.  
Tho' what you said had not been true,  
If spoke by any else but you:  
Your speech will govern Destiny,  
And Fate will change rather than you shall lye.*

The same Poet furnishes us with an Example of a Stanza of 12 Verses in the Ode he calls *The Prophet*, where the Rhymes are observ'd in the same manner as in the former Example:

*Teach me to Love! go teach thy self more wit:  
I chief Professor am of it.  
Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews;  
Teach boldness to the Stews.  
In Tyrants Courts teach supple flattery,  
Teach Jesuites, that have travell'd far, to lye.  
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow;  
Teach restless Fountains how to flow.  
Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,  
Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride,  
See if your Dil'gence there will useful prove;  
But, prithee, teach not me to love.*

## S E C T. VI.

*Of the Stanzas that consist of an odd Number of Verses.*

**W**E have also Stanzas that consist of an odd number of Verses, as of 5, 7, 9, and 11; in all which it of necessity follows, that three Verses of the Stanza must rhyme to one another, or that one of them must be a blank Verse.

In the Stanzas of 5 Verses, the 1st and 3d may rhyme, and the 2d and two last; as,

*See*

*Sees not my Love how Time resumes  
The Glory which he lent these Flow'rs :  
Tho' none should taste of their Perfumes,  
Yet they must live but some few Hours :  
Time, what we forbear, devours.*

Wall.

Which is only a Stanza of 4 Verses in Alternate Rhyme, to which a 5th Verse is added that rhymes to the 2d and 4th.

See also an Instance of a Stanza of 5 Verses where the Rhymes are intermix'd in the same manner as the former, but the 1st and 3d Verses are compos'd but of 4 Syllables each.

*Go lovely Rose,  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.*

Wall.

In the following Example the two first Verses rhyme, and the three last.

*'Tis well, 'tis well with them, said I,  
Whose short-liv'd passions with themselves can dye.  
For none can be unhappy, who  
'Midst all his ills a Time does know,  
Tho' ne're so long, when he shall not be so.*

Cowl.

In this Stanza, the 2 first and the last, and the 3d and 4th, rhyme to one another.

*It is enough, enough of time and pain  
Hast thou consum'd in vain :  
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave,  
Thy self with shadows to deceive.  
Think that already lost which thou must never gain.*

The Stanzas of 7 Verses are frequent enough in our Poetry, especially among the Ancients, who compos'd many of their Poems in this sort of Stanza : See an Example of one of them taken from *Spencer in The Ruins of time*, where the 1st and 3d Verses rhyme to one another, the 2d 4th and 5th, and the two last.

*But Fame with golden Wings aloft doth fly  
Above the reach of ruinous Decay,  
And with brave Plumes does beat the Azure Sky,  
Admir'd of baseborn Men from far away :  
Then whose will with virtuous Deeds essay  
To mount to Heav'n, on Pegasus must ride,  
And in sweet Poet's Verse be glorify'd.*

I have the rather chosen to take notice of this Stanza, because that Poet and *Chaucer* have made use of it in many of their Poems, but have not been follow'd by any of the Moderns; whose Stanzas of 7 Verses are commonly compos'd as follows.

Either the four first Verses are a Quadran in Alternate Rhyme, and the three last rhyme to one another; as,

*Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,  
None loves you half so well as I;  
I do not ask your love for this,  
But for Heaven's sake believe me or I dye.  
No Servant e'er but did deserve  
His Master should believe that he did serve;  
And I'll ask no more Wages tho' I starve.*

Cowl.

Or the four first are two Couplets, and the three last a Triplet; as,

*Indeed I must confess  
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,  
But not compleat till Bodies too combine,  
And closely as our Minds together joyn.  
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,  
Till by Love in Heav'n at last,  
Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

Cowl.

Or, on the contrary, the three first may rhyme, and the four last be in Rhymes that follow one another; as,

*From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,  
And all the Passions else that be,  
In vain I boast of Liberty:  
In vain this State a Freedom call,  
Since I have Love, and Love is all.  
Sot that I am! who think it fit to brag  
That I have no Disease besides the Plague.*

Cowl.

Or the 1st may rhyme to the two last, the 2d to the 5th, and the 3d and 4th to one another; as,

*In vain thou drowstie God I thee invoke,  
For thou who dost from Fumes arise,  
Thou who Man's Soul dost overshadow  
With a thick Cloud, by Vapours made,  
Canst have no pow'r to shut his Eyes,  
Or passage of his Spirits to choak,  
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no smoke.*

Cowl.

Or lastly, the four first and two last may be in following Rhyme, and the 5th a blank Verse; as,

Thou



*Thou rob'st my days of Bus'ness and Delights,  
Of Sleep thou rob'st my Nights:  
Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?  
What, rob me of Heav'n too!  
Thou ev'n my Pray'rs dost from me steal,  
And I with wild Idolatry  
Begin to God, and end them all in thee.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas of 9 and of 11 Syllables are not so frequent as those of 5 and of 7. *Spencer* has compos'd his *Fairy Queen* in Stanzas of 9 Verses, where the 1st rhymes to the 3d, the 2d to the 4th 5th and 7th; and the 6th to the two last. But this Stanza is very difficult to maintain, and the unlucky choice of it reduc'd him often to the necessity of making use of many exploded Words; nor has he, I think, been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns; whose 6 first Verses of the Stanzas that consist of 9, are generally in Rhymes that follow one another, and the three last a Triplet; as,

*Beauty, Love's Scene and Masquerade,  
So well by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made;  
False Coin! with which th' Impostor cheats us still,  
The Stamp and Colour good, but Metal ill:  
Which light or bare we find, when we  
Weigh by Enjoyment, and examine thee.  
For tho' thy Being be but Show,  
'Tis chiefly night which Men to thee allow,  
And chuse to enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.*

Cowl.

In the following Example, the like Rhyme is observ'd, but the Verses differ in Measure from the former.

*Beneath this gloomy Shade,  
By Nature only for my Sorrows made,  
I'll spend this Voice in Cries;  
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,  
By Love so vainly fed,  
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.  
Ah wretched Youth! said I;  
Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;  
Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas consisting of 11 Verses are yet less frequent than those of 9, and have nothing particular to be observ'd in them. See an Example of one of them, where the 6 first are 3 Couplets, the three next a Triplet, the two last a Couplet; and where the 4th, the 7th, and the last Verses are of 10 Syllables each, the others of 8.

No, to what purpose should I speak?  
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break:  
 She cannot love me if she would;  
 And, to say Truth, 'twere pity that she should,  
 No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,  
 As silent as they will be there:  
 Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,  
 So handsomly the thing contrive,  
 That she may guiltless of it live:  
 So perish, that her killing thee  
 May a Chance-Medley, and no Murder be.

CowL

## S E C T. VII.

*Of Pindarick Odes, and Poems in Blank-Verse.*

THE Stanzas of Pindarick Odes are neither confin'd to a certain number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain number of Syllables, nor the Rhyme to a certain Distance. Some Stanzas contain 50 Verses or more, others not above 10, and sometimes not so many. Some Verses 14, nay 16 Syllables, others not above 4. Sometimes the Rhymes follow one another for several Couplers together, sometimes they are remov'd 6 Verses from each other; and all this in the same Stanza. Cowley was the first who introduc'd this sort of Poetry into our Language: nor can the Nature of it be better describ'd than he himself has done it, in one of the Stanzas of the Ode he has written upon *Liberty*, which I will transcribe, not as an Example, for none can properly be given where no Rule can be prescribed, but to give an Idea of the Nature of this sort of Poetry.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,  
 In which he only hits the White,  
 Who joyns true Profit with the best Delight,  
 The more Heroick Strain let others take,  
 Mine the Pindarick way I'll make;  
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free,  
 It shall not keep one settled pace of Time,  
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,  
 Nor shall each day just to his Neighbour rhyme.  
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispence,  
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,  
 Or to the sweetness of the Sound, or greatness of the Sense.

Nor

Nor shall it never from one Subject start,  
 Nor seek Transitions to depart;  
 Nor its set way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,  
 Nor thro' Lanes a Compass take,  
 As if it fear'd some Trespas to commit,  
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.  
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay  
 Till the whole Carcass he devour,  
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r,  
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,  
 That he can never want plenty of Food,  
 He only sucks the tastful Blood,  
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away;  
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

This sort of Poetry is employ'd in all manner of Subjects;  
 in Pleasant, in Grave, in Amorous, in Heroick, in Philosophi-  
 cal, in Moral and in Divine.

Blank Verse is where the Measure is exactly kept without  
 Rhyme; *Shakespear*, to avoid the troublesome Constraint of  
 Rhyme, was the first who invented it; our Poets since him  
 have made use of it in many of their Tragedies and Comedies;  
 but the most celebrated Poem in this kind of Verse is *Milton's*  
*Paradise Lost*; from the 5th Book of which I have taken  
 the following Lines for an Example of Blank Verse.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!  
 Almighty! thine this Universal Frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair! thy self how wondrous then!  
 Speak you, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,  
 Angels! for you behold him, and with Songs,  
 And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night  
 Circle his Throne rejoycing, you in Heaven.  
 On Earth, joyn all ye Creatures, to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of Stars! last in the Train of Night,  
 If better thou belong'st not to the Dawn,  
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn  
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,  
 While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime.  
 Thou Sun! of this Great World, both Eye and Soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy Greater; sound his Praise  
 In thy Eternal Course, both when thou climb'st  
 And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon! that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st  
 With the fixt Stars, fixt in their Orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring Fires! that move  
 In Mystick Dance, not without Song, resound



*His Praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light.  
 Air! and ye Elements! the eldest Birth  
 Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run  
 Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless Change  
 Vary to our Great Maker still new Praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations! that now rise  
 From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,  
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,  
 In honour to the World's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his Praise.  
 His Praise, ye Winds! that from four Quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines!  
 With ev'ry Plant, in sign of Worship, wave.  
 Fountains! and ye that warble as you flow  
 Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.  
 Joyn Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds!  
 That singing, up to Heav'n's high Gate ascend,  
 Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.  
 Ye that in Waters glide! and ye that walk  
 The Earth! and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
 Witness if I be silent, Ev'n or Morn,  
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain or fresh Shade,  
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.*

Thus I have given a short Account of all the sorts of Poems,  
 that are most us'd in our Language, The Acrosticks, Emblems,  
 Anagrams, &c. deserve not to be mention'd, and we may say  
 of them what an Ancient Poet said long ago,

*Stultum est difficiles habere Nugas,  
 Et stultus Labor est ineptiarum.*

F I N I S.

A  
DICTIONARY  
OF  
RHYMES

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*Quelque sujet qu' on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,  
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la Rime,  
L' un l' autre vainement ils semblent se bair,  
La Rime est un esclave, & ne doit qu' obeir.  
Lors qu' a la bien chercher d' abord on s' evertue,  
L' esprit a la trouver aisement s' habitue,  
Au joug de la Raison sans peine elle flechit,  
Et, loin de la gener, la sert & l' enrichit.  
Mais lors qu' on la neglige, elle devient rebelle,  
Et pour la rattraper, le sens court apres elle.*

BOILEAU.

DICTIONARY  
OF  
RHYMES

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# THE PREFACE.

**T**HIS Dictionary contains a Collection of such Words only, as both for their Sence and Sound are judg'd most proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry. For which Reason are omitted.

I. All Burlesque Words, and such whose Signification can be employ'd only in Subjects of Drollery.

II. All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification, as the Names of Distempers that are unusual; most of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names both of Persons and Places; together with all Pedanrick hard Words, whose Sound is generally as harsh and unpleasing as their Sence is dark and obscure.

III. All Base, Low Words: by which I mean, such as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar, and never us'd, either in Conversation or Writing, by the better and more Polite sort of People. The French call them *Des Mots Bas*, but our Language scarce allows us a Term to distinguish them by. And if any such are inserted, the reason is, because they are us'd in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification: Thus *Starch* properly signifies only that which Landresses use, to stiffen Linnen: In which sence, it can hardly find place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis us'd to express an Action done with Affectation, and we say a *Starch'd*, for a formal, stiff, affected Person. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.

IV. All Obsolete, Spurious, and Miscompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style requir'd in an Heroick Poem, *Cujus Diction debet esse perfecta & absoluta.*

V. All the Words that ought not to end a Verse; as the Particles *An, And, As, Of, The, &c.* together with all those of more than three Syllables that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the last; as *Dissoluteness, Niggardliness, Vindicated*, and the like, whose Accent being so far remov'd from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verse in any sort of Poetry whatsoever.

VI. The Terminations that have not more than one Word that can be employ'd to end a Verse in Heroick Poetry. Thus because there are no Words that rhyme to *Badge* except *Fade*

and *Cadge*; the first of which is a Low Word, and the last very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination ADGE is intirely omitted.

VII. All the Words that end in Mute E, preceded by the Liquid L and another Consonant; as those in BLE, CLE, DLE, &c. For, besides that most of them are double Rhymes, all which, as shall be said hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the sound of their last Syllable is so very weak and languishing, that the Verses that end in any of them can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleasing to the Ear.

VIII. Almost all the Words that are Compounded with any of the Particles *Out*, *Re*, or *Un*; for they may not only be easily form'd from their Simples, which are to be found under their respective Terminations, but are so very numerous in our Language, that to have inserted them, would have increas'd this Dictionary to a far greater Bulk than the Volume would permit: For this last Reason, and for that they are seldom employ'd at the end of Verses, most of the Polysyllables in AL, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, and Y preceded by a Consonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language most abounds, have found no place here. As have not likewise, because they are all Double Rhymes, any of the Words in ION, or of the Polysyllables in ING, of both which there is an Infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewise have been swell'd to a much larger Volume, had the same Word been inserted several times, according to its different Significations: As *Beam*, a great Piece of Timber in Building; *Beam* of a Coach or Waggon; *Beam* of a Stag; *Beam* of a Ballance; *Beam*, or Ray of Light, &c. But fearing to be too prolix in a work of this Nature, I have not done it. However, the Words, which, tho' written alike, differ both in Sense and Sound, are inserted severally, according to their various Pronuntiations. Thus *Bow* is plac'd twice under the Termination OW: First among the Words whose W is silent, as *Crow*, *Grow*, &c. And then among those whose W is sounded; as *Cow*, *Vow*, &c. Among the first, 'tis a Noun, and signifies the Weapon so call'd, and several other things. Among the last, a Verb, to *Bow* or Bend.

IX. All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus because there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles of the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted; it being easie to find all the Words of those Rhymes by looking for the Termination of their Primitives: For Example, To find the Rhymes to *Prevail'd*, consider it to be the Participle of the Verb *Prevail*, whose Termination is AIL. See AIL, and you will find *Hail*, *Sail*, *Bewail*, and all the

the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whose Participles are the only Words that rhyme to *Prevail'd*.

X. Lastly, the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM; not only because they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv'd from the Greek, but also because they properly belong to the Double Rhymes; all which, as well as most of the Treble, are, for the Reasons alledg'd in the Rules for making Verses, omitted in this Collection. Which, as I said before, is compos'd of a select Number of such usual Words as are of the best Sense, and that for the agreeableness of their Sound, are most proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verse.

Thus having given a short Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be necessary to say something of the Method, and Disposition of those that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, consider the five Vowels, A, E, I, O, U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the last Consonant of the Word: For Example, to find *Perswade*, and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the last Consonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find *Made, Fade, Invade*, and all the other Words of that Rhyme.

In like manner, if a Word end in two, or more Consonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the first of them: For example, *Land*; N is the first of the final Consonants, A the Vowel that precedes it. See AND, and you will find, *Band, Stand, Command*, &c.

But if a Diphthong, that is to say, two or more Vowels together, precedes the last Consonant or Consonants of a Word, begin at the first of those two Vowels; Thus to find the Rhymes to *Disdain*, look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find *Brain, Chain, Gain*, &c.

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Consonant; begin only at the first Vowel of the Diphthong: For example, to find the Rhymes to *Subdue*, look for UE, and you will find *Clue, Due, Ensue*, &c.

All the Words that end in a single Vowel, preceded by a Consonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only. Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are constantly found by the same Method that has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to *Perswade*, whose final E is silent, and serves only to lengthen the sound of the A in the last Syllable.

Except also the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only because their Sound is exactly the same, but also because they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as *Dy* or *Die, Ly* or *Lie, Defy* or *Defie*, &c.



The Words that rhyme strictly to one another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the same Termination. Thus the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, because their Terminations have exactly the same Sound : But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of those Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN ; and from their respective Terminations have refer'd thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the Singular ; and from the Terminations to which any Tense, Person, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have refer'd to the Termination of the Primitive of that Verb or Noun. For Example, After the Rhymes in AZE, I say, *Also the third Person Present of the Verbs, and Plural of the Nouns in AY, EIGH, and EY.* The Reader is desir'd to see those Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them ; as *Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, &c.* he will easily form *Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, &c.* all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I say, *Also the Participles of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY.* See the Verbs of those Terminations, and by forming their Participle, you will find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE ; as from *Play, Neigh, Convey, &c.* *Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, &c.*

I have observ'd the like Method thro' the whole Course of this Dictionary, as to all the Regular Nouns and Verbs : But the Tenses, Persons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the several Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus *Fought, Sought, Thought,* are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGH, EEK, INK, the Terminations of the Verbs, *Fight, Seek, Think,* from whence they are deriv'd. *Men* is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Primitive, *Man.*

Observe therefore, that whenever I say Persons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of such as are Regular in their Formation ; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Observe also, that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenses of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the same, whenever I had occasion to refer to them, I have made choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tense.

Some Words are plac'd twice, because they are pronounc'd differently, as *Draught* ; which *Dryden* rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT ; and therefore I have put it under both those Terminations.

But

But as there are several Words, whose Terminations, tho, different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; so there are others, that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; some of them are pronounc'd like ACE, others like AZE; the first of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have refer'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds; as *Love*, *Prove*, *Rove*; and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in strictness rhyme to one another. Therefore to distinguish them from each other, a little space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.

There are also several other Terminations of like Nature, whose different Sounds are distinguish'd in like manner.

I have already said that all the Double and most of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by observing the Method I am going to propose, the greatest part of the Double Rhymes may be discover'd by it.

Most of our double Rhymes consist in Derivative Word, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are those that are form'd from Primitives, which must be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nominative Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whose Primitives are accented on the last Syllable, and that are form'd by the increase of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, ( and I think without any Exception ) That all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to say, on the same Syllable: from whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the last Syllable of a Primitive, or Original Word, must be on the last save one of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the increase of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it consequently follows, that such a Derivative must be a Double Rhyme. For Example, to *Evade*, and to *Arise*, are Primitives, accented upou the last Syllable, and therefore are single Rhymes: *Evading* and *Arising* are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being accented on the last save one, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to *Evading*, consider it to be a Derivative, and see the Termination of its Primitive, which is ADE; and the Gerunds of all the Verbs of that Rhyme, that are accented on the last Syllable, must necessarily rhyme to *Evading*: As from *Fade*, *Wade*, *Perswade*, &c. *Fading*, *Wading*, *Perswading*, &c. In like manner to find the Rhymes to *Arising*, see ISE, and you will find *Advise*, *Chastise*, *Despise*, and many others,

others, whose Gerunds all rhyme to *Arising*; as *Advising*, *Chastising*, &c.

The Observation of this Rule only will lead to the Discovery of an Infinite Number of double Rhymes: For all the Verbs of the English Tongue, whether Regular, or Irregular, and of what Termination soever they be, form their Gerunds by adding the Syllable *ing* to the Infinitive; and therefore if their Infinitives rhyme, their Gerunds must of consequence do so too; and if their Infinitives be accented on the last Syllable, their Gerunds by the Increase of the Syllable *ing* are accented on the last save one, and thus are double Rhymes.

The double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; Of which there are two sorts: One that will admit of an Elision of the E that precedes their Consonant, and one that will not.

Those that will admit of an Elision always ought to be us'd so; and it is a fault to make *Loved* two Syllables, and *Amazed* three, by which means they become double Rhymes; instead of *Lov'd*, which is but one Syllable, and *Amaz'd*, which is but two, and both of them single Rhymes.

Those that will not suffer the like Elision, and consequently are double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T. As, from the Verbs to *Land*, *Grant*, *Perswade*, and *Hate*, are form'd the Participles *Landed*, *Granted*, *Perswaded*, *Hated*: which will not admit of such an Elision, and therefore are double Rhymes. The method of finding the Rhymes to these words, is the same as has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the words in ING; that is to say, by seeking the Terminations of the Infinitives from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, and ATE.

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, are either the Comparative Degrees of Adjectives, and form'd by adding ER to their Positive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of ER to their Infinitive. For Example, to find a Rhyme to *Plainer* the Comparative of *Plain*, see the Termination of the Positive, which is AIN, and you will find the Verb to *Gain*, from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal *Gainer*; *Vain*, from whence the Comparative *Vainer*; *Profane* from whence *Profaner*, &c.

The like Method may also be observ'd for finding the Double Rhymes in ES, EST, and LY.

Those in ES, consist of the third Persons Present of the Verbs, and Plural Numbers of the Nouns whose final Letters are GE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, or ZE, and that are form'd by adding the Syllable ES to their Primitive.

Those in EST, consist of the superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding EST to their Positives; and of the  
second



second Persons Present of Verbs form'd by adding EST to their Infinitive.

Those in LY, consist in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable LY to their Positive.

This Method may be also useful for the finding of Rhymes to Original Words, For Example, to *Morning*, which being accented on the last save one, is a double Rhyme: See the Termination of that Syllable, which is ORN, and you will find *Scorn*, *Adorn*, &c. whose Gerunds are *Scorning*, *Adorning*, &c.

There are also several other double Rhymes that consist in Derivative Words, and may be found by the same Method. Of this Nature are several Participles in EN, that are form'd irregularly; as *Given*, *Driven*, &c. from the Verbs in IVE; *Taken*, *Forsaken*, &c. from those in AKE, and many others.

As for the Treble Rhymes inserted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as such, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the last Syllable; that is to say, to single Rhymes: Thus *Tenderness* rhymes as well to *Confess*, as to *Slenderness*. *Piety* to *Decree* and *Justify*, as well as to *Satiety*. But the Reasons why most of the Treble, and all the double Rhymes are omitted, may be seen in *The Rules for making Verses*. And so much for the matter and method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I should say something of the Usefulness of it.

And here I will not pretend that it is a work of such a Nature, as can be of any farther use to the Publick in general, than as it may be a help and ease to those Persons who apply themselves to the making of English Verses: And they, I presume, will reap some Advantage by it; since in a moment, and without any trouble, they may here meet with Words, that for a considerable space of Time their Thoughts have in vain been labouring to recover.

An Instance of this we daily meet with in Conversation; where we often find our selves at a loss for a word to express our meaning by: Nay, sometimes for the Names of Persons with whom we are conversant enough, and more than personally acquainted.

Besides, I dare almost affirm, that the Difficulty of finding Rhymes, has been the unlucky Cause that has frequently reduc'd even the best of our Poets to take up with Rhymes that have scarce any Consonance, or Agreement in sound.

Rhyme is by all allow'd to be the chief Ornament of Versification in any of the Modern Languages; and therefore the more exact we are in the observation of it, the greater Applause our Productions of that Nature will deservedly challenge and find.

The *Italians*, the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, and among them Men eminent for their Learning and Parts, have not thought their time mispent in composing Dictionaries that contain all the Words of their Languages, dispos'd Alphabetically according to their several Rhymes, which have been printed in all Volumes, and receiv'd with general Applause.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in Defence of such a Work, any should be of Opinion that my time has been thrown away in this Composition; to such I freely confess, that while I was about it, I have often reflected on the *Operose nihil agit* of *Seneca*, and apply'd it to my self.

A

B  
Stab  
Scab

Brace  
Chac  
Face  
Grac  
Lace  
Mace  
Pace  
Place  
Race  
Trac  
Apac  
Defac  
Effac  
Disgr  
Displ  
Misp  
Embr  
Grim  
Inter  
Retra

Base

# A DICTIONARY OF RHYMES.

AB.

**B** Lab  
Crab  
Stab  
Scab

Cafe  
Abase  
Debase  
Enchase

ACK.

ACE.

Brace  
Chace  
Face  
Grace  
Lace  
Mace  
Pace  
Place  
Race  
Trace  
Apace  
Deface  
Efface  
Disgrace  
Displace  
Misplace  
Embrace  
Grimmace  
Interlace  
Retrace

Back  
Black  
Crack  
Hack  
Knack  
Lack  
Pack  
Quack  
Rack  
Sack  
Slack  
Smack  
Stack  
Tack  
Track  
Wrack  
Attack

ACT.

Act  
Tra<sup>ct</sup>  
Attract  
Abstract  
Compact

Contract  
Detract  
Distract  
Enact  
Extract  
Exact  
Protract  
Retract  
Subtract  
Transact  
Cata<sup>ct</sup>

And the Par-  
ticiples of the  
Verbs in ACK.

AD.

Add  
Bad  
Clad  
Gad  
Glad  
Had  
Lad  
Mad  
Sad  
Pad

ADE.

Blade  
Fade

Glade  
Jade  
Lade  
Made  
Shade  
Spade  
Trade  
Wade  
Degrade  
Dis<sup>wade</sup>  
Evade  
Invade  
Per<sup>wade</sup>  
Blocade  
Brigade  
Cavalcade  
Masquerade  
Renegade  
Retrograde  
Serenade  
Ambuscade  
Cann<sup>onade</sup>  
Palisade

Aid  
Braid  
Maid  
Afraid  
Upbraid

And the Par-  
ticiples of the  
Verbs in AY,  
EY,

Base



<b>EY, and EIGH.</b>	Nag	Mail	Fain
	Tag	Nail	Gain
<b>AFF.</b>	Wag	Pail	Grain
	Stag	Rail	Lain
Chafe	Swag	Quail	Main
Safe	Snag	Sail	Pain
Vouchsafe		Snail	Plain
	<b>AGE.</b>	Tail	Rain
<b>AFF.</b>		Trail	Slain
	Age	Wail	Sprain
Chaff	Cage	Affail	Stain
Draff	Page	Avail	Strain
Graff	Rage	Detail	Swain
Quaff	Sage	Bewail	Train
Staff	Stage	Entail	Vain
Engraff	Swage	Prevail	Again
	Wage	Retail	Abstain
Epitaph	Gage	Countervail	Amain
Paragraph	Allwage		Attain
	Engage	Ale	Complain
Laugh	Disengage	Bale	Contain
	Enrage	Dale	Constrain
<b>AFT.</b>	Prefage	Gale	Detain
	Appennage	Hale	Disdain
Aft	Concubinage	Pale	Distrain
Abaft	Heritage	Male	Enchain
Craft	Hermitage	Sale	Entertain
Graft	Parentage	Scale	Explain
Shaft	Personage	Stale	Maintain
Raft	Pasturage	Tale	Obtain
Waft	Patronage	Vale	Ordain
Draught	Pilgrimage	Whale	Pertain
And the Par-	Equipage	Impale	Refrain
ticiples of the		Exhale	Regain
Verbs in AFF,	<b>AID. See ADE.</b>	Regale	Remain
and AUGH.	<b>AIGHT. v. ATE.</b>	Nightingale	Restrain
	<b>AIGN. v. ANE.</b>		Retain
<b>AG.</b>		Veil	Sustain
	<b>AIL.</b>		Appertain
Bag	Ail	<b>AIM. See AME.</b>	
Brag	Bail		Daign
Drag	Fail	<b>AIN.</b>	Arraign
Flag	Flail		Campaign
Gag	Frail	Blain	Sovereign
Jag	Hail	Brain	
Hag	Jail	Chain	Feign
Lag		Drain	Reign

Vein

Vein	Make	Original	
Rein	Rake	Pastoral	ALK.
	Quake	Pedistal	
Bane	Sake	Personal	Balk
Cane	Shake	Physical	Chalk
Crane	Slake	Poetical	Stalk
Fane	Snake	Political	Talk
Lane	Stake	Principal	Walk
Mane	Take	Prodigal	Calk
Plane	Wake	Prophetical	Hawk
Vane	Awake	Rational	
Wane	Betake	Satirical	ALL.
Profane	Spake	Reciprocal	
Hurricane	Forfake	Rhetorical	All
	Mistake	Several	Ball
AINT.	Partake	Temporal	Call
	Overtake	Tragical	Fall
Faint	Undertake	Tyrannical	Gall
Paint	Bespake	Carnaval	Hall
Plaint		Schismatical	Pall
Quaint	AL.	Whimsical	Shall
Saint		Arsenal	Small
Taint	Cabal	There are ma-	Stall
Acquaint	Canal	ny Words of	Tall
Attaint	Animal	this Terminati-	Thrall
Complaint	Admiral	on, but as they	Wall
Constraint	Cannibal	are seldom us'd	Appall
Restraint	Capital	to end Verses,	Befall
	Cardinal	'tis needless to	Enthrall
Feint	Comical	insert them.	Forefall
Teint	Conjugal		Install
	Corporal	ALD.	Miscall
AIR. See ARE.	Criminal		Recall
AISE. See AZE.	Critical	Bald	
AIT. See ATE.	Festival	Scald	Caul
AIITH. v. ATH.	Funeral	Emerald	Bawl
AIZE. v. AZE.	General	And the Par-	Brawl
	Hospital	ticiples of the	Crawl
AKE.	Interval	Verbs in ALL.	Scrawl
	Liberal		Sprawl
Ake	Madrigal	ALE. See ALL.	Squawl
Bake	Litteral		
Brake	Magical	ALF.	ALM.
Cake	Mineral		
Drake	Myistical	Calf	Calm
Flake	Musical	Half	Balm
Lake	Natural	Behalf	Pfalm

Palm	Fame	Ran	Sufferance
Qualm	Flame	Scan	Sustenance
Becalm	Frame	Span	Temperance
Embalm	Game	Tan	Utterance
Alms. which	Lame	Began	Arrogance
Rhymes to the	Name	Trepan	Vigilance
Plurals of the	Same	Unman	
Nouns, and 3d	Shame	Foreran	Expanse
Persons Present	Tame	Partisan	Inhance
of the Verbs of	Defame	Artisan	
this Termina-	Inflame	Pelican	ANCH.
tion.	Misname	Caravan	
	Became	Courtesan	Branch
ALT.	Mis-became	Swan	Blanch
	Overcame	Wan	Ranch
Halt	Aim	These two	Hanch
Malt	Claim	sometimes	Stanch
Salt	Maim	Rhyme to the	AND.
Exalt	Acclaim	Words in ON.	
Revolt	Decclaim	ANCE.	Band
	Disclaim		Brand
Fault	Exclaim	Chance	Grand
Vault	Proclaim	Dance	Hand
Affault	Reclaim	Glance	Land
Default		Lance	Rand
	AMP.	Trance	Sand
AM.	Camp	Prance	Stand
Am	Champ	Intrance	Strand
Cram	Cramp	Advance	Wand
Dam	Damp	Romance	Command
Dram	Stamp	Mischance	Countermand
Ham	Lamp	Complaisance	Demand
Ram	Decamp	Circumstance	Disband
Swam	Encamp	Countenance	Expand
Anagram		Deliverance	Gainstand
Epigram	AN.	Consonance	Withstand
		Dissonance	Understand
Damn	Ban	Extravagance	Reprimand
Lamb	Bran	Ignorance	Aland Dryd.
	Can	Inheritance	ANE. v. AIN.
AME.	Clan	Intemperance	
	Fan	Maintenance	ANG.
Blame	Man	Exorbitance	
Came	Pan	Ordinance	Bang
Dame	Plan	Concordance	Fang

Gang



Gang  
Hang  
Pang  
Tang  
Twang  
Harangue

ANGE.

Change  
Range  
Grange  
Strange  
Estrange  
Arrange  
Exchange  
Interchange

ANK.

Bank  
Blank  
Shank  
Clank  
Dank  
Drank  
Flank  
Frank  
Lank  
Plank  
Prank  
Rank  
Thank  
Difrank  
Mountebank

ANSE. v. ANCE.

ANT.

Ant  
Cant  
Chant  
Grant  
Pant  
Plant  
Rant

Slant  
Allant  
Complaisant  
Displant  
Enchant  
Gallant  
Implant  
Recant  
Supplant  
Transplant  
Adamant  
Arrogant  
Combatant  
Consonant  
Cormorant  
Protestant  
Significant  
Visitant  
Covenant  
Dissonant  
Disputant  
Elegant  
Elephant  
Exorbitant  
Conversant  
Extravagant  
Ignorant  
Insignificant  
Inhabitant  
Militant  
Predominant  
Sychophant  
Vigilant  
Petulant

AP.

Cap  
Chap  
Clap  
Crap  
Flap  
Gap  
Hap  
Lap  
Map  
Pap

Sap  
Scrap  
Snap  
Strap  
Tap  
Trap  
Wrap  
Enwrap  
Mishap  
Entrap

APE.

Ape  
Cape  
Chape  
Gape  
Grape  
Rape  
Scape  
Scrape  
Shape  
Escape

APH. See AFF.

APSE.

Lapse  
Elapse  
Relapse  
Perhaps

And the Plu-  
ral of the Nouns Garb  
and Third Per-  
son Present of  
the Verbs in  
AP.

APT.

Apt  
Adapt

And the Par-  
ticiples of the AR.  
Verbs in AP.

AR.

Bar  
Car  
Far  
Gnar  
Jar  
Mar  
Scar  
Spar  
Star  
Tar  
War  
Afar  
Debar  
Unbar  
Catarrh  
Particular  
Perpendicular  
Secular  
Angular  
Regular  
Popular  
Singular  
Titular  
Vinegar  
Scimitar  
Calendar

ARB.

ARCE.

Farce  
Scarce

And the Plu-  
ral of the Nouns  
and Third Per-  
son Present of  
the Verbs in

ARCH.

ARCH.	Share Snare Spare Square Stare Tare Ware Aware Beware Compare Declare Ensnare Prepare	Which rhyme to the Plurals of the Nouns and Third Per- sons Present of the Verbs of this Terminati- on.	ARM. Arm Barm Charm Farm Harm Alarm Disarm
Arch March Parch Starch Counter-march			
ARD.	Air Chair Fair Hair Lair Pair Stair Affair Debonnair Despair Impair Repair	ARF. Scarf Dwarf Wharf	Swarm Warm These la Words rhyme to the Termi- nation ORM.
Bard Card Guard Hard Lard Nard Shard Yard Bombard Discard Regard Disregard Interlard Retard And the Par- ticiples of the Verbs in AR.		ARGE. Barge Charge Large Targe Discharge O'ercharge Surcharge Enlarge	ARN. Barn Yarn Warn Fore-warn These tw rhyme to t words in OR
Ward Award Reward	Bear Pear Swear Tear Wear Forebear Forswear	ARK. Ark Bark Cark Clark Dark Lark Mark Park Shark Spark Stark Embark Remark	ARP. Carp Harp Sharp Warp Counterscarp
ARE.	There Were Where E'er Ne'er Elsewhere Heir Coheir Their Theirs Unawares	ARL. Gnarl Snarl Marl	ARSH. Harsh Marsh ART. Art Cart Dart
Are Bare Blare Care Dare Fare Glare Hare Knare Mare Pare Rare Scare			

Hart  
Mart  
Part  
Smart  
Start  
Tart  
Apart  
Depar  
Impar  
Dispar  
Count  
Heart

Thwa  
Athwa  
Th  
rhyme  
words

AR  
EAL  
AR

Carve  
Starve  
AS an

Afs  
Brafts  
Clafs  
Glafts  
Grafs  
Lafs  
Mafs  
Pafs  
Alafs  
Amafs  
Cuirafs  
Repafs  
Surpafs  
Morafs

Was  
Has

H

Hart		Haft	Squat
Mart	ASS. See ACE.	Last	What
Part	and AZE.	Maft	These two
Smart		Paft	may rhyme to
Start	ASH.	Vaft	the Terminiati-
Tart		Faft	on OT.
Apart	Afh	Agaf	
Depart	Cafh	Avaf	ATCH.
Impart	Clafh	Forecaf	
Dispart	Crafh	Overcaf	Catch
Counterpart	Dafh	Outcaf	Hatch
Heart	Flafh	Repaf	Latch
	Gafh	And the Par-	Match
Thwart	Gnafh	ticiples of the	Patch
Athwart	Haft	Verbs in ASS.	Scratch
These two	Lafh		Smatch
rhyme to the	Plafh	ASTE.	Snatch
words in	Rafh		Thatch
ARTH.	Slafh	Bafte	Watch
See	Thrafh	Chafte	Dispatch
EARTH.	Trafh	Hafte	
	Quafh	Pafte	ATE.
ARVE.	Abafh	Tafte	
	Wafh	Wafte	Bate
Carve	ASK.	Diffafte	Date
Starve		And the Par-	Fate
	Ask	ticiples of the	Gate
AS and ASS.	Bask	Verbs in ACE.	Grate
	Cask		Hate
Afs	Flask	AT.	Late
Brafs	Maſk		Mate
Clafs	Task	Bat	Pate
Glaſs		Brat	Plate
Grafs	ASP.	Cat	Prate
Laſs		Chat	Rate
Maſs	Aſp	Fat	Sate
Paſs	Clafp	Flat	Scate
Alaſs	Gaſp	Gnat	Slate
Amafs	Graſp	Hat	State
Cuirafſ	Haſp	Mat	Abate
Repafſ	Waſp	Pat	Alate
Surpaſſ		Plat	Belate
Moraſſ	AST.	Rat	Collate
		Sat	Create
Was	Blaſt	Sprat	Debate
Haſ	Caſt	Thaſ	Dilate
		Vat	Elate
		D 3	Eſtate



Estate	Cooperate	Inanimate	Suffocate
Ingrate	Celibate	Innovate	Terminate
Innate	Confiderate	Instigate	Tolerate
Rebate	Consulate	Intemperate	Temperate
Relate	Capacitate	Intimate	Vindicate
Sedate	Debilitate	Intimidate	Violate
Translate	Dedicate	Intoxicate	Unfortunate
Abdicate	Degenerate	Intricate	
Abominate	Delegate	Invalidate	Bait
Abrogate	Deliberate	Inveterate	Plait
Accommodate	Denominate	Inviolate	Strait
Accumulate	Depopulate	Irritate	Wait
Accurate	Dislocate	Legitimate	Await
Adequate	Deprecate	Magistrate	
Affectionate	Discriminate	Meditate	Great
Advocate	Derogate	Mitigate	Freight
Adulterate	Dissipate	Moderate	
Aggravate	Delicate	Neceffitate	Eight
Agitate	Disconsolate	Nominate	Streight
Alienate	Desolate	Obstinate	Weight
Animate	Desperate	Participate	Height
Annihilate	Educate	Passionate	
Antedate	Effeminate	Penetrate	Conceit
Anticipate	Elevate	Perpetrate	Deceit
Antiquate	Emulate	Personate	Receipt
Arbitrate	Estimate	Potentate	
Arrogate	Elaborate	Precipitate	ATH.
Articulate	Equivocate	Predestinate	
Affassinate	Eradicate	Predominate	Bath
Calculate	Evaporate	Premeditate	Path
Capitulate	Exaggerate	Prevaricate	
Captivate	Exasperate	Procrastinate	Wrath See OTH.
Celebrate	Expostulate	Profligate	
Circulate	Exterminate	Prognosticate	Hath
Coagulate	Extricate	Propagate	Faith
Commemorate	Facilitate	Recriminate	
Commiserate	Fortunate	Regenerate	ATHE.
Communicate	Generate	Regulate	
Compassionate	Gratulate	Reiterate	Bathe
Confederate	Hesitate	Reprobate	Swathe
Congratulate	Illiterate	Reverberate	Scathe
Congregate	Illuminate	Ruminate	
Consecrate	Imitate	Seperate	AUB. See OB.
Contaminate	Immoderate	Sophisticate	
Corroborate	Impetrate	Stipulate	AUCE.
Cultivate	Importunate	Subjugate	See
Candidate	Imprecate	Subordinate	AUSE.
			AUCH.

<b>AUCH.</b> <i>See</i>	<b>AUGHT.</b> <i>See</i>	Daw	the Verbs, in
<b>OACH.</b>	<b>OUGHT.</b>	Claw	<b>ACK.</b>
		Draw	
		Flaw	<b>AY.</b>
		Gnaw	
<b>AUD.</b>	<b>AULT. v. ALT.</b>	Jaw	Bay
Fraud		Law	Bray
Laud	<b>AUNCH.</b>	Maw	Clay
Applaud	Launch	Paw	Day
Defraud	Paunch	Raw	Dray
		Saw	Tray
		Straw	Flay
Bawd	<b>AUNSE.</b>	Thaw	Fray
	<i>See</i>	Withdraw	Gay
Broad	<b>ONSE.</b>	Forefaw	Hay
Abroad			Jay
And the Par-	<b>AUNT.</b>	<b>AWD. v. AUD.</b>	Lay
ticiples of the	Aunt	<b>AWK. v. ALK.</b>	May
Verbs in AW.	Gaunt	<b>AWL. v. ALL.</b>	Pay
	Flaunt		Play
<b>AVE.</b>	Jaunt	<b>AWN.</b>	Pray
Brave	Haunt	Brawn	Ray
Cave	Taunt	Dawn	Say
Gave	Vaunt	Fawn	Slay
Grave	Avaunt	Pawn	Spray
Crave		Spawn	Splay
Have	<b>AUSE.</b>	Drawn	Stay
Knave	Cause	Gnawn	Stray
Lave	Claufe	Sawn	Sway
Nave	Pause	Yawn	Way
Pave	Applause	Withdrawn	Affray
Rave	Because	Lawn	Allay
Save		Thawn	Array
Shave	And the Plu-		Astray
Slave	ral of the Nouns,	<b>AX.</b>	Away
Stave	and Third Per-		Belay
Wave	son Present of Ax		Bewray
Behave	the Verbs, in		Betray
Deprave	<b>AW.</b>	Tax	Decay
Engrave		Wax	Defray
Outbrave	<b>AUST. v. OST.</b>	Lax	Delay
Forgave		Relax	Disarray
Misgave	<b>AW.</b>		Display
Architrave		And the Plu-	Dismay
	<b>Aw</b>	ral of the Nouns	Essay
<b>AUGH. v. AFF.</b>	<b>Craw</b>	and Third Per-	Forelay
		son Present of	Gainfay
		D 4	Inlay

Inlay	Grey	Blaze	Always
Relay	They	Gaze	Dispraise
Repay	Convey	Glaze	Phrase
Withsay	Obey	Graze	Paraphrase
Roundelay	Difobey	Maze	And the Plu-
Virelay	Purvey	Raze	ral of the Nouns
	Survey	Amaze	and Third Per-
Neigh		Eraze	son Present of
Weigh	AZE.	Imblaze	the Verbs in
Inveigh			AY, EIGH,
			and EY.
Prey	Craze	Raise	
	Daze	Praise	

E. & EA. v. EE.	EAGUE.	Peek, or	Peel
	League	Pique	Reel
EACE.		Screek	Steel
See	Intrigue	Sleek	Wheel
EASE.	Fatigue	Shriek	EALM.
	Brigue		See
EACH.		EAL.	ELM.
	EAK.		EALTH.
Beach	Beak	Deal	
Bleach	Bleak	Heal	
Breach	Break	Meal	Health
Each	Creak	Peal	Stealth
Peach	Freak	Seal	Wealth
Preach	Leak	Steal	Common-
Leach	Peak	Teal	wealth
Teach	Speak	Veal	EAM.
Impeach	Sneak	Weal	
Misteach	Steak	Zeal	
	Squeak	Squeal	Beam
Beech	Streak	Anneal	Bream
Leech	Weak	Appeal	Cream
Speech	Wreak	Conceal	Dream
Befeech	Bespeak	Congee	Gleam
		Repeal	Seam
EAD. See EDE.		Reveal	Scream
and EED.	Cheek		Steam
EAF. See IEF.	Creek	Eel	Stream
	Leek	Heel	Team
	Meek	Feel	
	Reek	Keel	Deem
	Seek	Kneel	Seem

Teem



Teem			Cheat
Beseem	EANSE.	EARTH.	Eat
Misdeem	See		Feat
Esteem	ENSE.	Earth	Heat
Diseem		Dearth	Meat
Foredeem	EANT.	Hearth	Near
Redeem	See	Birth	Seat
	ENT.	Mirth	Pleat
Phlegm			Treat
Scheme	EAP. See EEP.	EASE.	Wheat
Theme	and EP.		Compleat
Blaspheme	EAR. See EER.	Cease	Defeat
Extreme		Lease	Escheat
Supreme	EARD.	Grease	Estreat
		Decease	Intreat
EAN.	Beard	Decrease	Retreat
	Heard	Encrease	
Bean	Herd	Release	Feet
Clean	And the Par-	Surcease	Fleet
Dean	ticiples of the		Gleet
Glean	Verbs in ER.	Peace	Greet
Lean		Piece	Meet
Mean	EARCH.	Niece	Sheet
Wean		Apiece	Sleet
Yean	Search		Street
Demean	Research	Frontispiece	Sweet
Unclean	Perch	Fleece	Discreet
		Geese	
Convene	EARL.		Mete
Obscene		EASH. v. ESH.	Obsolete
Serene	Earl		Replete
Terrene	Pearl	EAST.	Concrete
Intervene	Girl		
Demeane		East	EATH.
	EARN.	Feast	
Keen	See	Least	Breath
Queen	ERN,	Beast	Death
Skreen		Left	
Seen	EARSE.	Priest	Heath
Green	See	And the Par-	Sheath
Spleen	ERSE.	ticiples of the	Teeth
Between		Verbs in EASE.	Breathe
Careen	EART.		Sheathe
Foreseen	See	EAT.	Wreath
Mien	ART.		Bequeath
Machine		Beat	Seethe
		Bleat	Beneath
			EAVE.

<b>EAVE.</b>	Affect	Shred	See
Cleave	Correct	Sped	Three
Heave	Incorrect	Wed	Thee
Leave	Collect	Abed	Tree
Weave	Deject	Inbred	Agree
Bereave	Detect	Misled	Alee
Interweave	Direct		Decree
	Disrespect	Said	Degree
	Disaffect	Bread	Disagree
	Dissect	Dread	Foresee
Sleeve	Effect	Dead	O'ersee
Eve	Elect	Head	Pedigree
	Eject	Lead	He
Grieve	Erect	Read	Me
Aggrieve	Expect	Slead	We
Achieve	Indirect	Spread	She
Believe	Infect	Thread	Be
Disbelieve	Inspect	Tread	Jubile
Relieve	Neglect	Behead	Key
Reprieve	Object	O'erspread	Flea
Retrieve	Project	Maidenhead	Plea
Conceive	Protect		Plea
Deceive	Recollect	EDE, v. EED.	Sea.
Perceive	Reflect		
Receive.	Reject	<b>EDGE.</b>	<b>EECE.</b>
	Respect		See
<b>EB.</b>	Select	Edge	<b>EASE.</b>
Ebb	Subject	Fledge	
Web	Suspect	Hedge	<b>EECH.</b>
Glebe	Architect	Ledge	See
	Circumspect	Pledge	<b>EACH.</b>
	Dialect	Sedge	
<b>ECK.</b>	Intellect	Wedge	<b>EED.</b>
Beck	And the Par-	Alledge	Creed
Check	ticiples of the	Privilege	Bleed
Deck	Verbs in ECK.	Sacrilege	Breed
Neck		Sortilege	Deed
Peck	<b>ED.</b>		Feed
Fleck	Bed	<b>EE.</b>	Heed
Speck	Bled	Bee	Meed
Wreck	Fed	Fee	Need
	Fled	Flee	Reed
<b>ECT.</b>	Bred	Free	Speed
Sett	Led	Glee	Seed
Abject	Red	Knee	Steed
	Shed	Lee	Weed

Exceed

Exceed	Fleer	Adhere	Seize
Proceed	Geer	Cohere	Disseize
Succeed	Jeer	Interfere	And the Plu-
Indeed	Peer	Persevere	ral of the Nouns
	Meer	Revere	and 3d Person
Concede	Reer	Austere	Present of the
Impede	Leer	Severe	Verbs in EE.
Intercede	Sheer	Sincere	
Precede	Seer	Hemisphere.	EFT.
Recede	Sleer	Arrears, which	
Supercede	Sneer	rhymes to the Cleft	
	Steer	Plurals of the Dext.	
Bead	Twear	Nouns, and 3d Left	
Knead	Veer	Person Present Theft	
Lead	Pikeer	of the Verbs of West	
Mead	Domineer	this Termina-Bereft.	
Plead	Compeer	tion.	
Read	Engineer		EG.
Implead	Mutineer	EESE. v. EEZE. Egg	
Millead	Pioneer	EET. v. EAT. Beg	
	Privateer		Dreg
EEF. See IEF.	Charioteer	EETH.	Leg
EEK. v. EAK.	Chanticleer	See	Peg
EEL. v. EAL.	Career.	EATH.	
EEM. v. EAM.			EIGH. See AY.
EEN. v. EAN.	Bier	EEVE.	EIGHT. v. ATE.
	Cashiere	See	EIGN. v. AIN.
EET.		EAVE.	EIL. See AIL.
	Cheer	EEZE.	EIN. See AIN.
Creep	Clear		EINT. v. AINT.
Deep	Dear	Breeze	EIR. See ARE.
Keep	Ear	Freeze	EIT. See ATE.
Peep	Fear	Sneeze	EIVE. v. EAVE.
Sheep	Hear	Squeeze	EIZE. v. EEZE.
Sleep	Near	Wheeze	ELL.
Steep	Sear		
Sweep	Smear	Ease	Bell
Weep	Spear	Grease	Cell
Asleep	Tear	Please	Dwell
	Year	Teaze	Ell
Cheap	Appear	Appease	Fell
Heap	Besmeat	Disease	Heil
	Disappear	Displeat	Knell
EER.	Endear	These	Quell
			Sell
Beer	Here	Frieze	Shell
Deer	Sphere		Smell



Smell		Stem	Circumference
Spell		Them	Conference
Swell	ELM.	Diadem	Confidence
Tell	Elm	Stratagem	Consequence
Well	Helm		Contenance
Yell	Realm	EME. v. EAM.	Benevolence
Befel	Whelm		Concupiscence
Compel	O'erwhelm	EMN.	Deference
Dispel			Difference
Excel	ELP.	Condemn	Diffidence
Expel		Contemn	Diligence
Foretel	Help		Eloquence
Impel	Whelp	EMPT.	Eminence
Rebel	Yelp		Evidence
Repel		Tempt	Excellence
Refell	ELT.	Attempt	Impenitence
Cittadel		Contempt	Impertinence
Infidel	Belt	Exempt	Impotence
Sentinel	Dealt		Impudence
Parallel	Dwelt	EN.	Improvidence
	Felt		Indifference
ELD.	Melt	Den	Indigence
	Pelt	Hen	Indolence
Held	Smelt	Fen	Inference
Geld	Welt	Ken	Intelligence
Upheld		Men	Innocence
Withheld	ELVE.	Pen	Magnificence
Beheld		Ten	Munificence
And the Par-Delve		Then	Negligence
ticiples of the Helve		When	Omnipotence
Verbs in EL. Twelve		Wren	Penitence
		Denizen	Preference
ELF.	ELVES.	ENCE.	Providence
Elf	Elves		Recompence
Pelf	Themselves	Fence	Reference
Self	And the Plu-	Hence	Residence
Shelf	ral of the Nouns	Pence	Reverence
Himself.	in ELF, and 3d	Thence	Vehemence
	Person Present	Whence	Violence
ELK.	of the Verbs in	Sence	
	ELVE.	Defence	Cense
Elk		Expence	Sense
Whelk	EM.	Offence	Denſe
		Pretence	Condense
	Gem	Commence	Immense
	Hem	Abstinence	Intense
			Propense
			Dispense

Dispende	Expend		Ferment
Suspense	Extend	ENGTH.	Outwent
Prepende	Forefend		Underwent
Incense	Impend	Length	Miscontent
Frankincense	Mispend	Strength	Unbent
Cleanse	Obtend		Circumvent
Also the Plu-	Offend	ENSE. v. ENCE.	Discontent
ral of the Nouns	Portend		Represent
and Third Per-	Pretend	ENT.	Abstinent
son Present of	Protend		Accident
the Verbs in	Suspend	Bent	Accomplish-
EN.	Transcend	Dent	ment
	Unbend	Lent	Acknowledge-
ENCH.	Apprehend	Pent	ment
	Comprehend	Rent	Aliment
Bench	Condescend	Scent	Arbitriment
Drench	Discommend	Sent	Argument
Quench	Recommend	Spent	Banishment
Stench	Reprehend	Tent	Battlements
Tench	Dividend	Vent	Blandishments
Trench	Reverend	Went	Astonishment
Wench		Absent	Armipotent
Wrench	Friend	Meant	Bellipotent
Intrinch	Befriend	Ascent	Benevolent
Retrench	Fiend	Assent	Chastisement
	And the Par-	Attent	Competent
END.	ticles of the	Augment	Compliment
	Verbs in EN.	Cement	Confident
Bend		Consent	Continent
Blend	ENDS.	Content	Corpulent
End		Descend	Detriment
Lend	Amends. To	Dissent	Different
Mend	which rhyme	Event	Diffident
Rend	the Plurals of	Extent	Diligent
Send	the Nouns, and	Foment	Disparagement
Spend	third Person	Frequent	Document
Tend	Present of the	Indent	Element
Vend	Verbs in END.	Intent	Eloquent
Amend		Invent	Eminent
Attend	ENE. v. EAN.	Lament	Equivalent
Ascend		Mispend	Establishment
Commend	ENGE.	O'erspent	Evident
Contend		Present	Excellent
Defend	Avenge	Prevent	Excrement
Depend	Revenge	Relent	Exigent
Descend		Repent	Experiment
Distend		Relent	Firmament
			Fraudulent

Fraudulent	Rudiment	Refer	Thunderer
Government	Sacrament	Transfer	Traveller
Imbellishment	Sediment	Confer	Murderer
Imminent	Sentiment	Prefer	Usurer
Impediment	Settlement	Parterr	
Impenitent	Subsequent	Administer	ERCH.
Impertinent	Supplement	Waggoner	See
Implement	Intelligent		EARCH.
Impotent	Tenement	Arbiter	
Imprisonment	Temperament	Character	ERCE.
Improvident	Testament	Villager	See
Impudent	Tournament	Cottager	ERSE.
Incident	Turbulent	Dowager	
Incompetent	Vehement	Forrager	ERD. v. EARD.
Incontinent	Violent	Pillager	
Indifferent	Virulent	Voyager	ERE. v. EER.
Indigent	Accoutrements	Massacre	
Innocent	Which rhymes	Gardiner	ERGE.
Insolent	to their Plurals.	Slanderer	
Instrument		Flatterer	Verge
Irreverent	EP.	Idolater	Emerge
Languishment		Provender	Dirge
Ligament	Step	Theatre	
Lineament	Leap	Amphitheatre	ERN.
Magnificent	Reap	Foreigner	
Management		Lavender	Chern
Medicament	EPT.	Messenger	Dern
Malecontent		Passenger	Fern
Monument	Accept	Sorcerer	Stern
Negligent	Except	Interpreter	Concern
Nourishment	Intercept	Officer	Discern
Nutrient	And the Par-	Mariner	Quern
Occident	ticiples of the	Harbinger	
Omnipotent	Verbs in EP,	Minister	Earn
Opulent	and of some of	Register	Learn
Ornament	the Verbs in	Canister	Yearn
Parliament	EET.	Choirister	
Penitent		Sophister	ERSE.
Permanent	ER.	Presbiter	
Pertinent		Lawgiver	Herse
President	Err	Philosopher	Verse
Prevalent	Her	Astrologer	Adverse
Provident	Aver	Loiterer	Averse
Punishment	Defer	Prisoner	Converse
Ravishment	Infer	Grasshopper	Disperse
Regiment	Deter	Astronomer	Immerse
Resident	Inter	Sepulchre	Perverse



Reverse	Disserve	Drowfiness	Poetess
Traverse	Subserve	Eagerness	Prophetess
Asperse		Easiness	Ransomless
Intersperse	ESS.	Embassadress	Readiness
Universe		Emptiness	Righteousness
Rehearse	Bless	Evenness	Shepherdess
	Cess	Fatherless	Sorceress
Amerce	Chefs	Filthiness	Sordidness
Coerce	Dress	Foolishness	Spiritless
Commerce	Ghefs	Forgetfulness	Sprightliness
	Less	Forwardness	Stubbornness
Fierce	Mess	Frowardness	Sturdiness
Tierce	Prefs	Fruitfulness	Sturliness
Pierce	Stress	Fulfomness	Steadiness
And the Plu-		Giddiness	Tenderness
ral of the Nouns	Acquiesce	Greediness	Thoughtful-
and third Per-	Access	Gentleness	ness
son Present of	Address	Governess	Ugliness
the Verbs in	Assess	Happiness	Uneasiness
ER.	Compress	Haughtiness	Unhappiness
	Confess	Heaviness	Votares
ERT.	Carefs	Heinousness	Usefulness
	Depress	Hoariness	Wakefulness
Affert	Digress	Hollowness	Wantonness
Avert	Disposess	Holiness	Weaponless
Concert	Distress	Idleness	Wariness
Convert	Excess	Lasciviousness	Willingness
Controvert	Express	Lawfulness	Wilfulness
Desert	Impress	Laziness	Weariness
Divert	Oppress	Littleness	Wickedness
Exert	Possess	Liveliness	Wilderness
Expert	Profess	Loftiness	Wretchedness
Infert	Recess	Lioness	Drunkennes
Invert	Repress	Lowliness	
Pervert	Redress	Manliness	ESE. v. EEZE.
Subvert	Success	Masterless	
	Suppress	Mightiness	Flesh
ERVE.	Transgress	Motherless	Fresh
		Motionless	Mess
Serve	Adulteress	Nakedness	Thresh
Nerve	Bathfulness	Neediness	Afresh
Swerve	Bitterness	Noisomness	Refresh
Conserve	Chearfulness	Numberless	
Deserve	Comfortless	Patroness	ESK
Observe	Comliness	Peevishness	
Preserve	Dizziness	Perfidiousness	Desk
Reserve	Diocess	Pitiless	Grotesque
			Burlesque

Burlesque	Fret	Ew	
	Let	Flew	EX.
EST.	Met	Grew	
	Net	Knew	Sex
Best	Set	Hew	Vex
Chest	Spet	Jew	Annex
Crest	Wet	Mew	Perplex
Drest	Whet	New	Convex
Guest	Yet	Strew	Complex
Jest	Debt	View	Circumflex
Nest	Abet	Threw	And the Plu-
Pest	Beget	Yew	ral Number of
Quest	Beset	Crew	the Nouns, and
Rest	Forget	Slew	Third Person
Test	Regret	Anew	Present of the
Vest	Alphabet	Askew	Verbs in ECK.
West	Amulet	Bedew	
Arrest	Anchoret	Eschew	EXT.
Attest	Cabinet	Renew	
Bequest	Epithet	Review	Next
Contest	Parapet	Withdrew	Pretext
Detest	Rivulet	Interview	And the Par-
Digest	Violet		ticiple of the
Divest	Coronet	Clue	Verbs in EX.
Imprest	Counterfeit	Cue	
Invest		Due	ET. See AT.
Infest	Sweat	Glue	
Molest	Teat	Hue	
Obrest	Threat	Rue	IB.
Protest		Scruce	Bib
Request	ETCH	Sue	Crib
Suggest		True	Glib
Unrest	Fetch	Accrue	Nib
Interest	Stretch	Enfue	Rib
Manifest	Wretch	Endue	Squib
	Sketch	Imbrue	
Breast		Imbue	IBE.
Abreast	ETE. See EAT.	Pursue	
	And the Par-	EVE. v. EAVE.	Bribe
	ticiple of the	EUM. v. UME.	Scribe
	Verbs in ESS.	Adieu	Tribe
		Purlieu	Ascribe
	EW.	Perdue	Circumscribe
ET.		Residue	Describe
	Blew		Imbibe
Bet	Brew	EWD. v. UDE.	Inscribe
Get	Chew	EWN. v. UNE.	Prescribe
Jet	Drew		Proscribe

Prose  
Subst  
Trans  
Super

Dice  
Ice  
Mice  
Nice  
Price  
Rice  
Slice  
Spice  
Thrice  
Trice  
Twice  
Vice  
Advice  
Entice  
Devise

Artifice  
Avarice  
Cockatrice  
Benefice  
Cicatrice  
Edifice  
Orifice  
Precipice  
Prejudice  
Sacrifice

Rise  
Concise  
Paradise

ICH. See

IO

Brick  
Chick  
Kick  
Lick  
Nick

Proscribe	Pick	Pyramid	
Subscribe	Quick	Parricide	IDGE.
Transcribe	Sick	Homicide	
Superscribe	Slick	Regicide	Bridge
	Stick		Ridge
ICE.	Thick	IDE.	Abridge
	Trick		

Dice	Arithmetick	Bide	IDST.
Ice	Asthmatick	Chide	
Mice	Cholerick	Glide	Midst
Nice	Catholick	Hide	Amidst
Price	Flegmatick	Pride	
Rice	Heretick	Ride	IE. or Y.
Slice	Rhetorick	Side	
Spice	Schismatick	Slide	
Thrice	Splenetick	Stride	By
Trice	Lunatick	Tide	Buy
Twice	Asterick	Wide	Cry
Vice	Politick	Bride	Die
Advice	Empirick	Abide	Dry
Entice		Guide	Eye
Device	ICT.	Aside	Fly

Artifice	Strife	Astride	Fry
Avarice	Addict	Beside	Fie
Cockatrice	Afflict	Bestride	Hie
Benefice	Convict	Betide	Ly
Cicatrice	Inflit	Collide	Pie
Edifice	Contradict	Subdivide	Ply
Orifice	Interdict.	Confide	Pry
Precipice		Decide	Rie
Prejudice	And the Par-	Deride	Shy
Sacrifice	ticiples of the	Divide	Sly
	Verbs in ICK.	Preside	Spy
	ID.	Provide	Sky
		Subside	Sry
		Misguide	Tie
			Try
			Vie
			Why

ICH. See ITCH. Chid

ICK.	Did
	Did
	Rid
	Kid
	Lid
Brick	Slid
Chick	Hid
Kick	Bestrid
Lick	Forbid
Nick	

Ides  
Besides  
Which rhyme High  
to the Plurals Nigh  
of the Nouns, Sigh  
and third Per- Thigh  
sons of the  
Verbs of this Ally  
Termination. Apply  
Awry



Believe	Verdify	Monarchy	Delivery
Comply	Vilify	Lethargy	Drudgery
Decry	Vitrify	Incendiary	Flattery
Defile	Vivify	Infirmary	Gallery
Defuse	Apollacy	Library	Imagery
Deny	Conspiracy	Sallary	Lottery
Imply	Confed'acy	Sanctuary	Misery
Espy	Ecstasie	Votary	Mystery
Outcry	Democracy	Auxiliary	Nursery
Relay	Embassy	Contrary	Railery
Reply	Fallacy	Diary	Slavery
Supply	Legacy	Granary	Sorcery
Unde	Supremacy	Rosemary	Treachery
Amplify	Lunacy	Urgency	Discovery
Beautify	Privacy	Infantry	Tapestry
Certify	Piracy	Knavery	Majesty
Crucify	Malady	Livery	Modesty
Deify	Remedy	Recovery	Immodesty
Dignify	Tragedy	Robbery	Honesty
Edify	Comedy	Novelty	Dishonesty
Falsify	Cosmography	Antipathy	Courtesy
Fortify	Geography	Apathy	Heresy
Gratify	Elegy	Sympathy	Poesie
Glorify	Certainty	Idolatry	Poetry
Indemnify	Serv'ainty	Galaxy	Secrecie
Justify	Sov'ignty	Husbandry	Leprosie
Magnify	Loyalty	Cruelty	Perfidy
Modify	Disloyalty	Enemy	Subsidy
Mollify	Penalty	Blasphemy	Drapery
Mortify	Casualty	Prophecy	Symmetry
Pacify	Ribaldry	Clemency	Geometry
Petrify	Chivalry	Decency	Drollery
Purify	Infamy	Emergency	Policy
Putrify	Constancy	Inclemency	Prodigy
Qualify	Fealty	Regency	Mutiny
Ratify	Cavalry	Progeny	Destiny
Rectify	Bigamy	Energy	Scrutiny
Sanctify	Polygamy	Poverty	Chymistry
Satisfy	Vacancy	Liberty	Hypocritie
Scarify	Inconstancy	Property	Family
Signify	Infancy	Adultery	Ability
Specify	Company	Artery	Acclivity
Stupify	Dittany	Artillery	Avidity
Terrify	Accompahy	Battery	Affiduity
Testify	Tyranny	Beggery	Civility
Verify	Villany	Bribery	Community
	Anarchy	Bravery	Concavity

Conspicuity	Extremity	Probity	Nativity
Conformity	Facility	Propensity	Necessity
Congruity	Felicity	Rarity	Neutrality
Diuturnity	Fertility	Rapidity	Nobility
Facility	Fidelity	Sagacity	Obscurity
Falsity	Frugality	Sanctity	Opportunity
Familiarity	Futurity	Sensibility	Partiality
Formality	Gravity	Sensuality	Perpetuity
Generosity	Hostility	Solidity	Posterity
Gratuity	Humanity	Temerity	Priority
Humidity	Humility	Timidity	Prodigality
Absurdity	Immanity	Tranquility	Prosperity
Activity	Immaturity	Virginity	Purity
Adversity	Imminence	Visibility	Quality
Affability	Immortality	Universality	Quantity
Affinity	Immunity	Apology	Scarcity
Agility	Immunity	Genealogy	Security
Alacrity	Immutability	Etymology	Severity
Ambiguity	Impartiality	Simony	Simplicity
Animosity	Impassibility	Symphony	Sincerity
Antiquity	Impetuosity	Soliloquy	Solemnity
Austerity	Improbability	Allegory	Sterility
Authority	Inanity	Armoury	Stupidity
Brevity	Incapacity	Factory	Trinity
Calamity	Incivility	Pillory	Vacuity
Capacity	Incongruity	Faculty	Validity
Captivity	Inequality	Treasury	Vanity
Charity	Indemnity	Usury	Vivacity
Chastity	Infinity	Augury	Unanimity
Civility	Inflexibility	Importunity	Uniformity
Credulity	Instability	Impunity	Unity
Curiosity	Invalidity	Impunity	Anxiety
Finery	Jollity	Inactivity	Gayety
Declivity	Lenity	Inability	Impiety
Deformity	Lubricity	Incredulity	Piety
Deity	Magnanimity	Indignity	Satiety
Dexterity	Majority	Infidelity	Sobriety
Dignity	Medocrity	Infirmity	Society
Disparity	Minority	Iniquity	Variety
Diversity	Mutability	Integrity	Custody
Divinity	Nicety	Laity	Melody
Enmity	Perversity	Liberality	Philosophy
Enormity	Perplexity	Malignity	Astronomy
Equality	Persecution	Maturity	Anatomy
Equanimity	Posterity	Mortality	Colony
Equity	Privacy	Mortality	Gluttony
Eternity	Probability	Mortality	Harmony
			Agony

Agony	And the Par-	Fig	Till
Gallantry	ticiples of some	Pig	Trill
Canopy	of the Verbs in	Rig	Will
History	EAL.	Sprig	Distill
Memory	IEN. v. EEN.	Twig	Fulfill
Victory	IEND. v. END.	Swig	Instill
Calumny		IGE. v. IEGE.	Camomil
Injury	IERCE.	IGH. See IE.	Codicil
Luxury	See	IGHT. v. ITE.	Daffadil
Peaury	ERSE.	IGN. See INE.	Volatil
Perjury			Utensil
Usury			
Industry	IENT. v. EAST.	IGUE.	
	IEVE. v. EAVE.	See	ILD.
IECE. v. EASE.		EAGUE.	
IEGE.	IFE.	IKE.	Child
Liege	Fife		Mild
Siege	Knife	Dike	Wild
Oblige	Life	Like	And the Par-
Disoblige	Rife	Pike	ticiples of the
Afflige	Strife	Spike	Verbs in ILE
Besiege	Wife	Strike	Gild
		Alike	Build
		Dislike	Rebuild
IEF.	IFF.	Oblique	And the Par-
Chief	Cliff	ILL.	ticiples of the
Fief	Skiff		Verbs in ILL.
Grief	Stiff	Bill	ILE.
Thief	Whiff	Chill	
Belief		Drill	Bile
Relief	IFT.	Gill	Chyle
Brief	Drift	Fill	File
Beef	Gift	Hill	Isle
	Lift	Ill	Mile
Leaf	Rift	Kill	Pile
Sheaf	Sift	Mill	Smile
Deaf	Shift	Pill	Style
	Swift	Quill	Tile
IELD.	Thrift	Rill	Vile
	Adrift	Shrill	While
Field		Skill	Wile
Shield	IG.	Spill	Awhile
Wield		Still	Compile
Yield	Big	Swill	Defile
Afield	Dig	Thrill	Exile



E'erwhile	Crime	the foregoing	
Reconcile	Lime	Termination.	INCT
Reville	Prime		
Stile	Mime	IN.	Distinct
Guile	Rhyme		Extinct
Beguile	Time	Chin	Instinct
	Slime	Din	Precinct
ILK.	Grime	Fin	Succinct
	Thyme	Gin	And the Partic- iciples of some of the Verbs in
Milk	Sublime	Grin	INK.
Silk	Maritime	In	
ILT.	Betimes	Inn	IND
	Sometimes	Kin	
Gilt		Pin	
Jilt	Which rhyme	Sin	Bind
Hilt	to the Plurals	Shin	Blind
Quilt	of the Nouns,	Skin	Find
Guilt	and Third Per-	Spin	Hind
Spile	sons Present of	Thin	Kind
Stilt	the Verbs of	Twin	Grind
Built	the preceding	Tin	Mind
Tilt	Termination.	Win	Rind
		Begin	Wind
ILTH.	IMN.	Within	Behind
		Affassin	Unkind
Filth	Hymn	Javelin	Remind
Tilth	Limn	Magazin	And the Partic- iciples of the Verbs in INE.
IM.	Which may	INCE.	
	be rhym'd to	Mince	Rescind
	those in IM.	Prince	which rhymes to the Partic- ples of the Verbs in IN.
Brim	IMP.	Quince	INE.
Dim		Rince	
Grim	Imp	Since	
Him	Limp	Wince	
Rim	Pimp	Convince	
Skim	Gimp	Evince	
Swim			
Trim	IMPSE.	INCH.	Brine
Limb			Chine
IMB. See IM.	Glimpse	Clinch	Dine
and IME.	which rhymes	Flinch	Fine
	to the Plurals	Inch	Lime
Chime	of the Nouns,	Pinch	Mine
Clime	and Third Per-	Winch	Nine
Climb	son Present of		Pine

Shine	Consign	Wink	Ripe
Shrine	Design	Bethink	Snipe
Swine	Resign		Type
Kine		INTE	Stripe
Thine	ING.		Wipe
Twine		Dint	Archetype
Vine	Bring	Flint	Prototype
Whine	Cling	Hint	
Wine	Fling	Lint	IPSE.
Combine	King	Mint	Eclipse
Confine	Ring	Print	And the Plu-
Decline	Sing	Stint	ral of the Nouns
Define	Sling	Squint	and Third Pa-
Divine	Spring	Asquint	son of the Verbs
Incline	Sting	Imprint	in IP.
Inshrine	String		
Entwine	Swing	IP.	
Opine	Wing		IR. See UR.
Calcine	Wring	Chip	IRCH. v. URCH.
Recline	Thing	Clip	IRD. v. URD.
Refine		Dip	
Repine	INGE.	Drip	IRE.
Supine		Hip	
Undermine	Cringe	Lip	Gire
Countermine	Fringe	Nip	Dire
Interline	Hinge	Rip	Fire
Superfine	Singe	Scrip	Ire
Concubine	Springe	Ship	Lyre
Discipline	Swinge	Sip	Mire
Feminine	Twinge	Skip	Quire
Libertine	Infringe	Slip	Sire
Masculine		Snip	Spire
Magazine	INK.	Strip	Squire
Origine	Blink	Tip	Hire
Porcupine	Brink	Trip	Fire
Serpentine	Chink	Whip	Wire
Heroine	Clink	Atrip	Tire
	Drink	Equip	Attire
	Ink	Eldership	Acquire
These Poly-	Link	Fellowship	Admire
syllables in	Pink	Workmanship	Aspire
INE, are often	Shrink	Rivalship	Conspire
rhym'd to those	Sink		Desire
in IN.	Slink	IPE.	Enquire
	Stink	Gripe	Intire
Sign	Think	Pipe	Expire
Align			Inspire
			Require

Require	Amiss	Alchymist	Transmit
Retire	Submiss	Amethyst	Resit
Transpire	Dismiss	Anatomist	Benefit
	Remiss	Antagonist	Perquisite
	Whizz	Annalist	
Nigher		Antechrist	ITCH
Higher	ISE. v. ICE.	Evangelist	
Brier	and IZE	Eucharist	Bitch
Choire		Exorcist	Ditch
Fryar	ISH.	Herbalist	Flitch
		Humourist	Hitch
IRGE. v. ERGE.		Oculist	Itch
IRL.	Dish	Organist	Pitch
Girl	Fish	Satirist	Stitch
Whirl	Wish	And the Par-	Switch
Twirl	Cuish	ticiples of the	Witch
		Verbs in ISS.	Bewitch
	ISK.		
IRM.	Brisk	IT.	Nich
Firm	Frisk	Bit	Which
Affirm	Risk	Cit	Rich
Confirm	Whisk	Fic	Enrich
Infirm	Disk	Flic	
	Basilisk	Grit	ITE.
	Tamarisk	Hit	Bite
IRST. v. URST.		Knit	Blite
IRT. v. URT.	ISP.	Nit	Cite
Girt	Crisp	Pit	Kite
Skirt	Lisp	Quit	Mite
	Wisp	Sit	Quite
IRTH.		Slit	Rite
Birth		Spit	Smite
Mirth		Split	Spite
See EARTH.	Fist	Twit	Trite
	Lift	Whit	White
IS and ISS.	Mist	Wit	Write
Bliss	Twist	Writ	Contrite
Hiss	Wrist	Admit	Disunite
His	Amiss	Acquit	Despite
Is	Consist	Commit	Endite
Kiss	Defist	Emit	Invite
Miss	Exist	Omit	Excite
This	Inist	Outwit	Incite
Abyss	Perfist	Permit	Polite
	Relist	Remit	Requite
	Subsist	Submit	
			Rectite



Recite	Pith	Demonstrative	Wife
Unite	Smith	Diminutive	Guise
Rennite		Distributive	Disguise
	ITHE.	Donative	Advise
Appetite		Inquisitive	Authorize
Favourite	Hithe	Lenitive	Canonize
Hypocrite	Blithe	Negative	Chastise
Infinite	Scythe	Perspective	Civilize
Parasite	Tithe	Positive	Comprise
Profelice	Writhe	Preparative	Criticise
Requisite	Lithe	Preservative	Despise
Aconite		Provocative	Devise
Opposite	IVE.	Purgative	Enterprize
Exquisite		Restorative	Excise
Expedite	Gyve		Exercise
	Five	IX.	Idolize
Blight	Hive	Six	Immortalize
Benight	Dive	Fix	Premise
Bright	Drive	Mix	Revise
Fight	Rive	Affix	Signalize
Flight	Shrive	Infix	Solemnize
Fright	Strive	Prefix	Surprize
Hight	Thrive	Transfix	Suffise
Knight	Arrive	Intermix	Surmize
Light	Connive	Crucifix	Sympathize
Might	Contrive	And the Plu-	Tyrannize
Night	Deprive	ral of the Plural of the	
Plight	Derive	Nouns, and 3d Nouns, and 3d	
Right	Alive	Person Present Person Present	
Sight	Revive	of the Verbs in of the Verbs in	
Slight	Survive	ICK. IE. and Y. See	
Spight		also ICE.	
Spright	Give		
Wight	Live	IXT.	
Affright	Sive	Betwixt	O. See OO.
Alight	Forgive	which rhymes	and OW.
Aright	Outlive	to the Partici-	OACH.
Delight	Fugitive	ples of the pre-	Broach
Despight	Laxative	ceding Termi-	Coach
Upright	Narrative	nation.	Poach
Benight	Prerogative	ISE. and IZE.	Abroach
Bedight	Primitive	Prize	Approach
Overflight	Sensitive	Rife	Incroach
	Vegetive	Size	Reproach
	Affirmative		Debauch
	Alternative		
	Contemplative		
ITH.			
Frith			

OAD. v. ODE. Rock	Mock	the foregoing
OAF. v. OFF. Shock	OFF.	Termination
OAK. v. OKE. Stock	Scoff	OICE.
OAL. v. OLE.	Off	Choice
OAM. v. OME. OCT.	Cough	Voice
OAN. v. ONE.	Trough	Rejoice
OAP. v. OPE. Concoct	OFT.	OID.
OAR. v. ORE. which rhymes	Of	Void
OARD. v. ORD. to the Parti-	Croft	Avoid
OAST. v. OST. ciples of the	Soft	And the Par-
OAT. v. OTE. Verbs in OCK.	Aloft	riciples of the
OATH. v. OTH.	And the Par-	Verbs in OY.
OB.	OD.	Verbs in OFF.
Fob	Clod	OIL.
Knob	God	Bail
Mob	Nod	Broil
Rob	Plod	Coil
Sob	Odd	Foil
Throb	Rod	Moil
Daub	Shod	Oil
Bedaub	Sod	Soil
	Trod	Spoil
OBE.	ODE.	Toil
Globe	Bode	Despoil
Lobe	Mode	Imbroil
Probe	Ode	Recoil
Robe	Rode	Turmoil
Conglobe	Strode	Disimbroil
	Abode	OIN.
OCE. v. OSE.	Corrode	Coin
	Explode	Groin
OCK.	Forebode	Join
	Incommode	Loin
	Epilode	Adjoin
Block	Shrewd	Conjoin
Clock	Goat	Disjoin
Crock	Load	Injoin
Cock	Road	Purloin
Dock	Toad	to Rejoin
Frock		The last
Flock		Rhyme also
Knock		to Subjoin
Lock	OE. See OW.	
	the Words	OINT.





ONE	Prolong	Good	
Bone	ONGE	Stood	OO.
Drone	See	Hood	
Crone	UNGE	Wood	Cool
Prone		Withstood	Fool
None	ONGUE.	Understood	Pool
Stone	See	Brotherhood	School
Shone	UNG.	Livelihood	Stool
Tone		Likelihood	Tool
Lone	ONK. v. UNK.	Neighbour-	Befool
Throne		hood	
Zone	ONSE.	Widowhood	OOM.
Lone		And the Par-	
Alone	Sconse	ticiples of the	Bloom
Attone	Enscense	Verbs in OO.	Broom
Enthroned	Ascense	Wou'd	Doom
Dethrone		Cou'd	Groom
Postpone	ONT	Shou'd	Loom
			Room
Groan	Font	OO.	Spoorn
Loan	Front		Whom
Moan	Affront	Hoof	
	Confront	Proof	Bomb
Own		Roof	Tomb
Grown	Want	Woof	Womb
Shewn		Aloof	Entomb
Sown	OO.	Disproof	
Blown		Reproof	OON.
Known	Coo	Behoof	
Flown	Shoo		Boon
Thrown	Too	OOK.	Moon
Difown	Woo		Noon
O'erthrown	Two	Book	Soon
	Do	Brook	Spoon
ONG.	Ado	Cook	Swoon
	Undo	Crook	Buffoon
Long	Who	Hook	Lampoon
Prong	Thro	Look	Poltroon
Song	You	Rook	
Strong		Shook	OOP.
Thong	OOD.	Took	
Throng		Mistook	Coop
Wrong	Brood	Undertook	Hoop
Along	Food	Forfook	Loop
Among	Mood	Betook	Poop
Belong	Rood		Scoop
			Stoop

Scoop	Whose	OPT!	Coarse
Troop	Choose	And the Par-	Hoarse
Whoop	Lose	ticiples of the	ORD!
Droop	Use	Verbs in OP.	Cord
Swoop			Lord
	Chop	OR.	Accord
Boor	Dop	Abhor	Record
Door	Drop	Metaphor	Abhor'd
Poor	Crop	Creditor	Hord
Floor	Fop	Councillor	Sword
Moor	Hop	Confessor	Afford
Tour	Lop	Competitor	Board
Your	Pop	Emperor	Aboard
Armour	Prop	Ancestor	And the Par-
Paramour	Shop	Progenitor	ticiples of the
	Sop	Conspirator	Verbs in ORE.
	Stop	Orator	ORE!
GOOSE.	Swap	Senator	
Goose	Top	Successor	Bore
Loose	Underprop	Conqueror	Core
		Governor	Gore
		Ambassador	Lore
		ORCH.	More
OOT.	Cope	Scorch	O'er
Boot	Grope	Torch	Ore
Coot	Hepe	Porch	Frore
Root	Mope		Pore
Foot	Pope	ORCE.	Score
Shoot	Rope	Force	Shore
Soot	Scope	Corse	Snore
Hoot	Slope	Divorce	Sore
	Ope	Inforce	Store
OOTH.	Tope	Perforce	Swore
Booth	Trope	Source	Tore
Sooth	Aslope	Resource	Wore
Smooth	Elope	Course	Adore
	Interlope	Discourse	Afore
Tooth	Telescope	Recourse	Ashore
Youth	Heliotrope	Intercourse	Deplore
Uncouth	Horoscope		Explore
	Antelope		Implore
	Moap		
OOZE.	Soap		
Ooze			
Nooze			

Restore	Reform	Exhort	Those
Forbore	Misinform	Extort	Rose
Forswore	Transform	Resort	Compose
Heretofore	Uniform	Retort	Depose
Hellebore	Multiform	Snort	Disclose
Sycamore	Worm	Fort	Dispose
Boar	ORN. See ARN.	Port	Discompose
Goar	Born	Sport	Expose
Oar	Corn	Comport	Impose
Roar	Horn	Disport	Inclose
Soar	Scorn	Effort	Interpose
Four	Thorn	Export	Oppose
ORGE.	Adorn	Import	Propose
Forge	Suborn	Report	Recompose
George	Unicorn	Support	Repose
Disgorge	Capricorn	Transport	Suppose
Regorge	Shorn	Court	Transpose
ORK.	Sworn	ORTH.	Arose
Cork	Born	Forth	Appose
Ork	Torn	Fourth	Presuppose
Fork	Worn	North	Foreclose
Stork	Forborn	Worth	And the Plu-
Pork	Forlorn	OSE.	ral of the Nouns
Work	Forsworn	Clofe	and Third Per-
ORLD.	Overborn	Dose	son Present of
World.	Mourn	Jocose	the Verbs of
And the Par-	ORSE. v. ORCE.	Morose	the Terminati-
ticiples of the	Horse	Gross	on OW.
Verbs in URL.	Unhorse	Engross	OSS.
ORM.	Endorse	USE. or OZE.	Boss
See	Remorse	Clofe	Cross
ARM.	ORST. v. URST.	Chose	Dross
Form	ORT. See ART	Doze	Gloss
Storm	Short	Glose	Loss
Conform	Sort	Froze	Moss
Deform	Consort	Nose	Toss
Inform	Disort	Pose	Across
Perform		Prose	Imboss
			OST.
			Cost
			Frost
			Loft
			Test



Account	Notch	Growth	Above
Imbols	Watch.	OU. See OO.	Move
Exhaust	OTE.	and OW.	Prove
Holocaust		OUB. v. OUT.	Approve
Ghost	Note	OUCH.	Behove
Host	Mote		Disapprove
Most	Quote	Couch	Disprove
Post	Vote	Crouch	Improve
Rost	Smote	Pouch	Remove
Coast	Wrote	Slouch	Reprove
Boast	Denote	Vouch	OUGH. v. OF.
Toast.	Promote	Avouch.	OW, and UFF.
OT. See AT.	Remote	LOUD.	OUGHT.
Clot	Devote	Cloud	Bought
Cot	Antidote	Croud	Brought
Got	Bloat	Loud	Fought
Hot	Boat	Proud	Nought
Jot	Coat	Shroud	Ought
Lot	Doat	Aloud	Sought
Knot	Float	O'ercloud.	Thought
Not	Gloat	And the Par-	Wrought
Plot	Goat	ticiples of (eve-	Befought
Pot	Moat	ral of the Verbs	Bethought
Scot	Oat	in OW.	Methought
Shot	Throat	OVE.	Caught
Sot	O'erfloat	Clove	Fraught
Spot	OTH.	Grove	Taught
Trot	Broth	Rove	Draught
Ror	Cloth	Stove	Yacht
Blot	Froth	Strove	OUL. v. OLE.
Grot	Moth	Throve	and OWL.
Begot	Troth	Drove	OULD.
Forgot	Betroth	Wove	Mould
Allot	Wrath	Devove	And the Par-
Befot	Both	Alcove	ticiples of the
Complot	Lothe	Interweave	Verbs in OWL.
Abricot	Sloth	Dove	
Counterplot	Oath	Glove	
OTCH.	Loath	Shove	
Botch	Cloath	Love	
Crotch			OUNCE.

**OUNCE**

Bounce  
Flounce  
Pounce  
Ounce  
Trounce  
Denounce  
Pronounce  
Renounce

**OUND**

Bound  
Found  
Ground  
Heund  
Mound  
Pound  
Round  
Sound  
Wound  
Abound  
Aground  
Around  
Confound  
Compound  
Expound  
Profound  
Propound  
Rebound  
Redound  
Resound  
Surround  
Renown'd

And the Participles of some of the Verbs in

**OWN**

**OUNT**

Count  
Fount

Mount  
Amount  
Dismount  
Remount  
Surmount  
Account  
Accompt  
Discount  
Miscount

**OUR**

**OUR**

Lour  
Pour  
Sour  
Our  
Hour  
Scour  
Tour  
Deflour  
Devour  
Cower  
Bow'r  
Flow'r  
Pow'r  
Show'r  
Tow'r

**OURGE**

See

**URGE**

**OURN**. v. **ORN**.  
and **URN**.

**OURS**

**Ours**

which rhymes to the Plurals of the Nouns Devout and Third Person Present of the Verbs in  
**OUR**. and Doubt

**Yours**  
which rhymes in like manner to the Termination **OUR**.

**OURSE**

See

**ORCE**

**OURTH**

See

**ORTH**

**OUS**. See **US**.

**OUSE**

House  
Moufe  
Chowfe

**OUT**

Bout  
Clout  
Flout  
Out  
Pout  
Gout  
Grout  
Rout  
Scout  
Shout  
Snout  
Spout  
Sprout  
Trout

Stout  
About  
Devout  
Without  
Throughout  
Doubt

**Redoubt**  
**Misdoubt**  
**Drought**

**OUTH**

Mouth  
South

See **OUTH**.  
and **OTH**.

**OW**

Crow  
Blow  
Bow  
Flow  
Glow  
Grow  
Know  
Low  
Mow  
Ow  
Row  
Show  
Sow  
Stow  
Slow  
Snow  
Throw  
Tow  
Alow  
Below  
Bestow  
Foreknow  
Outgrow  
O'ergrow  
O'erflow  
O'erthrow  
Foreflow  
Reflow

Sew  
Shew  
Strew  
Foreshew

Oh

Oh	Foul	OY.	Seduce
So	Scul		Traduce
Lo	OWN. v. ONE. Boy		Juice
No		Buoy	Use
Tho	Brown	Coy	Abstruse
Ho	Clown	Cloy	Abuse
Go	Crown	Joy	Disuse
Ago	Down	Toy	Excuse
Forego	Drown	Alloy	Misuse
Undergo	Frown	Annoy	Obtruse
	Town	Convoy	Profuse
Foe	Gown	Decoy	Recluse
Doe	Adown	Destroy	UGH. v. UTCH.
Roe	Renown	Employ	
Sloe	Imbrown.	Enjoy	UCK.
Toe			
Dough	OWZE.	OZE. v. OSE.	Buck
			Duck
Bow	Blowze	UB.	Luck
Cow	Browze		Pluck
Brow	Carowze	Club	Suck
Now	Rowze	Cub	Struck
Prow	Spouse	Chub	Truck
How	Espouse	Drub	Tuck
Mow	And the Plu-Grub		
Flow	ral of the Nouns Rub		UCT.
Sow	and Third Per-Snub		
Vow	son Present of Shrub		Conduct
Avow	the Verbs in Tub		Deduct
Allow	OW.		Instruct
Disallow		UBE.	Obstruct
Endow	OX.		Aqueduct
		Cube	
Thou	Box	Tube	And the Par-
Bough	Fox		ticiples of the
Plough	Ox	UCE.	Verbs in UCK.
Slough.	Equinox		
	Orthodox	Sluce	UD.
OWL. v. OLE.	Heterodox	Spruce	
	And the Plu- Truce		Bud
Cowl	ral of the Nouns Conduce		Cud
Fowl	and Third Per-Deduce		Skud
Howl	son Present of Induce		Stud
Growl	the Verbs in Introduce		Mud
Owl	OCK.	Produce	
Prowl		Reduce	





on have 22A  
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2994 Page 21

Rheum

UMP.

UND.

Shrunk  
Stunk  
Sunk  
Trunk  
Monk

Fund  
Refund  
And the Par-  
ticiples of the  
Verbs in UN.

UNT.

UNE.

Brunt  
Blunt  
Hunt  
Runt  
Grunt  
Wont

UN.

June  
Prune  
Tune  
Importune  
Jejune  
Untune

UP.

UNG.

Cup  
Sup  
Up

UPT.

Abrupt  
Corrupt  
Interrupt  
And the Par-  
ticiples of the  
Verbs in UP.

UR.

Blur  
Bur  
Cur  
Furr  
Slur  
Spur  
Concur  
Demur  
Incur  
Firr

UNGE.

Plunge  
Spunge  
Expunge

UNK.

Drunk  
Slunk

URB.

Crum

Drum

Grum

Gum

Hum

Mum

Scum

Plum

Scum

Summ

Thrum

Numa

Bennum

Come

Become

Overcome

Burthenfom

Christendom

Cumberfom

Erollickfom

Humourfom

Quarrelfom

Troublefom

Martyrdom

Hecatomb

UMB.

Dumb

Thumb

Succumb

UME.

Fume

Plume

Assume

Consume

Perfume

Resume

Deplume

Bump

Jump

Lump

Plump

Pump

Rump

Stump

Trump

UN.

Dun

Gun

Nun

Pun

Run

Shun

Sun

Stun

Tun

Spun

Begun

Son

Won

One

Done

Undone

UNCE.

Dunce

Once

UNCH.

Bunch

Hunch

Punch

Lunch

Munch

Fund

Refund

And the Par-

ticiples of the

Verbs in UN.

UNE.

June

Prune

Tune

Importune

Jejune

Untune

UNG.

Clung

Dung

Flung

Hung

Rung

Strung

Sung

Sprung

Slung

Stung

Lungs

Swung

Wrung

Unsung

Young

Tongue

UNGE.

Plunge

Spunge

Expunge

UNK.

Drunk

Slunk

URB.	Coverture	Overturn	Clamorous
	Epicure	Attain	Credulous
	Investiture	Sojourn	Dangerous
	Forfeiture	Adjourn	Degenerous
Curb Disturb	Furniture	Rejourn	Emulous
	Miniature		Fabulous
URCH.	Nouriture	URSE	Frivolous
	Overture		Generous
	Portraiture	Curse	Hazardous
	Primogeniture	Nurse	Humorous
Church Lurch Birch	Sepulture	Purse	Idolatrous
	Temperature	Accurse	Infamous
URD.		Disburse	Miraculous
		Imburse	Mischivous
Curd Aburd Bird Word		Re-imburs	Mountainous
		Worse	Mutinuous
And the Par- ticiples of the Verbs in UR.		URST.	Necessitous
			Numerous
URE.			Ominous
			Perilous
Cure Dure Lure Pure Sure		Curst	Poisonous
		Burst	Populous
Abjure Allure Assure Dessure Confure Endure Eure Insure Immature Inebure Mature Mature Obscure		Durst	Prosperous
		Worst	Ridiculous
Procure Secure Adjure Calenture		Furst	Riotous
		Thurst	Ruinous
		Achurst	Scandalous
		URT.	Scrupulous
			Scurrilous
			Sedulous
			Traiterous
			Treacherous
			Tyrannous
			Venomous
			Vigorous
			Villanous
			Adventurous
			Adulterous
			Ambiguous
			Blasphemous
			Dolorous
			Fortuitous
			Glutinous
			Gratuitous
			Incredulous
			Lecherous
			Libidinous
			Mag.



Magnanimous  
Obstreperous  
Odoriferous  
Ponderous  
Ravenous  
Rigorous  
Slanderous  
Solicitous  
Timorous  
Valorous  
Unanimous  
Calamitous

## USE.

Chuse  
Muse  
Use

Abuse  
Accuse  
Amuse  
Diffuse  
Excuse  
Infuse  
Misuse  
Peruse  
Refuse  
Suffuse  
Transfuse  
Cruise

And the Plu-  
ral of the Nouns  
and 3d Person  
Present of the  
Verbs in EW.

## USH.

Blush  
Brush

Crush  
Flush  
Gush  
Hush  
Rush  
Bush  
Push

## USK.

Busk  
Dusk  
Husk  
Musk  
Tusk

## UST.

Crust  
Dust  
Gust  
Just  
Lust  
Must  
Rust  
Thrust  
Trust  
Adust  
Ad just  
August  
Disgust  
Distrust  
Intrust  
Mistrust  
Robust  
Unjust  
Jousts

And the Par-  
ticiples of the  
Compute

Verbs in USS.

## UT.

Butt  
Cut  
Glut  
Gut  
Hut  
Jur  
Nut  
Put  
Shut  
Strut  
Englut  
Rut  
Scut  
Slut  
Smut

## UTCH.

Hutch  
Crutch

Much  
Such  
Touch  
Retouch

## UTE.

Brute  
Flute  
Lute  
Mute  
Sute

Acute  
Compute  
Confute

Depute

Dilute

Dispute

Impute

Minute

Pollute

Refute

Repute

Salute

Absolute

Attribute

Constitute

Destitute

Dissolute

Execute

Institute

Irresolute

Persecute

Prosecute

Prostitute

Resolute

Substitute

Fruit

Suit

Recruit

## UK.

Flux

Reflux

And the Plu-  
ral of the Nouns  
and 3d Person  
Present of the  
Verbs in UK.

UZE. & USE  
Y. See IE.

FINIS.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF THE  
*Most Natural, Agreeable, and Sublime*  
THOUGHTS.

VIZ.

Allusions, Similes, Descriptions and Characters, of *Persons* and *Things*; that are in the best *English Poets*.

---

*Sic posita, quoniam suaves miscetis Odores.*

VIRGIL.

---



1911

## JAN

Digitized by Google

10-19-59

I have their hope upon themselves,  
 The Gibeon for want of God,  
 Against the Wicked and their Mobs,  
 And not content with endless Toils  
 To Raw-bones and Blood-  
 Turns meat and drinking fests to  
 The Justice of Dependence;  
 And inducements to profits  
 And teaches Gibeon to rest and ease  
 Deal's a dreadful Tempest-  
 Violence and Love to most as well  
 Dependence in King, who might with  
 In the House of Lords of the Mind

## REFERENCES

And as five Zones th' Ethereal Regions bind,  
And Jesper kindles there the Tapers of the mind,  
And when on earth the breeze the living light  
Lifts the downward Heaven and rises there,  
Or when above our Northern Spoke  
A Silence broods on all the mystery of Space,  
There as they lay, perpetual Night is found,  
When to give beneath the Southern Star  
The less and greater, who by Fate's Decree  
And like a wandering Star, the Stars divide,  
Toward our Pole the way they gaze guide,  
Show the Regions of the Northern Vorn,  
The first throne in Heaven the last is found  
For Justice Hills, and one in Justice found,  
Two Poles surround the Globe, one seen  
With the twelve Signs in constant Order run,  
And as the Lion cut a flying Vorn,  
Two months' years for human-kind:

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## The P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Reception the first Impression of this Collection has had from the Publick, leaves me no Room to doubt, but this second, which comes out with the Advantages of large Additions, and of being much more correct than the former, will be so acceptable to the Reader, that I may spare my self and him the trouble of recommending it. I detain him therefore only to acquaint him, why it is made a Part of this Book, and how Serviceable it may be to the main Design of it.

Having given Rules for making Verses, and a Dictionary of Rhymes, which are the Méchanick Tools of a Poet; I came in the next Place to consider, what other human Aid could be offer'd him; a Genius and Judgment not being mine to give. The first must be born with him, and is a peculiar Favour from Heaven; without it, 'tis in vain for any Man to set up for a Poet: for the Muses will still be deaf to his Invocations. The other is in a great Measure acquir'd and improv'd by Observation, Experience, and a due Method of Thinking. Now, I imagin'd that a Man might have both these, and yet sometimes, for the sake of a Syllable or two more or less, to give a Verse its true Measure, be at a stand for Epithets and Synonymes, with which I have seen Books of this Nature in several Languages plentifully furnish'd.

However, tho' I have differ'd from them in Method, I am of Opinion this Collection may serve to the same End, with equal Profit and greater Pleasure to the Reader. For, what are Epithets, but Adjectives that denote and express the Qualities of the Substantives to which they are joyn'd? as *Purple, Rosie, Smiling, Dewy, Morning: Dim, Gloomy, Silent, Night.* What Synonymes, but Words of alike Signification? as *Fear, Dread, Terrour, Consternation, Affright, Dismay, &c.* Are they not then naturally to be sought for in the Descriptions of Persons and Things? and can we not better Judge by a Piece of Painting, how Beautifully Colours may be dispos'd, than by seeing the same several Colours scatter'd without Design on a Table? When you are at a Loss therefore for proper Epithets or Synonymes, look in the following Alphabet for any Word under which the Subject of your Thought may most probably be rang'd; and you will find what have been employ'd by our best Writers, and in what Manner.

## The P R E F A C E.

It would have been as easie a Task for me as it has been to others before me, to have threaded tedious Bead-rolls of Synonymes and Epithets together, and put them by themselves: But when they stand alone, they appear bald, infipid, uncouth, and offensive both to the Eye and Ear. In that Disposition they may indeed help the Memory, but cannot direct the Judgment in the Choice.

But besides, to confess a Secrer, I am very unwilling it should be laid to my Charge, that I had furnished Tools, and given a Temptation of Versifying to such as in spight of Art and Nature undertake to be Poets, and who mistake their Fondness to Rhyme, or Necessity of writing, for a true Genius of Poetry, and lawful Call from *Apollo*. Such Debasers of Rhyme and Dablers in Poetry would do well to consider, that a Man would justly deserve a higher Esteem in the World by being a good Mason or Shoo-maker, or by excelling in any other Art that his Talent inclines him to, and that is useful to Mankind, than by being an indifferent or second-Rate Poet: Nor indeed ought they to lay claim to that Divine Appellation:

*Neque enim concludere Versum*

*Dixeris esse satis: Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,*

*Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.*

*Ingenium cui sit, cui Mens divinior, atque Os*

*Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem.* Horat.

I resolv'd therefore to place these, the principal Materials, under the awful Guard of the immortal *Shakespear*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, &c.

*Procul à procul este Profani!*

Virg.

But let Men of better Minds be excited to a generous Emulation,

I have inserted not only Similes, Allusions, Characters, and Descriptions; but also the most Natural and Sublime Thoughts of our Modern Poets on all Subjects whatever. I say, of our Modern; for though some of the Ancient, as *Chaucer*, *Spenser*, and others, have not been excell'd, perhaps not equalld by any that have succeeded them, either in Justness of Description, or in Propriety and Greatness of Thought; yet their Language is now become so antiquated and

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## The P R E F A C E.

---

and obsolete, that most Readers of our Age have no Ear for them : And this is the reason that the good *Shakespeare* himself is not so frequently cited in the following Pages, as he would otherwise deserve to be.

I have endeavour'd to give the Passages as naked and stript of Superfluities and foreign Matter, as possibly I could : but often found my self oblig'd for the sake of the Connexion of the Sense, which else would have been interrupted, and consequently obscure, to insert some of them under Heads, to which every Part or Line of them may be thought not properly to belong : Nay, I sometimes even found it difficult to chuse under what Head to place several of the best Thoughts ; but the Reader may be assur'd, that if he find them not where he expects, he will not wholly lose his Labour ; for

The Search it self rewards his Pains ;  
And if like Chymists his great End he miss,  
Yet things well worth his Toil he gains ;  
And does his Charge and Labour pay  
With good unsought Experiments by the way. *Cowley.*

That the Reader may judge of every Passage with due Deference for each Author, he will find their Names at the End of the last Line ; and as the late Versions of the Greek and Roman Poets have not a little contributed to this Collection, *Homer, Anacreon, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, &c.* are cited with their Translators.

This was observ'd in the former Edition ; but to render this Impression yet more perfect, I have after each Author's Name quoted their Plays and other Poems from whence the Passages are extracted.

The Reader will likewise observe, that I have sometimes ascrib'd to several Authors the Quotations taken from one and the same Play. Thus to those from the first and third Act of *OEdipus* I have put *Dryden* ; to those from the three other, *Lee* : Because the first and third Act of that Play were written by *Dryden*, the three other by *Lee*. To those from *Troilus* and *Cressida* I have sometimes put *Shakespeare*, sometimes *Dryden* ; because he having alter'd that Play, whatever I found not in the Edition of *Shakespeare*, ought to be ascribed to him. And in like manner of several other Plays.



## The PREFACE.

As no Thought can be justly said to be fine, unless it be true, I have all along had a great regard for Truth; except only in Passages that are purely Satirical, where some Allowance must be given: For Satire may be fine and true Satire, tho' it be not directly and according to the Letter, true: 'tis enough that it carry with it a Probability or Semblance of Truth. Let it not here be objected that I have from the Translators of the Greek and Roman Poets, taken some Descriptions meerly fabulous: for the well-invented Fables of the Antients were design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight and to make it shine with greater Splendour.

*Rien n'est beau que le Vrai. Le Vrai seul est Aimable:*

*Il doit regner par tout; & meme dans la Fable:*

*De toute Fiction l'adroite Faussete'*

*Ne tend qu' à faire aux yeux briller la Verite'. Boileau.*

I have upon every Subject given both *Pro* and *Con* whenever I met with them, or that I judg'd them worth giving: and if both are not always found, let none imagine that I wilfully suppress'd either; or that what is here uncontradicted must be unanswerable.

If any take Offence at the Looseness of some of the Thoughts, as particularly upon *Love*, where I have given the different Sentiments, which Mankind, according to their several Temperaments, ever had, and ever will have of it; such may observe, that I have strictly avoided all manner of Obscenity throughout this whole Collection; and tho' here and there a Thought may perhaps have a Cast of Wantonness, yet the Chastness of the Words so tempers and qualifies the Lasciviousness of the Images they represent, as not to call a Blush to the Cheeks of the severest Modesty. And let them farther know, that I have not always chosen what I most approv'd, but what carries with it the best Strokes for Imitation: For, upon the whole matter, it was not my Business to judge any farther, than of the Vigour and Force of Thought, of the Purity of Language, of the Aptness and Propriety of Expression, and above all, of the Beauty of Colouring, in which the Poets Art chiefly consists. Nor, in short, would I take upon me to determine what things should have been said, but have shewn only what are said; and in what manner.

The NAMES of the Authors that are cited by  
their Abbreviations in this Collection.

<b>M</b> R. Addison	Add.	Lee	Lee.
Dr. Atterbury	Atter.	Milton	Milk.
Beaumont and Fletcher	Beau.	Mar. of Normanby; now Duke	Norm.
Behn	Behn.	of Buckingham.	Oldh.
Sir Richard Blackmore	Blac.	Oldham	Orw.
Brown	Brown.	Otway	Prior.
Late D. of Buckingham.	Buck.	Mr. Prior	Rat.
Cleaveland	Cleavl.	Ratcliff.	Roch.
Mr. Congreve	Cong.	Late Earl of Rochester	Rosc.
Cowley	Cowl.	E. of Roscomon	Row.
Creech	Cr.	Mr. Rowe	Sed.
Sr. William Davenant	Dav.	Sir Cha. Sedley	Shak.
Sir John Denham	Denh.	Shakespear	South.
Mr. Dennis	Den.	Mr. Southern	Sprat
Earl of Dorset	Dorf.	Dr. Sprat Bish. of Roch.	Staff.
Dryden	Dryd.	Mr. Stafford	Step.
Mr. Duke	Duke.	Mr. Stepney	Suckl.
Dr. Garth	Gar.	Sir J. Suckling	Tate.
Lord Halifax	Hal.	Mr. Tate	Wal.
Mr. Harvey	Harv.	Mr. Walfh	Vvall.
Sir Rob. Howard	How.	Waller	Wych.
Hudibras	Hud.	Mr. Wycherley	Yald.
Ben. Johnson	Joh.	Mr. Yalden.	

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,  
Plinius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicunt.*

Horat.

The Reader is desir'd to make these Amendments in the following Collection.

Page 31. line 35. for the last *dreadful* r. *deadly*. p. 321. 24. f. Eyes r. Legs. p. 45. 1. 15. f. their r. the, f. the r. their. l. 19. f. winds r. woods, p. 46. 1. 14. f. wide r. wild. p. 48. 1. 2. f. droops r. drops. l. 14. f. *Arimaspi* r. *Arimaspi*. p. 49. 1. 20. f. part r. start. p. 50. 1. 4. f. Cost r. Coast. p. 64. 1. 41. f. happy r. heapy. p. 73. 1. 14. f. runs r. wons. p. 78. 1. 12. f. another r. a blacker. p. 81. 1. 35. f. Ordour r. Odour. p. 82. 1. 33. f. of r. in. p. 83. 1. 31. f. the last *her* in. l. 34. f. ther. your. l. 39. f. shrink r. shake. p. 91. 1. 21. f. are. r. art. p. 105. 1. 33. f. as r. and. p. 110. 1. 16. f. is r. in. p. 113. 1. 29. after Meadows add gently. l. 38. f. Lightnings r. Lightning. p. 120. 1. 31. f. dare r. dares. p. 124. 1. 32. after with, add sparkling. l. 44. f. is r. lies. p. 125. 1. 5. f. sicknesses r. sickness. p. 126. 1. 41. f. streams r. steams. p. 133. 1. 26. f. him r. but. p. 135. 1. 21. instead of the first *in* r. *on*. p. 137. 1. 10. f. Skies r. Seas. l. 27. f. insulting r. insulted. l. 29. f. at r. to. p. 138. 1. 40. f. living r. lying. p. 146. 1. 11. f. met r. meet. p. 150. 1. 3. f. careful, r. chearful. l. 15. f. streams r. steams. l. 29. f. Travels r. Travel. p. 152. 1. 8. f. do r. dare. p. 153. 1. 9. f. the last *then* r. *that*. p. 159. 1. 13. f. springs r. sprigs. l. 36. f. the r. their. p. 160. 1. 14. f. fame r. frame. l. 31. f. most r. must. p. 161. 1. 17. f. less r. least. p. 163. 1. 21. f. shady r. stately. l. 25. f. the first *and* r. *or*. p. 165. 1. 46. r. with in. p. 168. 1. 42. f. easier. early. p. 170. 1. 16. f. trivial r. tinsel. p. 172. 1. 33. r. grief. p. 174. 1. 38. f. has r. have. p. 177. 1. 1. f. fatted r. fated. p. 182. 1. 25. f. vain r. faint. p. 184. 1. 3. f. the r. his, l. 9. f. in r. on. l. 29. f. Laws r. Lords. p. 186. 1. 3. f. excites r. exists. p. 187. 1. 26. f. is r. it. p. 189. 1. 41. f. the r. his. p. 190. 1. 1. f. shoulders r. shoulder. p. 191. 1. 1. f. Gaol r. Goal. p. 193. 1. 11. f. do r. does. l. 37. f. triumph r. triumphs. p. 195. 1. 7. f. chaff'd r. chaf'd. l. 36. f. the r. the. p. 196. 1. 9. f. Bore r. Bear. p. 201. 1. 17. f. to r. so. p. 206. 1. 19. f. stays r. slays. p. 208. 1. 45. Place these words, said of *Dolabella* by *Shakespeare*, at the end of the 43d. Line. p. 212. 1. 20. f. has r. hast. l. 22. f. off r. a. p. 221. 1. 40. f. Pomp r. Poms. l. 42. after the first *the*, add *Sacred* and *dele* Palace. p. 224. 1. 40. f. Ocean meets r. Oceans meet. p. 228. 1. 28. f. wonder r. wander. p. 245. 1. 31. f. sure r. since. l. 42. f. silently r. silent lie. p. 248. 1. 25. f. himself r. her self. p. 255. 1. 46. f. Grove's r. Groves. p. 256. 1. 21. f. Wood r. Woods. p. 265. 1. 5. f. sm'd r. sin'd. p. 268. 1. 20. f. shepherd r. Shepherds, f. the r. their. p. 269. 1. 6. f. mould'ring, f. mould'ring, f. Sacrifice. r. Sacrifice. p. 270. 1. 7. f. starving r. staring. p. 276. 1. 11. f. slander r. slender. p. 277. 1. 39. f. round r. a-round. p. 280. 1. 13. f. Pow'r r. pour. and *dele* the l. 31. f. Martial r. Marshal'd. l. 32. f. God's r. Gods. f. the r. his. p. 287. 1. 17. f. the first. *they* r. *thee*. l. 35. f. the r. his. p. 290. 1. 22. f. fit r. sit. p. 291. 1. 6. f. light r. sight. p. 292. 1. 10. f. Limb r. Limbs. p. 293. 1. 10. f. God's r. Gods. p. 294. 1. 47. f. shades r. shade. p. 295. 1. 39. f. wisely r. widely. p. 296. 1. 1. f. to r. and. p. 303. 1. 17. add *and* at the beginning. p. 316. 1. 3. f. string r. spring. p. 333. 1. 4. f. the r. his. p. 336. 1. 8. f. God's A-mighty r. God-A-mightys. p. 337. 1. 31. f. have. l. 42. f. I've r. they've. p. 347. 1. 30. f. Monarch r. Menace. p. 348. 1. 10. f. wreath r. wreaths. p. 349. 1. 37. f. rais'd r. pass'd. p. 350. 1. 14. f. herhaps. r. perhaps. l. 39. f. Marriner r. Mariners. p. 352. 1. 29. f. went r. when. p. 353. 1. 44. f. sweet r. swift. p. 361. 1. 19. f. so r. on. l. 41. f. the r. that. p. 362. 1. 29. f. soft r. safe. p. 372. 1. 40. f. his r. her. p. 408. 1. 16. f. naked r. native. p. 413. 1. 3. f. tho' r. thro'. p. 418. 1. 5. f. Tooah r. Tooth. p. 422. 1. 23. f. no r. not.



# A COLLECTION

OF THE

Most Natural, Agreeable, and  
Sublime THOUGHTS of the Best  
ENGLISH POETS.

ABSENCE. See Parting.

**I** Mourn in Absence, Love's eternal Night. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

It was not kind,

To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,  
To weep and mourn the Absence of my Mate ;  
When thou art from me ev'ry place is desert,  
And I methinks am savage and forlorn :  
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest'd,  
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

*Otw. Orph.*

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years,  
And ev'ry little Absence is an Age.

*Dryd. Amphit.*

The tedious Hours move heavily away,  
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

*Otw. Cai. Mar.*

For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,  
And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,  
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your stay.

But, with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,  
And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence,  
Else who could bear it ?

When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,

Then will I own, I ought not to complain,

Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. *Rom. Tam.*

Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure time for me in vain,

Till you bring back Leonidas again :

Be swifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,  
When he and I are met, be twice as long. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

While in divine *Panthea's* charming Eyes,  
I view the naked Boy that basking lies ;  
I grow a God ! so blest, so blest am I,  
With sacred Raptures, and immortal Joy !

But, absent, if she shines no more,  
And hides the Suns that I adore,  
Strait, like a Wretch despairing, I  
Sigh, languish in the Shade, and die.  
Oh ! I were lost in endless Night,  
If her bright Presence brought not Light,  
Then I revive, blest as before,  
The Gods themselves can be no more. *Reck.*

### ADVICE.

When Things go ill, each Fool presumes t' advise,  
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise :  
All wretchedly deplore the present state ;  
And that Advice seems best which comes too late.

[ *Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*

Take sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart  
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### ÆGEON.

*Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he strove,  
Stood opposite in Arms to mighty *Jove* :  
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,  
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar :  
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires :  
And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires :  
In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,  
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields.  
*Briareus* call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below  
By his terrestrial Name *Ægeon* know.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*ÆOLUS.* See Winds. Storm.

*Æolus*, to whom the King of Heav'n  
The Pow'r of Tempests, and of Winds has giv'n.  
Whose Force alone their Fury can restrain,  
And smooth the Waves, or swell the troubled Main.  
The Jailer of the Wind.

Whose

Whose hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call;  
He boasts and blusters in his empty Hall. *Dryd. Virg.*

## Æ T N A.

Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,  
Known by the smoky Flames which cloud the Sky.  
By turns a pitchy Cloud she rows on high;  
By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,  
And Flakes of mounting Flames that lick the Sky.  
Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,  
And shiver'd by the Force, come piecemeal down.  
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,  
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below,  
*Enceladus*, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,  
With blasted Wings came tumbling from above;  
And where he fell, th' avenging Father drew  
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw:  
As often as he turns his weary Sides  
He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides.  
Here press'd *Enceladus* with mighty Loads, [ *Dryd. Virg.*  
Vomits Revenge in Flames against the Gods:  
Thro' *Ætna's* Jaws he impudently threatens,  
And thund'ring Heav'n with equal Thunder beats. *Cr. Lucr.*

## The Four AGES of the World.

## GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, when Man yet new,  
No Rule, but uncorrupted Reason, knew;  
And with a native Bent did Good pursue.  
Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,  
His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere:  
Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd:  
The Law of Man was written in his Breast.  
No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,  
No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard;  
But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.  
The Mountain Trees, in distant Prospect, please;  
E'er yet the Pine descended to the Seas;  
E'er Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,  
And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,  
Confin'd their Wishes to their native Shore.  
No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Mote, nor Mound;  
Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound;



Nor Swords were forg'd : but void of Care and Crime,  
 The soft Creation slept away their Time.  
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,  
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.  
 Content with Food, which Nature freely bred,  
 On Wildings, and on Strawberries they fed :  
 Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,  
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.  
 The Flow'rs unsown, in Fields and Meadows reign'd,  
 And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.  
 In following Years, the bearded Corn ensu'd  
 From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.  
 From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,  
 And Honey, sweating thro' the Pores of Oak.

## SILVER AGE.

But when Good *Saturn*, banish'd from above,  
 Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove* :  
 Succeeding Times a silver Age behold,  
 Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.  
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,  
 And Spring was but a Season of the Year.  
 The Sun his annual Course obliquely made,  
 Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.  
 Then Air with sultry Heats began to glow,  
 The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow :  
 And shiv'ring Mortals, into Houses driven,  
 Sought Shelter from th' Inclemency of Heaven.  
 Their Houses then were Caves, or homely Steds,  
 With twining Oziers fenc'd, and Moss their Beds.  
 Then Ploughs for Seed the fruitful Furrows broke,  
 And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

## BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in Course the Brazen Age ;  
 A warlike Offspring, prompt to bloody Rage,  
 Not impious yet.

## IRON AGE.

Hard Steel succeeded then,  
 And stubborn, as the Metal, were the Men.  
 Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook,  
 Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took ;

Then

Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew,  
 Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.  
 Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,  
 E'er Ships in Triumph plow'd the watry Main.  
 Then Land-marks limited to each his Right,  
 For all before was common as the Light:  
 Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear  
 Her annual Income to the crooked Share;  
 But greedy Mortals rummaging her Store,  
 Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore;  
 (Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid,)  
 And that alluring Ill to Sight display'd:  
 Thus cursed Steel, and more accursed Gold,  
 Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold,  
 And double Death did wretched Man invade,  
 By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.  
 Now, brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands,  
 Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands.  
 No Rights of Hospitality remain,  
 The Guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain.  
 The Son-in-Law pursues the Father's Life;  
 The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife:  
 The Stepdame Poyson for her Son prepares;  
 The Son enquires into his Father's Years;  
 Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,  
 And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns. *Dryd. Ovid.*

## GOLDEN AGE.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,  
 And fragrant Herbs, the Promises of Spring:  
 The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,  
 And lowing Herds secure from Lyons feed.  
 The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred Ground  
 Shall Weeds, and poyf'nous Plants refuse to bear,  
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear,  
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,  
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on ev'ry Thorn.  
 The knotted Oak shall Show'rs of Honey weep;  
 And thro' the matted Grass, the liquid Gold shall creep.  
 The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;  
 No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,  
 For ev'ry Soil shall ev'ry Product bear.  
 The lab'ring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,  
 No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-Hook the Vine,  
 Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine.

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,  
 With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,  
 Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat,  
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lambs shall bleat.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### SILVER AGE.

E'er this no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground,  
 Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found :  
 No Fences parted Fields ; nor Marks, nor Bounds  
 Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds :  
 But all was common, and the fruitful Earth  
 Was free to give her unexacted Birth.  
*Jove* added Venom to the Vipers Brood,  
 And swell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood ;  
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t' infest the Fold,  
 And shook from oaken Leafs the liquid Gold :  
 Remov'd from human Reach the chearful Fire ;  
 And from the Rivers bade the Wine retire :  
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore,  
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store ;  
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t' expire  
 The lurking Seeds of their Cœlestial Fire.  
 Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam :  
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name  
 For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,  
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the *Northern Car*.  
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found ;  
 And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forrest Walks surround :  
 And casting Nets were spread in hollow Brooks ;  
 Drags in the deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks :  
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made ;  
 And various Arts in Order did succeed.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### A L E C T O.

The Virgin Daughter of Eternal Night.  
 She still delights in War, and human Woes.  
 Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mishapen Race,  
 Her Sister Furies fly her hideous Face :  
 So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,  
 So fierce the Hissings of her speckled Snakes.  
 'Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State ;  
 Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate,  
 And kindle Kindred Blood to mutual Hate.

Her



Her Hand o'er Towns the fun'ral Torch displays,  
 And forms a thousand Ills, ten thousand Ways.  
 She shakes from out her cruel Breast the Seeds  
 Of Envy, Discord, and of bloody Deeds:  
 Confounds establish'd Peace, and does prepare  
 Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Fates infernal Minister;  
 War, Death, Destruction, in her Hands she bears,  
 Her curling Snakes with Hissings fill the Place,  
 And open all the Furies of her Face.  
 Her Chains she rattles, and her Whips she shakes,  
 Churning her bloody Foam. *Dryd. Virg.*

## A M A Z O N.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old,  
 When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows rould;  
 Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,  
 When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.  
 Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,  
 From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled.  
 With such return'd triumphant from the War,  
 Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car;  
 They clasp with manly Force their Moony Shields,  
 With female Shouts resound the *Phrygian* Fields. *Dryd. Virg.*  
*Penthesilea* there, with haughty Grace,  
 Leads to the Wars an Amazonian Race:  
 In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;  
 Their left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar shield.  
 Athwart her Breast a golden Belt she throws;  
 Amidst the Press, alone, provokes a thousand Foes,  
 And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppose. }

## A M B I T I O N. See Greatness.

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,  
 Grows more inflam'd and madder by Enjoyment. *Otw. Cas. Mar.*

Ambition is at distance

A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View:  
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top  
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n;  
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,  
 What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us. *Otw.*  
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand; *(Ven. Pres.*  
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land. *Dryd. Abs. & Acbit.*  
 Yet true Renown is still with Virtue joyn'd,  
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd Mind. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 Ambi-

Ambition! the Desire of active Souls,  
That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,  
And elevates the Hero to the Gods.

*Rowe. Amb. Step.*

O Energy divine of great Ambition,  
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,  
And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature.

*Rowe. Amb. Step.*

Ambition is like Love, impatient  
Both of Delays and Rivals.

*Shak.*

Ambition's never safe, till Pow'r be past.  
As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.

*Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*

Ambition is the Dropsy of the Soul,  
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul.

*Sedl. Ant. &*

If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,  
How then should Souls, ally'd to sense, resist it?

*(Cleop. Dryd. Sec.*

One World suffic'd not *Alexander's* Mind:  
Coop'd up he seem'd, in Earth and Seas, confin'd:

*(Love.*

And struggling stretch'd his restless Limbs about  
The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out:

Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd  
The Tomb, and found the streight Dimensions wide.

Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,  
The mighty Soul how small a Body holds.

*Dryd. Juv.*

That Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,  
See by how weak a Tenure it was held.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Ambition's like a Circle on the Water,  
Which never ceases to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

*Shak. Hen. 6.*

# ( A N G E L.

Then *Gabriel*

Bodies and cloaths himself with thicken'd Air,  
All like a comely Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom,  
Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom.  
He took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,  
That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd thro' with Light.  
Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,  
Wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest Red.  
A harmless flaming Meteor shone for Hair,  
And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.  
He cut out a silk Mantle from the Skies,  
Where the most sprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.  
This he with starry Vapours spangles, all  
Ta'en in their Prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall.  
Of a new Rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,  
The choicest piece ta'en out, a Scarf is made.

*Small*

Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display,  
 Not virtuous Lovers Sighs more soft than they :  
 These he gilds o'er with the Suns richest Rays,  
 Caught gliding o'er pure Streams, on which he plays.

Thus dress'd, he posts away,  
 And carries with him his own glorious Day,  
 Thro' the thick Woods: the gloomy Shades awhile  
 Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.  
 The trembling Serpents close and silent lie ;  
 The Birds obscene far from his Passage fly ;  
 A sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,  
 Sudden as that, which by Creation rose. *Cowl.*

Down thither, prone in Flight,  
 He speeds, and thro' the vast ethereal Sky,  
 Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steady Wings ;  
 Now on the Polar Winds ; then with quick Fan  
 Winnows the buxom Air.  
 Of beaming sunny Rays a golden Tiar  
 Circled his Head ; nor less his Locks behind  
 Illustrious on his Shoulders, slegg'd with Wings,  
 Lay waving round. *Milt.*

Six Wings he wore to shade  
 His Lineaments divine : the Pair that clad  
 Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast  
 With regal Ornament ; the middle Pair  
 Girt like a starry Zone his Waste, and round  
 Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,  
 And Colours dipt in Heav'n : the third his Feet  
 Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,  
 Sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like *Main's* Son he stood,  
 And shook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd  
 The Circuit wide. *Milt.*

#### A N G E R. See Rage.

His troubled Looks reveal his inward Wound,  
 And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd. *Blac.*  
 Enormous Rage distended ev'ry Vein,  
 And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.  
 Swoln with Revenge, his blood-shot Eyes did glare,  
 Like ruddy Meteors, blazing in the Air. *Blac.*

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Looks. *Gar.*  
 He swells with Wrath, he makes outrageous Moan, (*& Arc.*  
 He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground. *Dryd. Pal.*  
 Rage flash'd like Lightning from his livid Eyes. *Blac.*

*Talgor* had long suppress'd  
 Enflamed Rage in glowing Breast ;

Which



Which now began to rage and burn, as  
Implacably, as flame in Furnace.

At this the Knight grew high in Wrath,  
And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,  
Three times he smote on Stomach stout. *Hud.*

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,  
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,  
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake,  
He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing *Ætna*,  
In Sounds scarce human. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage ;  
It blazes fierce and menaces Destruction. *Rome. Fair. Pen.*

Oh ! I burn inward : my Blood's all o' fire :  
*Alcides*, when the poyson'd Shirt sate closest,  
Had but an Ague-Fit to this my Fever. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear  
The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air ;  
She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,  
And tears with both her Hands her purple Vest. *Dryd. Virg.*  
Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest.

#### A N T. See Creation.

Thus in Battalia march embody'd Anrs,  
Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants ;  
T' invade the Corn, and to their Cells convey  
The plunder'd Forrage of their yellow Prey.  
The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,  
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs :  
Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain.  
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train :  
All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain. *Dryd. Virg.*  
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat.  
Nor will he strait devour all he can get ;  
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home :  
A Stock for Winter, which, he knows, must come. *Cowl. Hor.*

#### ANTIQUARY. And ANTIQUITY.

It was a Question whether he  
Or's Horse were of a Family  
More worshipful ; till Antiquaries  
(After they'd almost por'd out their Eyes)  
Did very learnedly decide  
The Bus'ness on the Horse's side ;  
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,  
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House :

For Beasts, when Man was but a piece  
Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess. *Hud.*

'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,  
That makes Truth, Truth; altho' Time's Daughter.

'Twas he that put her in the Pir,  
Before he pull'd her out of it.

And as he eats his Sons, just so  
He feeds upon his Daughters too.

Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald  
Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,

To be descended from a Race  
Of ancient Kings, in a small Space:

That we should all Opinion hold

Authentick, that we can make old. *Hud.*

#### A P O L L O.

Like fair *Apollo* when he leaves the Frost  
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast;  
When to his native *Delos* he resorts,  
Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports:  
Where painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,  
Before the joyful Altar join their Hands;  
Himself, on *Cinthus* walking, sees below  
The merry Madness of the sacred Show;  
Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,  
A Golden Fillet binds his awful Brows;  
His Quiver sounds.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Me *Claros*, *Delpbos*, *Tenedos* obey,  
These Hands the *Pataraean* Scepter sway;  
The Kings of Gods begot me: What shall be,  
Or is, or ever was, in Fate I see.  
Mine is th' Invention of the charming Lyre,  
Sweet Notes and heavenly Numbers I inspire;  
Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart;  
Med'cine is mine: what Herbs and Simples grow  
In Fields or Forrests, all their Pow'rs I know;  
And am the great Physician call'd below.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

O Source of Sacred Light,  
God with the Silver Bow, and golden Hair;  
Whom *Chrysa*, *Gilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,  
And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys!

*Dryd. Hom.*

#### A P O T H E C A R Y, and his Shop.

I do remember an Apothecary,  
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,

Culling

Culling of Simples ; meager were his Looks,  
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones,  
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,  
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins  
 Of ill-shap'd Fishes ; and about his Shelves  
 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,  
 Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,  
 Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

His Shop the gazing Vulgar's Eyes employs  
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys.  
 Here Mummies lay, most reverently stale,  
 And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail ;  
 Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head  
 The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread ;  
 Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were strung,  
 And near a skaly Alligator hung :  
 In this place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd ;  
 In that dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth were laid. *Gar.*

### APPARITION.

Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,  
 Which in it many winged Warriours bears :  
 Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense ; *( of Imm. Dryd. State*  
 Thou, stronger, may'st endure the Flood of Light. *Dryd. State*  
 The broken Cloud pours out pure Floods of Light,  
 Show'rs of Celestial Rays, transcendent bright :  
 And Storms of Splendour, dazzling mortal Sight. }  
 Th' illustrious Tempest does on Heel beat,  
 Who falls astonish'd headlong from his Seat,  
 Confounded with unsufferable Day,  
 Grov'ling in Glory, on the shining Way,  
 And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd he lay. *Blac.*

### APPLAUSE. See Popular.

The Heav'ns around with Acclamations rung,  
 And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng. *Blac.*  
 Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The shouting Cries  
 Of the pleas'd People rend the vaulted Skies.  
 The Fields around with Jo Peans ring,  
 And Peals of Shouts, applaud the conqu'ring King, *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Shouts from the favouring Multitude arise,  
 Applauding Echo to the Shouts replies : *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 Shouts, Wishes, and Applause, run rattling thro' the Skies. }  
 The



The hollow Abyfs  
 Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell  
 With deaf'ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. *Milt.*

Such Murmur fill'd  
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain  
 The sound of blust'ring Winds, which all Night long  
 Had rowz'd the Sea, now with hoarse Cadence lull  
 Seafaring Men o'er-watch'd; whose Bark by chance,  
 Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay,  
 After the Tempest: such Applause was heard. *Milt.*

Such a Noise arose  
 As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,  
 As loud, and to as many Tunes: Hats, Cloaks,  
 Doublets I think, flew up; and had their Faces  
 Been loose, this Day they had been lost. *Shak. Hen. 8.*

As the sound of Waters deep  
 Hoarse Murmur echo'd to his Words Applause. *Milt.*

#### ARCHERS. See Arrow. Bow.

A flutt'ring Dove to the Mast's Top they tie:  
 The living Mark at which their Arrows fly:  
 The Rival Archers in a Line advance;  
 Then all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,  
 And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose.  
*Hippocoon's* was the first: with forceful Sway  
 It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid Way.  
 Fix'd in the Mast, the feather'd Weapon stands;  
 The fearful Pigeon flutters in her Bands:  
 And the Tree trembled.  
 Then *Mnestheus* to the Head his Arrow drove,  
 With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above;  
 But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the Dove:  
 Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord  
 Which fasten'd by the Foot the sitting Bird.  
 The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,  
 And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.  
 His Bow already bent, *Euryalus* stood;  
 His winged Shaft with eager haste he sped;  
 The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled:  
 She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground,  
 And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.  
*Acestes*, grudging at his Lot, remains  
 Without a Prize to gratify his Pains;  
 Yet, shooting upwards, sends his Shaft to show  
 An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.

Chaf'd

Chaf'd by the Speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,  
A Trail of foll'wing Flames ascending drew.  
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny Way;  
Across the Skies, as falling Meteors, play,  
And vanish into Wind, or in a Blaze decay.

*Dryd. Virg.*

# ARGUS.

The Head of *Argus*, as with Stars the Skies,  
Was compass'd round, and wore a hundred Eyes:  
But two by two their Lids in Slumber steep;  
The rest on duty, still their Station keep:  
Nor could the total Constellation sleep.

Him *Hermes* slew.

And all his hundred Eyes, with all their Light,  
Are clos'd at once in one perpetual Night.

These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,  
And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

# ARMS or ARMOUR. See Battel.

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Mass  
Of golden metal those, and Mountain-Brass.

He admires

The crested Helm that vomits radiant Fires:  
His Hands the fatal Sword and Corset hold;  
One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold:  
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.

So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light. *Dryd. Virg.*

Refulgent Arms appear,

Redd'ning the Skies, and glitt'ring all around,  
The temper'd Metals clash, and yield a silver Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

The *Briton's* Arms thus shone excessive bright,  
Darted keen Glances, and uneasy Light,

And tho' their Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight.

*Blac.*

All arm'd in Brass, the richest Dress of War;  
A frightful, glorious Sight; he shone from far.

*Cowl.*

A Wolf grinn'd horribly upon his Head,  
And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread:  
He girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,  
Which hung across his Thigh with fearful Pride.

*Blac.*

Shields, Arms, and Spears flash horribly from far,  
And the Fields glitter with a waving War.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes shot Flame.

He on the Plain in radiant Armour shone,  
His polish'd Helm oppress'd the dazled Sight,  
And shone on high like a huge Globe of Light:

*[Greech. Luc.]*

His

His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,  
 And golden Pieces his vast Thighs encas'd.  
 The Pieces round his Legs gold Buttons ty'd,  
 And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side :  
 Which, when drawn out, like a destructive Flame  
 Of Lightning, from the ample Scabbard came.

Blac.

Like a high Beacon lighted in the Air,  
 His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War.  
 In his right hand he shakes his pond'rous Lance.

Blac.

#### His Back and Breast

Well-temper'd Steel, and scaly Brass invest.  
 The Cuirasses, which his brawny Thighs infold,  
 Were mingled Metal, damask'd o'er with Gold.  
 His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side  
 Nor Casque, nor Crest his manly Features hide.

Dryd. Virg.

O'er his broad Breast an Ox's Hide was thrown,  
 His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread,  
 A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head,  
 He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong,  
 And tow'r'd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.

Dryd. Virg.

#### A Lion's Hide he wears,

About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin ;  
 The Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin.

Dryd. Virg.

Some march before their Troops in dreadful Pride,  
 Arm'd with a rav'ning Lion's griesly Hide ;  
 The shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread,  
 With formidable Grace ; and on their Head  
 The tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,  
 And cross their breasts were lapp'd the hideous Paws.  
 The Teeth and savage Beard the Heroe's Face  
 Did with becoming martial Horror grace.

Blac.

#### A R R O W. See Archers.

Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempests fly  
 Darts hiss at Darts encountring in the Sky.

Blac.

Sounded at once the Bow, and swiftly flies  
 The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

#### By far more slow

Springs the swift Arrow from the Parthian Bow,  
 Or Cydon Eugh, when traversing the Skies,  
 And drench'd in pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.

Dryd. Virg.

#### A S H. See Trees.

Rent like a Mountain Ash, that dar'd the Winds,  
 And stood the sturdy Strokes of lab'ring Hinds.

About



About the Root, the cruel Ax refunds,  
 The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds :  
 The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown  
 Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.  
 To their united Force it yields, tho' late,  
 And mourns with mortal Groans, th' approaching Fate.  
 The Roots no more their upper head sustain,  
 But down she falls, and spreads a Ruine thro' the Plain.

[Dryd. Virg.]

Like a Mountain Ash, whose roots are spread  
 Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his head. Dryd. Virg.

## A S P I C K.

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,  
 Thou best of Thieves ! who with an easy Key,  
 Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,  
 Ev'n steal us from our selves : discharging so  
 Death's dreadful Office better than himself,  
 Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,  
 That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,  
 And thinks himself but Sleep. Dryd. All for Love.

## A S T O N I S H M E N T.

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word  
 Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,  
 Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres,  
 Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,  
 And each particular Hair to stand an end,  
 Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

Shak. Haml.

Prepare to hear  
 A Story, that shall turn thee into Stone :  
 Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,  
 A Flaw, made thro' the Center by some God,  
 Thro' which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,  
 They would not wound thee as this Story will.

Lee Oedip.

My Heart sinks in me,  
 And ev'ry slacken'd Fiber drops its Hold,  
 Like Nature, letting down the Springs of life: Dryd. Span. Fry.

My Soul runs back :  
 The Wards of Reason roul into their Spring. Dryd. D. of Guise.  
 His curdling Blood forgot to glide,

Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,  
 And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue.

Gar.

Not the last Sounding could surprize me more,  
 That summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom ;

When

When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,  
And tremble unprovided for their Charge. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

She thrice essay'd to speak, her Accents hung,  
And fault'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,  
Or vanish'd into Sighs ; with long Delay  
Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted Way. *Dryd. Ovid.*

# ASTROLOGER. *See Conjurer.*

They'l search a Planet's House to know  
Who broke and robb'd a House below :  
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon* :  
Who stole a Thimble, who a Spoon :  
And tho' they nothing will confess,  
Yet by their very Looks can guess :  
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,  
Who stole and who receiv'd the Goods.  
They'l feel the Pulses of the Stars,  
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs :  
And tell what Crisis does divine  
The Rot in Sheep, and Mange in Swine :  
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,  
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich ;  
What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;  
What makes Men great, what Fools, what Knaves ;  
But not what Wife : For only of those  
The Stars, they say, can not dispose.  
No more than can the Astrologians ;  
There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.  
Some, Towns and Cities, some for Brevity,  
Have cast the 'versal World's Nativity,  
And made the Infant-Stars confess,  
Like Fools or Children, what they please.  
Some calculate the hidden Fates  
Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs and Cats,  
Some runnings Nags and fighting Cocks,  
Some Love, Trade, Law-suits, and the Pox.  
Some take a measure of the Lives  
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,  
Make Opposition, Trine, and Quartile,  
Tell who is barren, and who fertile.  
As if the Planet's first Aspect  
The tender Infant did infect :  
No sooner has he peep'd into  
The World, but he has done his Do.  
Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick,  
That cures, or kills, a Man that is sick :

H

Marry'd

Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,  
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.  
 There's but the Twinkling of a Star  
 Between a Man of Peace and War ;  
 A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,  
 A huffing Officer, and a Slave.  
 A crafty Lawyer, and Pick-pocket.  
 A great Philosopher, and a Blockhead.  
 A formal Preacher, and a Player.  
 A learn'd Physician, and Manslayer.  
 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
 Old Age, Diseases, and ill Luck ;  
 Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,  
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice.  
 And draw with the first Air they breath,  
 Battel and Murther, suddain Death.  
 As Wind i' th' Hypochondries pent,  
 Is but a Blast if downwards sent ;  
 But if it upwards chance to fly,  
 Becomes new Light, and Prophecy :  
 So when your Speculations tend  
 Above their just and useful End,  
 Altho' they promise strange and great  
 Discoveries of Things far fet,  
 They are but idle Dreams and Fancies.  
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,  
 Why on a Sign no Painter draws  
 The Full Moon ever, but the Half :  
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's* Staff :  
 Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,  
 Or Dogs howl when she shines in Water :  
 And I shall freely give my Vote,  
 You may know something more remote.

Hud.

PROFESSOR in Astrology and Physick.

An Inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals  
 Of such as pay to be reputed Fools :  
 Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,  
 And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.  
 The Sage in Velvet-Chair here lolls at ease,  
 To promise future Health for present Fees.  
 Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals,  
 And, what the Stars know nothing of, foretels.  
 One asks, how soon *Panthea* may be won,  
 And longs to feel the Marriage-Fetters on :

Others,



Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,  
 Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off  
 Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,  
 When Fathers the Possession keep too long.  
 And some would know the Issue of their Cause,  
 And whether Gold can fodder up its Flaws.  
 Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,  
 To lose by Art what sinful Nature gave.  
 And *Portia*, old in expectation grown,  
 Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son :  
 Whilst *Iris* his Cosmetick wash would try,  
 To make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.  
 Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose,  
 To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.  
 Young *Hylas*, botch'd with Stains too foul to name,  
 In Cradle here, renews his youthful Frame :  
 Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,  
 A Hot-houfe he prefers to *Julia's* Arms.  
 And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove,  
 Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Gar.

## A T L A S.

*Atlas*, whose Head sustains the starry Frame.

Dryd. Virg.

Whose brawny Back supports the Skies :

Whose Head, with piny Forests crown'd,

Is beaten by the Winds, with foggy Vapours bound :

Snows hide his Shoulders ; from beneath his Chin,

The Founts of rolling Streams their Race begin :

A Beard of Ice on his large Breast depends.

Dryd. Virg.

*Atlas*, who turns the rouling Heav'ns around

And whose broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.

Dry.  
( Virg.

## A T T E N T I O N.

Let all be hush'd : each softest Motion cease :

Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace :

And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath

Be calm, as in the Arms of Death :

Hither let nought but sacred Silence come ;

And let all sawcy Praise be dumb :

And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,

Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,

Be still : gently, ah ! gently leave,

Thou busy idle thing to heave :

Stir not a Pulse ; and let my Blood,

That turbulent unruly Flood,

Be softly stay'd:

Let me be all but my Attention, dead.  
Go rest, y' unnecessary Springs of Life,  
Leave your officious Toil and strife,  
For I would hear her Voice, and try,  
If it be possible to die.

The Air grows sensible  
Of the great things you utter, and is calm;  
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,  
Seem to stand still, as *Jove* himself were talking.

As I listen'd to thee,  
The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd,  
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment.

His looks  
Drew Audience and Attention still as Night,  
Or Summer Noon-tide Air.  
Attention held them mute.

#### AVERNUS.

Deep was the Cave, and downward as it went  
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent.  
And here th' access, a gloomy Grove defends:  
And there th' unnavigable Lake extends.  
O'er whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,  
No Bird presumes to steer his airy Flight.  
Such deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,  
And steaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.  
From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,  
And give the Name *Avernus* to the Lake.

#### AUTUMN.

When yellow Autumn weighs  
The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;  
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays.

The Evening of the Year.

When Woods, with Juniper and Chesnuts crown'd,  
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the ground;  
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her Stores around.

When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring:  
When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain  
Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:  
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,  
And hollow places spew their wat'ry store.

Cong.

Lee. Oedip.

Rowe. Tamerl.

Milt.

Milt.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

(Virg.)

Dryd. Virg.

BABE

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## B A B E. See Man.

Thus, like a Sailor, by a Tempest hurl'd  
 Ashore, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the World;  
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire,  
 Helpless of all that human Wants require :  
 Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,  
 From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.  
 Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room,  
 ( Too sure presages of his future Doom. )  
 But Flocks, and Herds, and ev'ry Savage Beast,  
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.  
 They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,  
 No Nurse to reconcile 'em to their Food  
 With broken Words : nor Winter blasts they fear,  
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year :  
 Nor for their safety Cittadels prepare ;  
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :  
 Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,  
 And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wants. *Dryd.*  
 If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay *(Lucr.*  
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,  
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,  
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate,  
 The painful Passage they would dread, and shew  
 Reluctance to a World they do not know :  
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to lie,  
 As backward to be born, as we to die.

*Blac.*

## B A C C H A N A L S.

She flies the Town, and mixing with a Throng  
 Of madding Matrons bears the Bride along :  
 Wand'ring thro' Woods, and Wilds, and devious Ways,  
 She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*, cry'd aloud,  
 And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd.  
*Evoe*, O *Bacchus* ! thus began the Song ;  
 And *Evoe*, answer'd all the female Throng :  
 O Virgin, worthy thee alone ! she cry'd :  
 O worthy thee alone ! the crew reply'd.  
 For thee she feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,  
 And with thy winding Ivy wreaths her Lance.  
 Like Fury seiz'd the rest ; the Progress known,  
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town.  
 All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jav'lin bear,  
 Unbind their Fillets,

H 3

Give



Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair,  
 And Shrieks and Shoutings rend the suff'ring Air.  
 Rouling their haggard Eyes; Inspir'd with Rage divine;  
 Shake high above their Heads a flaming Pine:  
 And Orgies and Nocturnal Rites prepare.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Less wild the Bacchanalian Dames appear,  
 When, from afar, their nightly God they hear,  
 And howl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear.

*( Dryd. Virg. )*

### BACCHUS. See Musick.

Great Father *Bacchus* to my Song repair,  
 For clustring Vines are thy peculiar Care:  
 For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine;  
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine:  
 To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,  
 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.  
 Come strip with me my God; come drench all o'er  
 Thy Limbs in Must of Wine and Drink at ev'ry Pore.

*Dry. Vir.*

See *Bacchus*, turning from his *Indian* War,  
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car;  
 From *Nisus* Top descending on the Plains,  
 With curling Vines around his purple Reins.

*Dryd. Virg.*

So *Bacchus* thro' the conquer'd *Indies* rode,  
 And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their Honest God.

*Dryd. ( Pal. & Arc. )*

### BASTARD.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made  
 That Law, by which her self is now betray'd?  
 E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he  
 Was born most noble, who was born most free:  
 Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd  
 Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind:  
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,  
 When Fools began to love Obedience,  
 And call'd their Slav'ry, Safety and Defence.  
 Why should it be a stain then on my Blood,  
 Because I came not in the common Road,  
 But born obscure, and so more like a God?

*Osw. Don. Carl.*

He's a Bastard! Got in a fit of Nature!  
 She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;  
 His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a heat,  
 And taking from the Mint the fiery Oar,  
 His Image blessed, and cry'd, it is my own.  
 Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,  
 That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,  
 Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay and a young Priest too!

Perhaps

Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,  
Who ventur'd Life, to clasp the lussy Joy. *Lie. Cas. Borg.*

BATTEL. *See Fight, Jousts, War.*

O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms ! *Lie. Alex.*

All the Plain

Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,  
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, first met his View :  
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, stretch'd  
In battailous Aspect :  
Bristled with upright Beams, innumerable,  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields  
Various, with boastful Arguments pourtray'd :  
The banded Pow'rs of *Satan*.

The Powers militant

That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright Legions, to the sound  
Of instrumental Harmony, that breath'd  
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,  
Under their God-like Leaders. On they move  
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious Hill,  
Nor strait'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Their perfect Ranks, for high above the Ground  
Their March was, and the passive Air upbore  
Their nimble Tread.

The shout

Of Battel now began, and rushing Sound  
Of Onset ended soon each milder Thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a God,  
Th' Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot fate,  
Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd  
With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields :  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne : for now  
Twixt Host and Host, but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful Interval ! and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible Array  
Of hideous length : Before the cloudy Van,  
On the rough Edge of Battel, e'er it join'd,  
*Satan*, with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,  
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

A noble Stroke *Abdiel* lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with Tempest fell  
On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no Sight,  
No Motion of swift Thought, less could his Shield

H 4

Such

Such Ruin intercept : ten Paces huge  
 He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended Knee  
 His massie Spear upstay'd. As if on Earth  
 Winds underground, or Waters, forcing way  
 Sidelong, had push'd a Mountain from his Seat,  
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Nor stood in gaze  
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd  
 The horrid Shock : now storming Fury rose,  
     Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd  
 Horrible Discord, and the madding Wheels  
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd ; dire was the Noise  
 Of Conflict : over head the dismal Hiss  
 Of fiery Darts in flaming Volleys flew,  
 And flying vaulted either Host with Fire ;  
 So under fiery Cope together rush'd  
 Both Battels main, with ruinous Assault,  
 And inextinguishable Rage : All Heav'n  
 Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
 Had to her Centre shook. Deeds of Eternal Fame  
 Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread  
 The War and various : sometimes on firm Ground  
 A standing Fight ; then, soaring on main Wing,  
 Tormented all the Air : all Air seem'd then  
 Conflating Fire.

Their Arms away some threw, and to the Hills  
 Swift as the Lightning Glimpse they ran, they flew :  
 From the Foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
 They pluck'd the seated Hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops  
 Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands.

Then on their Heads  
 Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
 Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,  
 Their Armour help'd their Harm, crush'd in and bruis'd.  
 Into their Substance pent, which wrought them Pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous Groan ;  
 Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind  
 Out of such Prison.

The rest, in Imitation, to like Arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring Hills up-tore :  
 So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,  
 Hurl'd to and fro with Jaculation dire,  
 That underground they fought in dismal Shade ;  
 Infernal Noise ! War seem'd a civil Game  
 To this Uproar ; Horrid Confusion heap'd  
 Upon Confusion rose. Long time in even Scale  
 The Battel hung ; till *Satan*

Saw



Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
 Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway  
 Brandish'd aloft the horrid Edge came down  
 Wide wasting : such Destruction to withstand  
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb  
 Of ten-fold Adamant, his ample Shield :  
 A vast Circumference ! Then both address'd for fight  
 Unspeakable : for like to Gods they seem'd,  
 Stood they, or mov'd ; in Stature, Motion, Arms,  
 Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
 Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air  
 Made horrid Circles : two broad Suns, their Shields  
 Blaz'd opposite : while Expectation stood  
 In Horrour. From each hand with speed retir'd  
 Th' Angelick Throng, unsafe within the Wind  
 Of such Commotion : But the Sword of *Michael* met  
 The Sword of *Satan*, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,  
 But with swift Wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd  
 All his right Side : then *Satan* first knew Pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore  
 The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound  
 Pass'd thro' him.

And now their Mightiest quell'd, the Battel swerv'd,  
 With many an Inroad gor'd : Deformed Rout  
 Enter'd and foul Disorder : all the Ground  
 With shiver'd Armour strown ; and on a heap  
 Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming Steeds : what stood, recoil'd  
 O'erweary'd, or with pale Fear surpriz'd,  
 Fled ignominious.

Now Night her Course began,  
 And grateful Truce impos'd,  
 And Silence on the odious Din of War.

*Milt.*

B E A R. See Deformity.

The Cubs of Bears a living lump appear,  
 When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear :  
 Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives  
 As much of Form, as she her self receives.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

### BEAUTY.

Beauty thou wild fantastick Ape,  
 Which do'st in every Country change thy shape :  
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white :  
 Thou Flatt'rer who comply'st with ev'ry Sight.

*Who*

Who hast no certain what nor where,  
But vary'st still, and do'st thy self declare  
Inconstant as thy She Professors are.

Cowl.

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,  
'Tis in no Face but in the Lover's Mind.

Dryd. Pal. &amp; Arc.

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great;  
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.

Dryd. Aurea.

Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray:  
Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry way.  
Pleas'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,  
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

Dryd. Aurea.

For Beauty, like white Powder, makes no noise,  
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.

Cleave.

Beauty with a bloodless Conquest finds  
A welcom Sov'raignty in rudest Minds.

Wall.

Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,  
The tender Prey of ev'ry coming hour:  
In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,  
But art portentous to thy self alone:

Unpunish'd, thou to few wert ever given,  
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

*Merab* the first, *Michal* the younger nam'd:  
Both equally for diff'rent Glories fam'd:  
*Merab* with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight;  
But too much Awe chafis'd the bold Delight:  
Like a calm Sea, which to th' enlarged View,  
Gives Pleasure, but gives Fear and Rev'rence too.  
*Michal*'s sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,  
And no less strong, tho' much more gentle Love:  
Like virtuous Kings, whom Men rejoyce t' obey;  
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.

*Merab* appear'd like some fair Princely Tow'r:  
*Michal*, some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r.

All Beauties strove in little and in great,  
But the contracted Brows shot fiercest heat.  
From *Merab*'s Eyes, fierce and quick Lightnings came;  
From *Michal*'s, the Sun's mild, yet active Flame.

*Merab*, with comely Majesty and State,  
Bore high th' advantage of her worth and Fate.  
Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michal* shew,  
That none who reach so high, e'er stoop so low;  
*Merab* rejoyc'd in her rack'd Lover's Pain;  
And fortify'd her Virtue with Disdain.

The Grief she gave, gave gentle *Michal* Grief;  
She wish'd her Beauties less for their Relief,

Cowl.

CLEO.

## CLEOPATRA in her GALLY.

Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,  
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold :  
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails :  
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,  
 Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.  
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upou her Hand,  
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,  
 As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,  
 Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,  
 Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds  
 That play'd about her Face : but if she smil'd,  
 A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,  
 That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd,  
 But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes  
 The silver Oars-kept time ; and while they play'd,  
 The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,  
 And both to Thought : 'twas Heav'n, or somewhat more !  
 For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crouds  
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath  
 To give their welcom Voice. *Dryd. All for Love*

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Theſſalian* Charms  
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n : For Eloquence,  
 The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flatt'ry,  
 And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,  
 Unmark'd of those that hear ! Then she's so charming,  
 Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth :  
 The Holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,  
 And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,  
 They bless her wanton Eyes : Ev'n I, who hate her,  
 With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,  
 And, while I curse, desire it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

[Spoken of Cleopatra, by Ventidius.]

Is she not

As harmless as the Turtle of the Woods ?  
 Fair as the Summer Beauty of the Fields,  
 As op'ning Flow'rs untainted yet with winds,  
 The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense ? *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

The Bloom of op'ning Flow'rs unfully'd Beauty,  
 Softness and sweetest Innocence she wears ;  
 And looks like Nature in the World's first spring. *Rowe. Tamerl.*

Is she not more than Painting can express,  
 Or youthful Poets fancy when they love ? *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

A lavish Planet reign'd when she was born,  
 And made her of such Kindred Mould to Heaven,

She



She seems more Heav'n's than ours.

*Dryd. Oedip.*

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,  
When all the Heaven is streak'd with dappled Fires,  
And fleck'd with Blushes, like a rifled Maid. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

*Belinda's* sparkling Wit and Eyes,  
United cast so fierce a Light,  
As quickly flashes, quickly dies ;  
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.  
*Love* is all Gentleness, all Joy,  
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace :  
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,  
That runs his Link full in your Face.

*Darf.*

Mark her Majestick Fabrick ! She's a Temple,  
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine :  
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there,  
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oh she has Beauty might enslave  
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown  
At Random, to be scuffled for by Slaves. *Owt. Cai. Mar.*

Oh she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues  
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds. *Otw. Orph.*

Her Beauties Charms alone, without her Crown,  
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows  
Of fighting Kings ; and at her Feet were laid  
The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,  
To chuse where she would reign. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,  
With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a slumber ;  
The Summer's heat had to her nat'ral Blush  
Added a brighter and more tempting Red :  
The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,  
Lifted by inward starts did rise and fall  
With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues :  
The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,  
That seem'd to embrace the Body whence they grew,  
Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love,  
While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,  
Waving her Robes, display'd such handfom Limbs  
As Artists would in polish'd Marble give  
The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,  
She charms her Gallant God to new Enjoyment. *Lee Mithr.*

With gay and vig'rous Youth his Eyes are crown'd ;  
Presence and manly Graces, all around  
His noble Form, do make their bright Abode,  
Like Beams of Lustre, circling in a God.

*Lee Nera.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open fight,  
August in Visage, and serenely bright.

His

His Mother Goddess, with her Hands divine,  
 Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples shine :  
 And giv'n his rousing Eyes a sparkling Grace ;  
 And breath'd a youthful vigour on his Face :  
 Like polish'd Iv'ry beauteous to behold,  
 Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd with Gold.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Thro' his Youthful Face

Wrath checks the Beauty, and sheds manly Grace ;  
 Both in his Looks so joyn'd, that they might move  
 Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an Enemy Love.  
 Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day.

*Cowl.*

Not purple V'lets in the early Spring,  
 Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring ;  
 The Orient Blush, which does her Cheeks adorn,  
 Makes Coral pale, vies with the rose Morn :

*Cupid* has took a Surfeit from her Eyes  
 Whene'er she smiles, in Lament Fire he fries,  
 And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

*Lee Nero.*

Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours ; your Eyes,  
 And Face, that all the World surprize,  
 Do dazle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other Ladies tawny.

*Hud.*

B E E S. See Creation.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone  
 The Bees have common Cities of their own,  
 And common Sons : Beneath one Law they live,  
 And with one common Stock, their Traffick drive ;  
 Each has a certain Home, a sev'ral Stall :  
 All is the State's, the State provides for all :  
 Mindfull of coming Cold, they share the Pain,  
 And hoard for Winter's Use, the Summer's Gain.  
 Some o'er the publick Magazines preside,  
 And some are sent new Forage to provide :  
 These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home  
 Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,  
 With Dew, *Narcissus*-Leaves, and clammy Gum.  
 To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive,  
 Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive,  
 Sweet Honey some condense ; some purge the Grout :  
 The rest in Cells apart the liquid Nectar shut.  
 All, with united Force, combine to drive  
 The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.  
 With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds :  
 With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.

*Studious*

Studious of Honey, each in his Degree ;  
 The youthful Swain, the grave experienc'd Bee :  
 That, in the Field ; this, in Affairs of State,  
 Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate.  
 But late at Night, with weary Pinions, come  
 The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home,  
 Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the Day he plies,  
 The Gleans of yellow Time distend his Thighs :  
 He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs ; he sips the Blues  
 Of V'lets, Wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.  
 Their toil is common, common is their Sleep ;  
 They shake their Wings, when Morn begins to peep ;  
 Rush thro' the City Gates without Delay,  
 Nor ends their Work, but with declining Day.  
 Thus, having spent the last Remains of Light,  
 They give their Bodies due Repose at Night :  
 When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells  
 Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells,  
 When once in bed their weary Limbs they steep,  
 No buzzing Sounds disturb their golden Sleep,  
 'Tis sacred Silence all ! Nor dare they stray,  
 When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day ;  
 But near the City-Walls their war'ring take,  
 Nor forage far, but short Excursions make.  
 And as when empty Barks on Billows Float,  
 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat ;  
 So Bees bear Gravel-Stones, whose poising Weight  
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steady Flight.  
 But what's more strange ; their modest Appetites,  
 Averse from *Venus*, fly the nuptial Rites.  
 No Lust enervates their Heroick Mind ;  
 Nor wasts their Strength on wanton Womankind :  
 But in their Mouths reside their genial Pow'rs,  
 They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.  
 And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,  
 And sink beneath the Burthen which they bear.  
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats,  
 And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets.  
 Thus tho' the Race of Life they quickly run,  
 Which in the space of sev'n short Years is done,  
 Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns ;  
 The Fortune of the Family remains,  
 And Grandfires Grandsons the long List contains.  
 But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive,  
 (For two Pretenders off for Empire strive,)  
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar,  
 And murm'ring Sounds proclaim the civil War.

Inflam'd



Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with disdain,  
 Scarce can their Limbs, their mighty Souls contain.  
 With Shouts the Cowards Courage they excite,  
 And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight.  
 With hoarse Alarms the hollow Camp rebounds,  
 That imitate the Trumpets angry Sounds ;  
 Then to their common Standard they repair,  
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air ;  
 In form of Battel drawn, they issue forth,  
 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.  
 Prest for their Countrie's Honour, and their King's,  
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings,  
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings. }  
 Full in the midst the haughty Monarchs ride,  
 The trusty Guards come up, and close the side : }  
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battel is defy'd.  
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,  
 To War they follow their undaunted King,  
 Croud thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light  
 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight.  
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,  
 And heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the ground.  
 Hard Hail-stones lie not thicker on the Plain,  
 Nor shaken Oaks such show'rs of Acorns rain.  
 With gorgeous Wings, the Marks of Sov'raign Sway,  
 The two contending Princes make their Way :  
 Intrepid thro' the midst of Dangers go ;  
 Their Friends incourage, and amaze the Foe.  
 With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies prest'd,  
 They challenge and encounter Breast to Breast.  
 So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,  
 And obstinately bent to win or dy ;  
 That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,  
 Till one prevail, for one can only reign.  
 Yet all these dreadful Deeds, this dreadful fray  
 A Cast of scatter'd Dust will soon allay, }  
 And undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.  
 With ease distinguish'd is the Regal Race ;  
 One Monarch wears an open honest Face,  
 Shap'd to his size, and Godlike to behold ;  
 His Royal Body shines with Specks of Gold,  
 And ruddy Scales : for Empire he design'd,  
 Is better born, and of a nobler kind.  
 That other looks like Nature in Disgrace,  
 Gaunt are his Sides, and fullen is his Face : }  
 And like their griesly Prince, appears his gloomy Race :

Grim,

Grim, gaffly, rugged, like a thirsty Train,  
 That long have travel'd thro' a desert Plain :  
 And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd Dust again.  
 The better Brood, unlike the Bastard-Crew,  
 Are mark'd with Royal Streaks of shining Hue ;  
 Glitt'ring and ardent, tho' in Body less.  
 Besides, not *Egypt, India, Media* more  
 With servile Love their Idol-King adore :  
 While he survives, in Concord and Content  
 The Commons live, by no Divisions rent,  
 But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.  
 All goes to Ruine : they themselves contrive  
 To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.  
 And thus they share with Man one common Fate,  
 In Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State.  
 Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,  
 And languish with insensible Decay :  
 They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,  
 Lean are their Looks, and shagged is their Hair ;  
 And Crowds of Dead, that never must return  
 To their lov'd Hive, in decent Pomp are born :  
 Their Friends attend the Herse, the next Relations mourn.  
 The Sick for Air before the Portal gasp,  
 Their feeble Eyes within each other clasp ;  
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,  
 Benum'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain :  
 Such Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,  
 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stir'd :  
 Such stifled Noise as the close Furnace hides,  
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.

Dryd. Virg.

Prone to revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,  
 Whence once provok'd, assault th' Oppressor's face :  
 And thro' the purple Veins a Passage find,  
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.

Dryd. Virg.

Hast thou not seen a swarming Cloud arise,  
 The winged Nation wander thro' the Air,  
 And o'er the Plains and shady Forest fly,  
 And sweep aloft, and darken all the Sky ?  
 Then stooping on the Meads, and leafy Bow'rs,  
 Skim o'er the Floods, and sip the Purple Flow'rs ?  
 Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,  
 And labour Honey to sustain their Lives.

Dryd. Virg.

Th' assembling Swarms,  
 Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,  
 And on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light.  
 Like a big Cluster of black Grapes they show,  
 And make a large Dependance from the Bough.

Dryd. Virg.  
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 Soot

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew  
 Of humming Bees, that hunt the golden Dew :  
 In Summer's Heat on Tops of Lillies feed,  
 And creep within their Bells to suck the balmy seed.  
 The winged Army roames the Fields around ;  
 The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,  
 Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke ;  
 They run around, or labour on their Wings,  
 Difus'd to Flight, and shoot their sleepy stings :  
 To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try ;  
 Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky. *Dr. Virg.*

#### BELLONA.

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave  
 Of troubled *Styx*, where in a gloomy Cave  
 Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells ;  
 And, bound with adamantine Fetters, yells :  
 Around stand Heaps of mossy Skulls, and Bones,  
 Whence issue loud Laments, and dreadful Groans :  
 Torn Limbs, and mangled Bodies are her food ;  
 Her Drink, whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood ;  
 Long curling Snakes her head with Horror crown,  
 And on her squallid Back, hang lolling down.  
 This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand  
 Grasps of Infernal Fire a flaming Brand.  
 Treason, and Usurpation, near ally'd,  
 Haughty Ambition, and elated Pride,  
 And Cruelty, with bloody Garlands crown'd,  
 Rapine, and Desolation stand around.  
 With these, Injustice, Violence, Rage remain,  
 And ghastly Famine with her meager Train. *Bliss*

BIRDS. See Country Life. Creation. Muse.

#### BLAST, or BLIGHT.

The verdant Walks their Charming aspect lose,  
 And shrivel'd Fruit drops from the wither'd Boughs :  
 Flow'rs in their Virgin-Blushes smother'd die,  
 And round the Trees their scatter'd Beauties lie :  
 Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades ;  
 And suddain Autumn all the Place invades.  
 So when the Fields their flow'ry Pomp display,  
 Sooth'd by the Spring's sweet Breath, and chearing Ray ;



If *Boreas* then, designing envious War,  
 Musters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,  
 And then for sure Destruction marches forth,  
 With the cold Forces of the snowy North:  
 The op'ning Buds, and sprouting Herbs, and all  
 The tender First-born of the Spring must fall:  
 The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed;  
 And on their blasted hopes, the mournful Gard'ners tread. *Blac.*

### BLINDNESS. *See Light.*

All Dark, and Comfortless!  
 Where are those various Objects that but now  
 Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?  
 Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot  
 O'er flow'ry Vales to distant Sunny Hills,  
 And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.  
 These groping Hands are now my only Guides,  
 And Feeling all my Sight.  
 Shut from the Living while among the Living!  
 Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World;  
 At once from Bus'ness, and from Pleasure barr'd!  
 No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,  
 Nor see the Face of Kindred or of Friend!

*Tate. K. Lear.*

O first created Beam! and thou great Word,  
 Let there be Light! and Light was over All;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?

Why was the Sight

To such a tender Ball as th' Eye confin'd,  
 So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?  
 And not as Feeling thro' all parts diffus'd?  
 That she might look at will thro' ev'ry Pore?

*Mil.*

O Happiness of Blindness! Now no Beauty  
 Inflames my Lust; no others Good my Envy;  
 Or Misery my Pity: no Man's Wealth  
 Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn:  
 Yet still I see enough! Man to himself  
 Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level  
 Of his low creeping Thoughts.

*Denb. Soph.*

### BLUSH.

A Crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,  
 Varying her Cheeks by turns, with White and Red:  
 The driving Colours, never at a stay,  
 Run here and there, and flush, and fade away:

*Delightful*

Delightful Change ! thus Indian Iv'ry shows,  
Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows :  
Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose. *Dryd. Virg.*

In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose :  
The sunny side of Fruit such Blushes shows,  
And such the Moon, when all her silver White  
Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light. *Add.*

Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,  
When Light's first Blushes paint the bashful Morn :  
So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,  
When mingled with the Lilly's neighb'ring Snow. *Ola.*

See, my *Palmyra* comes : the frighted Blood  
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks.  
Like the first Streaks of Light, broke loose from Darkness,  
And dawning into Blushes. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

Let me for ever gaze,  
And blest the new-born Glories that adorn thee :  
From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,  
Ten Thousand little Loves, and Graces spring,  
To revel in the Roses. *Rowe. Tamerl.*

**B O A R.** See *Duel. Enjoyment. Hunting.*

As a Savage Boar, on Mountains bred,  
With Forest-Mast, and fat'ning Marthes fed ;  
When once he sees himself in Toils inclos'd,  
By Huntsmen, and their eager Hounds oppos'd ;  
He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War :  
Th' Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar :  
All keep aloof, and safely shout around :  
But none presume to give a nearer Wound :  
He frets, and froths, erects his bristled Hide,  
And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood,  
His Neck shoots up a Thick-set Thorny Wood.  
His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,  
And stands erected like a Field of Spears.  
Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound ;  
And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.  
For Tusks, with *Indian* Elephants he strove ;  
And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.  
He suffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,  
But tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.  
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd load,  
For Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad.  
In vain the Hinds the threshing Floor prepare,  
And exercise their Arms in empty Air.

With Olives ever green the ground is strew'd,  
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.  
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep  
 Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep. *Dr. Ovid*

Forth from the Thickets rush'd another Boar,  
 So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,  
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,  
 They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back;  
 Foaming he came at me where I was posted,  
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,  
 As he already had me for his Prey:

Till brandishing my well pois'd Jav'lin high,  
 With this cold executing Arm, I struck  
 The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart. *Orw. Orp*

So when fierce Dogs, and clam'rous Swains surround  
 A mighty Boar, in neighbr'ing Mountains found:  
 His Bristles high erected on his Back,  
 The raging Beast withstands the Foes Attack;  
 He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar  
 He foams, and flourishes the Iv'ry War:

The Cautious Huntsmen at a Distance Rage,  
 Cast all their Darts, but dare not close engage. *Bl*

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r  
 Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar;  
 The grisly Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,  
 Rages, and casts his threat'ning Looks around.  
 High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,  
 And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:  
 He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air;  
 And, brandishing his Fangs, invites the War. *Bl*

#### BOASTING.

My Arms a nobler Victory never gain'd,  
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,  
 Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain:  
 Can none remember? Yes! I know all must,  
 When Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood,  
 Perch'd on my Beaver, in the *Granick* Flood;  
 When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,  
 And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore.  
 When the Immortals on the Billows rode,  
 And I my self appear'd the leading God. *Lee's Alex*



B O W. See Archer and Arrow.

Well-skill'd to throw

The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow. *Dryd. Virg.*

She said, and from her Quiver chose with speed,

The winged Shaft, predestin'd for the Deed :

Then to the stubborn Eugh her Strength apply'd,

Till the far-distant Horns approach'd on either side,

The Bow-string touch'd her Breast ; so strong she drew !

Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew :

At once the rwinging Bow, and sounding Dart,

The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

He fell,

Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War ;

Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood

And stop'd his Breath, and drank the vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

B O W E R.

A Sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd,  
With Flowrets deck'd, and fragrant Smells. The Roof

Of thickest Covert was inwoven shade,

Lawrel and Mirtle ; and what higher grew

Of firm and fragrant Leaf : on either side,

*Acantibus*, and each odorous bushy Shrub,

Fenc'd up the verdant Wall : each beauteous Flower,

*Iris*, Allhues, Roses and Jessamin,

Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought

Mosaick : under foot the Violet,

*Crocus*, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay

Broider'd the Ground ; more colour'd than with Stone

Of costliest Emblem. In shady Bower,

More sacred, or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,

*Pan*, or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,

Nor *Faunus* haunted.

*Milt.*

B O W L. See Drinking.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl !

Large as my capacious Soul !

Vast as my Thirst is ! Let it have

Depth enough to be my Grave !

I mean, the Grave of all my Care,

For I intend to bury 't there.

Let it of Silver fashion'd be,

Worthy of Wine ; worthy of me :

I 3

Yet

Yet Draw no Shapes of Armour there,  
 No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear :  
 Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy* :  
 Nor any other Martial Toy :  
 For what do I vain Armour prize ?  
 Who mind not such rough Exercise.  
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars ;  
 Fights that cause no Wounds, nor Scars.  
 I'll have no Battels on my Plate,  
 Lest sight of them should Brawls create :  
 Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,  
 Which Wine it self enough can do.  
 Draw me no Constellations there ;  
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear :  
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry  
 Of Animals, that stock the Sky :  
 For what are Stars to my Design ?  
 Stars, which I, when Drunk, outshine.  
 I lack no Pole-star on the Brink,  
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink :  
 But would for ever there be toft,  
 And with no Haven, seek no Coast.  
 Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try  
 Thy Skill ; then draw me, (let me see)  
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,  
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine  
 With kind Embraces, such as I  
 Twist about my loving She.  
 Let its Boughs o'erspread above  
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.  
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree ;  
 Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by :  
 Draw them both in toping Shapes,  
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes :  
 Make them lean against the Cup,  
 As 't were to keep their Figures up :  
 And when their reeling Forms I view,  
 I'll think them drunk, and be so too.  
*Vulcan* contrive me such a Cup,  
 As *Nestor* us'd of old ;  
 Shew all thy Care to trim it up,  
 Damask it round with Gold :  
 Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack  
 Up to the swelling Brim,  
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,  
 Like Ships at Sea, may swim :

Oldb.

And

And carve thereon a spreading Vine,  
Then add two lovely Boys;  
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,  
The Type of future Joys.

*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are,  
May Love and Drink still reign.  
With Wine I wash away my Care,  
And then to Love again.

*Rich.*

Two Bowls I have, well turn'd of beachen Wood;  
The Lids are Ivy: Grapes in Clusters lurk  
Beneath the Carving of the curious Work:  
Two Figures on the Sides emboss'd appear;  
*Conon*, and what's his name who made the Sphere,  
And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year.  
The Kimbo Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd:  
Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,  
With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### BOXING.

Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,  
But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.

*Hud.*

At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,  
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.  
They clutch their horny Fists: exchange such furious blows,  
Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.  
Some stand their Ground with half their Visage gone,  
But with the Remnant of a Face, fight on.

One Eye remaining for the other Spies,  
Which now on Earth a trampled Jelly lies.

*Tate. Juv.*

Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes  
Hang by a string, in Bumps his Forehead rise,  
Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,  
Or beg amends for his demolish'd Face.

*Dryd. Juv.*

Thus often at the *Temple-Stairs* we've seen  
Two *Tritons* of a rough Athletick Mien,  
Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood  
With Knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in Blood;  
But at the first Appearance of a Fare,  
Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair.

*Gar.*

### BREASTS.

With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell?  
Plump as ripe Clusters rose each glowing Breast,  
Courting the Hand, and suing to be press'd.  
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast.

*Duke.  
Wad.  
Thy*



Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd  
Shov'd up and down, and heav'd like dying Birds. *Oth. Orph.*

### BRIDE.

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear  
To see the End of all her Wishes near :  
When, blushing, from the Light and publick Eyes  
To the kind Covert of the Night she flies,  
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves,  
Melts in his Arms, and with a loose she loves. *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

### BROOK. See Country Life. Stream. River.

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,  
Kissing the rugged Banks on either Side :  
While in their crystal Streams at once they show,  
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow :  
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,  
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Race  
To the lov'd Sea ; for Streams have their Desires,  
Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires :  
And with such Passion, that if any Force  
Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course,  
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er  
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before. *Denh.*

### BRUTUS. See Liberty. Trust.

Excellent *Brutus* ! of all Human Race  
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace :  
From thy strict Rule, some think that thou didst swerve,  
(Mistaken honest Men,) in *Cæsar's* Blood.  
What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve  
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve ?  
Th' Heroick Exaltations of Good  
Are so far from understood,  
We count them Vice : Alas ! our Sight's so ill,  
That things which swiftest move, seem to stand still.  
We look not upon Virtue in her height,  
On her supreme Idea, brave and bright,  
In th' original Light ;  
But as her Beams reflected pass  
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custom's Glas;  
And 'tis no Wonder so  
If with dejected Eye,  
In standing Pools we seek the Sky,

That

That Stars so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by, and see

Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be :

Yet not to her Assistance stir,

Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher ?

Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The cancel'd Name of Friend he bore ?

Ingrateful *Brutus* do they call ?

Ingrateful *Cæsar*, who could *Rome* enthrall !

An Act more Barbarous and unnatural

(In th' exact Ballance of true Virtue try'd )

Than his Successor *Nero's* Parricide.

There's none but *Brutus* could deserve

That all Men else should wish to serve,

And *Cæsar's* usurp'd Place to him should proffer ;

None can deserve't but he, who would refuse the Offer :

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee t' affright,

And wrap'd it self i'th' Terrors of the Night ;

I'll meet thee at *Phillippi*, said the Spright :

I'll meet thee there, said'st thou,

With such a Voice. and such a Brow,

As put the trembling Ghost to suddain flight.

What Joy can Human Things to us afford,

When we see perish thus, by odd Events,

Ill Men, and wretched Accidents,

The best Cause, and best Man that ever drew a Sword ?

When we see

The false *Octavius* and wild *Anthony*,

God-like *Brutus*, conquer thee ?

What can we say, but thy own Tragick Word,

That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee,

As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,

By that fatal Proof became,

An Idöl only, and a Name ?

*Cowl.*

#### BULL. See Enjoyment.

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's sight,

Proudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight :

He tries his goring Horns against a Tree,

And meditates his absent Enemy :

He pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand

With his black Hoof, and spurns the yellow Sand. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,

In *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnus* height :

With Horns adverse they meet ; the Keeper flies ;

Mute stands the Herd : the Heifers rowl their Eyes,

And

And wait th' Event, which Victor they shall bear,  
 And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year.  
 With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,  
 And Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return;  
 Their Dewlaps goar'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood;  
 Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood. *Dr. Vir.*

Thus a strong Bull stands threat'ning furious War,  
 He flourishes his Horns, looks sourly round,  
 And, hoarsely bellowing, traverses his Ground.  
 For want of Foes, he does the Wood provoke:  
 Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,  
 Wishing a nobler Object of his stroke. *Blas.*

So when a Bull nodding his brindled Head,  
 And softly bellowing, traverses the Mead;  
 If then he finds th' invading Hornet cling  
 Close to his Flank, and feels the poyson'd sting;  
 The wounded Beast, enrag'd and roaring out,  
 Whisks round his Tail, and flings, and flies about;  
 Mad with th' adhering Plagues tormenting Pain,  
 He scares the Herds, and raving scours the Plain. *Blas.*

Thus as a Bull, encompass'd with a Guard,  
 Amid the Circus roars: provok'd from far  
 By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguin War:  
 They quit their Ground; his bending Horns elude,  
 In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd. *Dryd. Ovid.*

#### BULL-BAITING.

So when a generous Bull, for Clowns Delight,  
 Stands, with his Line restrain'd, prepar'd for Fight;  
 Hearing the Youths loud Clamour, and the Rage  
 Of barking Mastiffs, eager to engage;  
 He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground;  
 Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round:  
 Defiance low'ring on his brindled Brows,  
 A round disdainful Look the griesly Warrior throws;  
 His haughty Head inclin'd with ealie Scorn,  
 Th' invading Foe high in the Air is born.  
 Tost from the Combatant's victorious Horn.  
 Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastiffs fly;  
 And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky:  
 The clam'rous Youth to aid each other call,  
 On their broad Backs to break the Fav'rite's Fall:  
 Some stretch'd out in the Field lie dead, and some  
 Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.  
 With disproportion'd Numbers press'd, at length,  
 He breaks his Chain, collecting all his strength,

Then



Then Dogs and Masters scar'd, promiscuous fly,  
And faln in heaps, the pale Spectators lie:  
He walks in Triumph, nods his conqu'ring Head,  
And proudly views the spoils about him spread.

Blac.

## BUSINESS.

Thou Changeling, thou bewitch'd with Noise and Show,  
Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go,  
Would'st see the World abroad, and have a share  
In all the Follies and the Tumults there;  
Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in the State,  
And Bus'ness thou would'st have, and would'st create

Bus'ness: the frivolous Pretence  
Of human Lust to shake off Innocence.

Cowl.

Bus'ness, which dares the Joys of Kings Invade!  
If there be Man, ye Gods, I ought to hate;  
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate:  
Still let him busy be, and in a Croud,  
And very much a Slave, and very proud.

Cowl.

The Day was made  
To number out the Hours of busy Men,  
Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched,  
And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day.

Dryd. Amphit.

The Tide of Business, like the running stream,  
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,  
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,  
And always in Extream.

Now with a noiseless gentle Course,  
It keeps within the middle Bed;  
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,  
And bears down all before it with impetuous Force:  
And Trunks of Trees come rouling down,  
Sheep and their Folds together drown,  
Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,  
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,  
And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours  
(mourn. Dryd. Hor.

## BUTCHER.

A Wight,  
With Gauntlet blue, and Bases white,  
And round blunt Dudgeon by his Side,  
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat, and Toil;  
And, like a Champion, shone with Oil:

No

No Engine, nor Device Polemick,  
 Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,  
 Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Med'cines,  
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)  
 E'er sent so vast a Colony  
 To both the Under-worlds as He;

*Heroe.*

For he was of that noble Trade,  
 That Demi-Gods and Heroes made:  
 Slaughter, and knocking on the Head;  
 The Trade to which they all were bred:  
 And is, like others, glorious when  
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean:  
 The former rides in Triumph for it,  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 So sacred, with vile Bungling.

*Hud.*

### C A L M.

Now the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace. *Dryd. Ovid.*  
 The Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,  
 And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still;  
 That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*  
 We often see against some Storm  
 A Silence in the Heavens, the Rack stand still;  
 The loud Wind speechless, and the Orb below  
 As hush as Death *Shak. Haml.*  
 Calm as deep Rivers in still Ev'nings roll. *Blac.*  
 The Clouds dispel, the Winds their Breath restrain,  
 And the hush'd Waves lie flatt'd on the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's birth. *Cowl.*

### C A R E.

Care, that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes;  
 Which Youth thinks Folly: Age as Wisdom owns:  
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the Wise,  
 She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones. *Dav.*  
 All Creatures else a time of Love possess,  
 Man only clogs with cares his Happiness;  
 And while he should enjoy his Part of Bliss, *(of Gran.*  
 With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is. *Dry. Cong.*  
 What in this Life, which soon must end,  
 Can all our vain Designs intend?

*Fom*

From Shore to Shore why should we run,  
 When none his Tirefom self can shun?  
 For baneful Care will still prevail,  
 And overtake us under Sail :  
 'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind;  
 Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind :  
 If then thy Soul rejoyce to Day,  
 Drive far to Morrow's Cares away :  
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd,  
 No perfect Good is to be found.

Otw. Hor.

An angry Care did dwell  
 In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.

Cowl.

## CAULDRON.

So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,  
 The bubbling Waters from the Bottom rise  
 Above their Brims they force the fiery way,  
 Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.

Dryd. Virg.

## CENTAURS.

Like Cloud-born *Centaurs*, from the Mountain's height,  
 With rapid Course, descending to the Fight,  
 They rush along : the ratling Winds give Way,  
 The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.  
 The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Ovid.

## The Centaur CYLLARUS.

Nor could thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreflow  
 Thy Fate, (if Form to Monsters we allow,)  
 Just bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue;  
 Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew.  
 Srightly thy Look : Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part  
 So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art,  
 As far as Man extended ; where began  
 The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.  
 Add but a Horse's Head and Neck, and he  
 O *Castor*, was a Courser worthy thee.  
 So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat ;  
 So rose his brawny Chest ; so swiftly mov'd his Feet :  
 Cole-Black his Colour, but like Jet it shone :  
 His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.

Dryd. Ovid.

C E R.



## CERBERUS.

In his Den they found  
 The Triple-Porter of the *Stygian* Sound :  
 Grim *Cerberus* ; who soon began to rear  
 His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair ;  
 Op'ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes  
 With three enormous Mouths. *Dryd. Virg.*

For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate  
 Of Heav'n, wears three Crowns of State ;  
 So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,  
 Proud *Cerberus*, wears three Heads as well ;  
 And, if the World have any Troth,  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.

## CHAOS.

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave !  
 Gloomy Deep ! dreary Plain ! forlorn and wide !  
 The Seat of Desolation ! void of Light,  
 Save what the glimmering of Hell's livid Flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful. *Mil.*

Rude, undigested Mass !  
 A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,  
 Of jarring Seeds, and rightly *Chaos* nam'd. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Before their Eyes in sudden View appear  
 The Secrets of the hoary Deep : a dark,  
 Illimitable Ocean without Bound,  
 Without Dimension ; where Length, Breadth, and Height,  
 And Time and Place are lost : where eldest *Night*,  
 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
 Eternal Anarchy, amidst the Noise  
 Of endless Wars, and by Confusion stand.  
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce  
 Strive here for Mass'ry, and to Battel bring  
 Their Embryon Atoms : they around the Flag  
 Of each his Faction, in their sev'ral Clans,  
 Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous : Unnumber'd as the Sands  
 Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene's* torrid Soil,  
 Levy'd to side with warring Winds, and poise  
 Their lighter Wings. To whom these most adhere,  
 He rules a Moment : *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
 And by Decision more embroils the Fray,  
 By which he reigns : Next him high Arbiter,  
*Chance* governs all. *Mil.*

And

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,  
 Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends.  
 Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps,  
 And, undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps;  
 A griev'd Wight, and hideous to the Eye,  
 An awkward Lump of shapeless Anarchy;  
 With fordid Age his Features are defac'd,  
 His Lands unpeopled, and his Countries waste;  
 Upon a Couch of Jet, in these Abodes,  
 Dull *Night*, his melancholy Consort, nods.  
 No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ,  
 But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy. *Gar.*

As he profess'd

He had first Matter seen undress'd.  
 He took her naked, all alone,  
 Before one Rag of Form was on;  
 The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd. *Hud.*

Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,  
 And Strife, and Uproar fill the noisy Space:  
 Tumult and Misrule please at *Chaos* Court,  
 And everlasting Wars his Throne support:  
 Pleas'd with those Subjects most, that least obey.  
 Here heavier Seeds rush on in num'rous Swarms,  
 And crush their lighter Foes with pond'rous Arms.  
 The lighter strait command with equal Pride,  
 And on mad Whirlwinds in wild Triumph ride.  
 None long submits to a superiour Pow'r;  
 Each yields, and in his Turn is Conquerour. *Blac.*

#### S A T A N'S Passage thro' *Chaos*.

The wary Fiend stood on the brink of Hell,  
 And look'd awhile into this wild Abyss,  
 Pond'ring his Voyage: for no narrow Frith  
 He had to cross: Nor was his Ear less peal'd  
 With Noises loud and ruinous, (to compare  
 Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,  
 With all her batt'ring Engines, bent to rase  
 Some Capital City; or less than if this Frame  
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
 In Mutiny had from her Axle torn  
 The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vans  
 He spreads for Flight, and in the furling Smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the Ground: thence many a League  
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending, rides  
 Audacious, but that Seat soon failing, meets

A vast Vacuity : all unawares,  
 Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he droops  
 Ten thousand Fathom deep, and to this Hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance,  
 The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,  
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him  
 As many Miles aloft : that Fury staid,  
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis ; neither Sea,  
 Nor good dry Land : nigh founde'r'd, on he fares,  
 Treading the crude Consistence ; half on foot,  
 Half flying : behoves him now both Oar and Sail.  
 As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderness,  
 With winged Course o'er Hill or moary Dale,  
 Pursues the *Arismaſſian* who by Stealth  
 Had from his wakeful Custody purloin'd  
 The guarded Gold ; So eagerly the Fiend  
 O'er Bog, or Steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet, pursues his Way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or walks, or creeps, or flies.  
 At length an universal Hubburb wild  
 Of stunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,  
 Born thro' the hollow Dark, assaults his Ear  
 With loudest Vehemence. When strait behold the Throne  
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep : with him Enthron'd  
 Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of Things,  
 The Consort of his Reign : and by them stood  
*Orchus* and *Ader*, and the dreadful Name  
 Of *Demogorgon* : Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult, and Confusion all embroil'd,  
 And Discord, with a thousand various Mouths.  
*Satan* thence  
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire,  
 Into the wild Expanse : and thro' the Shock  
 Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round  
 Environ'd, wins his Way :  
 At last the sacred Influence  
 Of Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n  
 Shoots far into the Bosom of dim Night  
 A glimm'ring Dawn : Here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest Verge, and *Chaos* to retire,  
 As from her outmost Works, a broken Foe,  
 With Tumult less, and with less hostile Din ;  
 That *Satan* with less Toil, and now with Ease  
 Wafts on the calmer Wave by dubious Light :

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And, like a Weather-beaten Vessel, holds  
Gladly the Port, tho' Shrowds and Tackle torn.

*Milt.*

*Satan thus,*

Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded Deep  
Of Horrible Confusion.

And thro' the palpable Obscure toil'd out  
His uncouth Passage; spreading his airy Flight,  
Upborn with indefatigable Wings  
Over the vast Abrupt; compel'd to ride  
Th' untractable Abyfs, plung'd in the Womb  
Of unoriginal Night, and Chaos wild.

*Milt.*

### CHARIOT.

Bold *Eriethonius* was the first who join'd  
Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd,  
And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding fate:  
The *Lapithæ* to Chariots add the State  
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,  
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground:  
To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,  
To obey the Ruler, and to dare the Foe.  
Hast thou not seen when from the Goal they part;  
The youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,  
Rush to the Race, and panting scarcely bear  
Th' extreams of feav'rish Hope, and chilling Fear,  
Scoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force;  
The flying Chariots kindle in the Course.  
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,  
As born thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:  
No stop, no stay; but Clouds of Sand arise,  
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Followers Eyes:  
The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first,  
Such is the Love of Praise, an honourable Thirst.

*Dryd. Virg.*

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,  
Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:  
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,  
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### CHARNEL HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel House,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens ratling Bones;  
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chaplefs Skulls.

*Orw.*

A vast Vacuity : all unawares,  
 Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he droops  
 Ten thousand Fathom deep, and to this Hour  
 Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance,  
 The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,  
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Rush to the Race, and panting scarcely bear  
Th' extreams of feav'rish Hope, and chilling Fear,  
Scoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force;  
The flying Chariots kindle in the Course.  
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,  
As born thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:  
No stop, no stay; but Clouds of Sand arise,  
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Followers Eyes:  
The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first,  
Such is the Love of Praise, an honourable Thirst.

*Dryd. Virg.*

So four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,  
Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:  
Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,  
But force along the trembling Charioteer.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### CHARNEL HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel House,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens ratling Bones;  
With recky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls.

*Öm.*



## CHARON.

Upon the gloomy Banks of *Acheron*,  
 Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,  
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* lost,  
 Old *Charon* stands, who rules the dreary Coast.  
 A sordid God ! Down from his hoary Chin  
 A Length of Beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean ;  
 His Eyes, like hollow Furnaces on fire :  
 A Girdle, foul with Grease, binds his obscene Attire.  
 He spreads his Canvas ; with his Pole he steers ;  
 The Frights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears :  
 He look'd in Years : Yet in his Years were seen  
 A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green.

Dryd. Virg.

## CHEAT. See Coward.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great,  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat.  
 As Lookers-on feel most Delight,  
 That least perceive a Juggler's Slight :  
 And still the less they understand,  
 The more th' admire the Slight of hand.

Hud.

For the dull World most Honour pay to those,  
 Who on their Understanding most impose.  
 First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf :  
 Thus others cheat him not, but he himself.  
 He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show,  
 He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,  
 And still the Pleasure lies in the Deceit.  
 So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye,  
 Which no Existence has but in the Eye.  
 At distance Prospects please us, but when near,  
 We find but desert Rocks and fleeting Air ;  
 From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,  
 And he knows most, who latest is undone.  
 An honest Man may take a Knave's advice,  
 But Ideots only will be cheated twice.

Gar.

Dryd. the Cock and Fox.

## CITY.

There with like Haste, to sev'ral Ways they run,  
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.  
 While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,  
 Are each the other's Ruine and Increase.

As

As Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein  
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

*Denb.*

### CLIFF.

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head  
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep,  
How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low;  
The Crows and Choughs that wing the mid-way Air  
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles : half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers Samphire : dreadful Trade !  
The Fisher-men that walk upon the Beach,  
Appear like Mice ; and yon tall anch'ring Bark  
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock, a Buoy,  
Almost too small for Sight. The murm'ring Surge  
Cannot be heard so high.

*Shak. K. Lear.*

As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,  
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,  
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,  
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him.  
If then some neighb'ring Shrub, how weak foe'er,  
Peep up, his Willing Eyes stop gladly there,  
And seem to ease themselves and rest upon it.

*Dryd. Riv. Læd.*

CLOUDS. See Deluge. Storm. Tempest. Thunder. Wind.

Not one Kind Star was kindled in the Sky,  
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd Light supply :  
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament,

The Stars were muffled, and the Moon was pent.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Mark what collected Night involves the Skies.

*Dryd. Virg.*

O'erspreading Mists th' extinguish'd Sun Beams drown,

Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown,

And hang their deep Hydropick Bellies down.

*Black.*

The Lowring Clouds, that dip themselves in Rain,

To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,

And shews a Break of Sunshine.

*Dryd. D. of Guise.*

COCK. See Creation.

Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer  
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer.  
So hight the Cock, whose Singing did surpass  
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.

K 2

More

More certain was the crowing of this Cock  
 To number hours, than is an Abbey Clock.  
 And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,  
 He clap'd his Wings upon the Roof and sung :  
 High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,  
 In Dents imbattel'd, like a Castle-wall ;  
 His Bill was Raven black, and shone like Jet ;  
 Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet ;  
 White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,  
 His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.  
 This gentle Cock, for solace of his Life,  
 Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife :  
 Dame *Parlet* was the Sov'raign of his Heart ;  
 Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,  
 He feather'd her a hundred times a day ;  
 And she that was not only passing fair,  
 But was withal discreet, and debonair,  
 Resolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfil,  
 Tho' loath ; and let him work his wicked Will.  
 At Board and Bed was affable and kind ;  
 According as the Marriage-Vow did bind ;  
 And as the Church's Precept had enjoyn'd  
 By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain ;  
 She was his only Joy, and he her Pride,  
 She when he walk'd went pecking by his side ;  
 If spurning up the Ground, he sprung a Corn,  
 The Tribute in his Bill to her was born :  
 But oh ! what Joy it was to hear him sing  
 In Summer when the Day began to spring ;  
 Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat.  
 The crowing Cock  
 Salutes the Light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.

*Dryd. the*  
*(Cock and Fox)*  
*Dry. Theoc.*

## COMET.

Threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,  
 Shoot sanguin Streams, and sadden all the Skies.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Portending Blood, like blazing Star,  
 The Beacon of approaching War.

*Had.*

Hung be the Heav'ns with Black, yield Day to Night !  
 Comets, importing Change to Times and States,  
 Brandish your Golden Tresses in the Skies,  
 And with them scourge the bad revolted Stars,  
 That have consented unto *Henry's* Death.

*Shak. 1 Hen. 6.*

COM



## COMPASSION.

Compassion proper to Mankind appears,  
 Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears.  
 Oftender Sentiments we only give  
 Those Proofs : To weep is our Prerogative !  
 To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes,  
 How with a suffering Friend we sympathize.  
 Who can all Sense of others ills escape,  
 Is but a Brute at best in humane shape.  
 This natural Piety did first refine  
 Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine.  
 This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,  
 While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent :  
 To them, but Earth-born Life they did dispense ;  
 To us, for mutual Aid, celestial Sense.

Tate Juu.

## CONJURER and ALMANACK-MAKER.

He had been long tow'rd's Mathematicks,  
 Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,  
 Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,  
 And was old Dog at Physiology.  
 But as a Dog that turns the Spit,  
 Bestirs himself, and plyes his Feet  
 To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,  
 His own Weight brings him down again ;  
 And still he's in the self-same Place,  
 Where at his setting out he was ;  
 So in the Circle of the Arts,  
 Did he advance his nat'ral Parts :  
 Till falling back still for Retreat  
 He fell to juggle, cant and cheat.  
 For as those Fowls, that live in Water,  
 Are never wet, he did but smatter.  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
 His Understanding still was clear.  
 He'ad read *Dee's* Prefaces before  
 The *Devil* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er.  
 He with the Moon was more familiar,  
 Than e'er was Almanack-well-willer.  
 Her Secrets understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there :  
 Knew when she was in fittest Mood,  
 For cutting Corns, and letting Blood :

When for anointing Scabs, or Itches,  
 Or to the Bum applying Leeches,  
 When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd,  
 And in what Sign best Cider's made,  
 Whether the Wane be, or Increase,  
 Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease.  
 He made an Instrument to know,  
 If the Moon shine at Full or no,  
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, strait  
 Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate.  
 Tell what her Diameter t' an Inch is,  
 And prove she is not made of Green Cheese;  
 It would demonstrate that the Man in  
 The Moon, 's a Sea *Mediterranean*.  
 And that it is no Dog nor Birch,  
 That stands behind him at his Breech;  
 But a huge *Caspian* Sea, or Lake,  
 With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake:  
 How large a Gulf his Tail composes,  
 And what a goodly Bay his Nose is;  
 How many *German* Leagues by th' Scale  
 Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.  
 He made a Planetary Gin,  
 Which Rats would run their own Heads in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken  
 Without th' Expence of Cheese or Bacon.  
 With Lute-strings he would Counterfeit  
 Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat:  
 Quote Moles and Spots in any Place  
 O' th' Body, by the Index Face.  
 Detect lost Maidenheads by sneezing,  
 Or breaking Wind of Dames, or pissing.  
 Cure Warts and Corns, with application  
 Of Med'cines to th' Imagination.  
 Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare  
 With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh.  
 He knew whatever 's to be known,  
 But, much more than he knew, would own.  
 What Med'cine 'twas that *Paracelsus*,  
 Could make a Man with, as he tells us.

Hud.

## CONSCIENCE.

*Indamora*. Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,  
 But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?  
 Ev'n you your self to your own Breast shall tell  
 Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.

Moral.

*Morat.* What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown ?

She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.  
If Mirth should fail, I'll busie her with Cares ;  
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars :  
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne ;  
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

*Ind.* Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,  
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow :  
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,  
Examine how you came by all your State :  
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear  
Will hollow, Rebel, Traitor, Murtherer.  
Your ill-got Pow'r, wan Looks and Care shall bring ;  
Known but by Discontent to be a King :  
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone,  
You'll sit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne. *Dryd. Auren.*

Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores  
To publish what he does within doors :  
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,  
Unless his own rash Folly blab it.  
And a large Conscience is all one,  
And signifies the same with none.

*Hud.*

The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind ;  
Seek not thy Self without thy Self to find.

*Dryd. Pers.*

My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,  
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom-War. *Lee. Mithrid.*

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me ;  
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,  
Forget my Self, and this day's Guilt.

Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee ! *Otm. Ven. Pres.*

Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well ! *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Conscience, that of all Physick works the last ! *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

## CONSPIRACY.

O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies !

They move on many Springs, if one but fail,  
The restiff Machine stops.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

O Conspiracy !

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When Evils are most free ? O then by Day

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous Visage ? Seek for none :

For if thou put thy native Semblance on,

Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough

To hide thee from Prevention.

*Shak. Jul. Caf.*



**CONSTANCY.** See Inconstancy, and Protestations of Love.

Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battle.

Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods.

There's no such thing as Constancy we call ;

Faith ties not Hearts ; 'tis Inclination all :

Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,

First, Constancy in Love a Virtue made :

From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove,

And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be  
Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy :

For 't were to break the Laws herself has made.

Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade :

The most fix'd Being still does move and fly ;

Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.

T' imagine then that Love should never cease,

Love, which is but the Ornament of these,

Were quite as senseless as to wonder why

Beauty and Colour stay not when we dy.

*Cowl.*

**C O N T E N T.**

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind ;

And Happy he who can that Treasure find :

But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,

Broods on his Gold, and griping still for more,

Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dr. Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,

Content, that other Name for Happiness.

'Tis equal, if our Fortunes should augment,

And stretch themselves to the same vast extent,

With our Desires ; or those Desires abate,

Shrink and contract themselves to fit our State.

Th' unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,

By feeding it, foment the raging Fire.

His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,

With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curst.

Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,

May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate ;

Th' uneasie Passion's disingenious Wit

The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

*Blac.*

Secure and free from Business of the State,

And more secure of what the Vulgar prate ;

Here I enjoy my private Thoughts, nor care

What Rot for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare :

*Survey*

Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine  
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.  
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,  
Adds not a wrinkle to my even Brow.

*Dryd. Pers.*

He laugh'd at all the Vulgar's Cares and Fears;  
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:  
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,

When Fortune flatter'd him, and when the Frown'd. *Dryd. Juv.*  
Since all great Souls still make their own Content,

We to our selves may all our wishes grant;  
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

They can not want, who wish not to have more:  
Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?

*Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd  
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind:

A Soul, that can securely Death defy,  
And count it Nature's Privilege to dy:  
Serene and Manly, harden'd to sustain

The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain.

Guiltless of Hate, and proof against Desire;

That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.

*Dryd. Juv.*

Rest we contented with our present State:

'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.

*Dryd. K. Arth.*

Be satisfy'd, and pleas'd with what thou art:

Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part.

Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past;

And neither fear, nor wish, th' approaches of the last. *Comd. Mart.*

### CORPS.

A Lump of senseless Clay! The Leavings of a Soul. *Dryd.*

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r, *(all for Love.)*

New crompt by Virgin-Hands to deck the Bow'r:

Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below:

No more to Mother-Earth, or the green Stem shall owe. *Dr. Virg.*

### CORN.

The bearded Product of the Golden Year.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As when a suddain Storm of Hail and Rain,  
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain;

Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd,

On the flat Field and on the naked Void:

The light unloaded Stem, from Tempest free'd,

Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head,

And, soon restor'd by Nature's Vigour, bear

The timely Product of the bounteous Year.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As

As when a Field  
Of *Ceres*, ripe for Harvest, waving bends  
Her bearded Grove of Ears, which way the Wind  
Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
Lest on the threshing Floor his hopeful Sheaves  
Prove Chaff.

Mile.

# COUNSELLOR. *And Justice of the Peace.*

An old dull Sot, who 'ad told the Clock,  
For many Years at *Bridewell Dock*,  
At *Westminster*, and *Hicks's Hall*;  
And *Hic-tus-Doctus* play'd in all:  
Where in all Governments and Times,  
He 'ad been both Friend and Foe to Crimes:  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By hind'ring Justice, or Maintaining:  
To many a Whore gave Privilege,  
And whip'd for want of *Quarteridge*:  
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,  
For being behind a Fortnight's Rent.  
And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,  
To *Puddle-Dock*, for want of Money,  
Engag'd the Constable to seize  
All those that would not break the Peace;  
Nor give him back his own foul Words,  
Tho' sometimes Commoners or Lords:  
And kept them Prisoners of Course,  
For being Sober at ill Hours;  
That in the Morning he might free,  
Or bind them over, for his Fee.  
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-Plays,  
For leave to practise in their Ways.  
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share  
With th' Headborough and Scavenger,  
And made the Dirt i' th' Streets compound  
For taking up the Publick Ground:  
The Kennel and the King's High-way,  
For being unmolested, pay.  
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,  
And Cage, to those that gave him most.  
Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Bars,  
And for false Weights on Chandlers.  
Made Victuallers and Vintners fine  
For arbitrary Ale and Wine.  
But was a kind and constant Friend  
To all that regularly offend:

As



As Residentiary Bawds,  
 And Brokers that receive stol'n Goods;  
 That cheat in lawful Mysteries,  
 And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees;  
 But was implacable and awkward  
 To such as interlop'd and hawker'd.  
 To this brave Man the Knight repairs  
 For Counsel in his Law-affairs.  
 And found him, mounted in his Pew,  
 With Books, and Money, plac'd for show,  
 Like Nest-eggs, to make Clients lay,  
 And for his false Opinion pay.  
 To whom the Knight with comely Grace,  
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case:  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,  
 As th' other courteously strain'd:  
 And to assure him, 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.

Hud.

## COUNTRY LIFE.

Hail Old Patrician Trees, so great and good!  
 Hail ye Plebeian Underwood!  
 Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,  
 And for their quiet Nests, and plenteous Food,  
 Pay with their grateful Voice.  
 Hail the poor Muses richest Mannour-Seat!  
 Ye Country Houses and Retreat!  
 Which all the happy Gods so love,  
 That for you oft they quit  
 Their bright and great Metropolis above.  
 Here Nature does a House for me erect;  
 Nature, the wisest Architect!  
 Who those fond Artists does despise,  
 That can the fair and living Trees neglect;  
 Yet the dead Timber prize.  
 Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
 Hear the soft Winds above me flying,  
 With all the wanton Boughs dispute,  
 And the more tuneful Birds to both replying;  
 Nor be my self too mute.  
 A Silver Stream still rousls his Waters near,  
 Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,  
 On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,  
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
 How prettily they talk.

Gow!

O Fountains! When in you shall I,  
 My Self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy?  
 O Fields! O Woods! when, when shall I be made  
 The happy Tenant of your Shade?  
 Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,  
 Where all the Riches lie,  
 That she has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.  
 Pride and Ambition here,

Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear.

Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,  
 And Nought but *Echo* flatter.

The Gods when they descended, hither  
 From Heav'n did always choose their Way,  
 And therefore we may boldly say,  
 That 'tis the Way too thither.

Cow!

How happy in his low Degree,  
 How Rich in humble Poverty is he  
 Who leads a quiet Country Life,  
 Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of strife,  
 And from the griping Scriv'ner free!

Nor Trumpets summon him to War,  
 Nor Dreams disturb his Morning sleep,  
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,  
 Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.

The Clamours of contentious Law,  
 And Court and State he wisely shuns,  
 Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,  
 To servile Salutations runs.

But either to the clasping Vine  
 Does the supporting Poplar wed,  
 Or with his Pruning-Hook disjoin  
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,  
 And grafts more happy in their stead.

Or climbing to a hilly Steep,  
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,  
 Or shears his over-burden'd Sheep,  
 Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares  
 Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.

Or in the new declining Year,  
 VVhen bounteous Autumn rears his head,  
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,  
 And clust'ring Grapes, with purple spread.

Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted Grass he lies;  
 No God of sleep he need invoke,  
 The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,  
 VVith gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.

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The VVind, that whistles thro' the Sprays,  
 Maintains the Confort of the Song,  
 And hidden Birds with native Lays  
 The golden Sleep prolong.  
 But when the Blast of VVinter blows,  
 And hoary Frost inverts the Year,  
 Into the naked VVoods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 VVith well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.  
 Or spreads his subtil Nets from sight,  
 VVith twinkling Glasses to betray  
 The Larks that in the Meshes light;  
 Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.  
 Amidst his harmless easy Joys  
 No anxious Care invades his Health;  
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked Avarice of VVealth.  
 Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,  
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born;  
 VVho plow'd with Oxen of their own,  
 Their small Paternal Field of Corn.

Dryd. Hor.

Oh let me in the Country range!  
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live:  
 The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,  
 Smiling Valleys, murm'ring Fountains,  
 Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,  
 Echo our Complaints repeating,  
 Bees with busie Sounds delighting,  
 Groves to gentle Sleep inviting,  
 VVhisp'ring VVinds the Poplars courting,  
 Swains in rustick Circles sporting,  
 Birds in chearful Notes expressing  
 Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing,  
 These afford a lasting Pleasure,  
 VVithout Guilt, and without Measure.

Brown.

Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow  
 VVith his own Hand paternal Grounds to plough!  
 Like the first golden Mortals happy he,  
 From Bus'ness, and the Cares of Money free!  
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,  
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep:  
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,  
 Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.  
 Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine  
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join;  
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,  
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful VVound:

Sometimes



Sometimes he sheats his Flock, and sometimes he  
 Stores up the golden Treasures of the Bee.  
 He sees the lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,  
 While neigb'ring Hills low back to them again.  
 And when the Season rich as well as gay,  
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,  
 How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see,  
 Of his well trusted Labours bend the Tree.  
 Of which large Stores, on the glad sacred Days,  
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.  
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,  
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,  
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,  
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear, or with Design:  
 By him a River constantly complains,  
 The Birds above rejoyce with various Strains;  
 And in the solemn Scene their Orgies keep,  
 Like Dreams, mix'd with the gravity of Sleep.  
 Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,  
 And nought within against it bars the Gate.  
 Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,  
 Or sullen Jove all Sports to him deny.  
 He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,  
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air;  
 Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,  
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar.  
 Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net  
 To intercept, the trav'ling Fowl, is set.  
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn  
 In innocent Wars on Birds and Beasts alone.  
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,  
 From Thee, the great one, Tyrant Love! from Thee!  
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife  
 Be added to the Blessings of his Life,  
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,  
 Who makes her Children and her House her Care,  
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share.  
 Nor thinks her self too noble, nor too fine,  
 To pin the Sheeppfold, or to milk the Kine,  
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come  
 From rural Duties, late and weary'd, home,  
 Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,  
 A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face,  
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,  
 And with domestick Plenty loads the Board:  
 Not all the lustful Shel-fish of the Sea,  
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,

Nor

Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest  
Of costly Names, that glorify a Feast,  
Are at a Prince's Table better Cheer,  
Than Lamb, and Kid, Lettice, and Olives here. *Cowd. Hor.*

Ah Prince ! hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell  
With humble Fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy Royalty.  
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,  
Where with Life's Necessaries blest alone,  
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,  
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empire bring :  
No wicked Statesmen, would with impious Arts  
Have strove to wrest from us our small Inheritance,  
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction. *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Oh Happy, if he knew his happy State,  
The Swain who free from Bus'ness and Debate,  
Receives his easy Food from Nature's hand,  
And just returns of cultivated Land.  
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants,  
To admit the Tides of early Visitants,  
With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,  
The breathing Figures of *Corinthian* Brasses.  
No Statues threaten from high Pedestals ;  
No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls  
With antick Vests, which, thro' their shady Fold,  
Betray the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold.  
He boasts no Wool, whose Native white is dy'd  
With purple Poyson of *Assyrian* Pride.  
No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile  
With foreign Scents, the sweetness of his Oil :  
But easie Quiet, a secure Retreat,  
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat,  
With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner bless,  
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.  
Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,  
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys :  
Cool Grotts, and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride  
Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide,  
And shady Groves, that easie Sleep invite,  
And after toilsom Days, a soft Repose at Night.  
Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;  
And Youth, of Labour patient, plough the Ground,  
Inur'd to Hardship, and to homely Fare ;  
Nor venerable Age is wanting there,  
In great Examples to the youthful Train,  
Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane.  
From hence *Astrea* took her flight, and here  
The Prints of her departing steps appear.

Ye Sacred Muses! with whose Beauty fir'd,  
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd,  
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,  
 Would you your Poet's first Petition hear:  
 Give me the ways of wandering Stars to know,  
 The depth of Heav'n above, and Earth below;  
 Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,  
 And whence proceed th' Eclipses of the Sun:  
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,  
 And in what dark Recess they shrink again:  
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays  
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.  
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight  
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the height  
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light: }  
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Srise,  
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.  
 A Country Cottage, near a Crystal Flood,  
 A winding Valley, and a lofty Wood:  
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,  
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids.  
 Or lift me high to *Hemus* hilly Crown,  
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down.  
 Or lead me to some solitary Place,  
 And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who studying Nature's Laws,  
 Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause.  
 His Mind possessing in a quiet State,  
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.  
 And happy too is he, who decks the Bow'rs  
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the Rural Pow'rs.  
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,  
 Their glitt'ring Baits, and Purple Slavery.  
 Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown,  
 Nor when contending Kindred tear the Crown,  
 Will set up one, or pull another down. }  
 Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,  
 Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War.  
 Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd,  
 For what befalls at home, or what abroad.  
 Nor envies he the Rich, their happy Store;  
 Nor his own Peace disturbs, with Pity for the Poor.  
 He feeds on Fruits, which, of their own accord,  
 The willing Ground, and laden Trees afford.  
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,  
 The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,  
 Nor heard, at bawling Bars, corrupted Law: }

Some



Some to the Seas, and some to Camps resort,  
 And some, with Impudence, invade the Court.  
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown,  
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own ;  
 And Houses burn; and Household Gods deface,  
 To drink in Bowls, which glitt'ring Gems enchase,  
 To loll on Couches, rich with Citron Steds,  
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian* Beds.  
 The Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,  
 Hov'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.  
 Some Patriot Fools to popular Praise aspire,  
 Or publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire ;  
 While from both Benches, with redoubled Sounds,  
 Th' Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.  
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,  
 Have slain their Brothers; or their Country sold:  
 And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run  
 To Lands, that lie beneath another Sun.  
 The Peasant, innocent of all these ills,  
 With crooked Ploughs, the fertile Fallows tills, }  
 And the round Year, with daily Labour fills. }  
 From hence the Country Markets are supply'd,  
 Enough remains for Household Charge beside,  
 His Wife and tender Children to sustain,  
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train :  
 Nor cease his Labours, till the yellow Field  
 A full Return of bearded Harvest yield :  
 A Crop, so plenteous, as the Land to load,  
 O'ercome the crowded Barn, and lodge on Ricks abroad.  
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd ;  
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.  
 The yearning Ews prevent the springing Year,  
 The laded Boughs their Fruit in Autumn bear ;  
 'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,  
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.  
 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast;  
 For greedy Swine, provides a full Repast.  
 Then Olives, ground in Mills, their Fatness boast:  
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.  
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss ;  
 His little Children, climbing for a Kiss,  
 Welcome their Father's late return at Night:  
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight.  
 His Kine, with swelling Udders, ready stand,  
 And, lowing for the Pail, invite the Milker's hand.  
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,  
 Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard.

L

Himself,

Himself in rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,  
 To Rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays ;  
 And on the Green, his careless Limbs displays.  
 The Hearth is in the midst ; the Herdsmen round  
 The chearful Fire, provoke the Healths in Goblets crown'd.  
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize :  
 The Groom, his Fellow Groom, at Bars defies,  
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.  
 Or stript for wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,  
 And watches, with a Trip, his Foe to foil.  
 Such was the Life the Frugal *Sabines* led :  
 So *Remus*, and his Brother God were bred ;  
 From whom th' austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose :  
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.  
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,  
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth)  
 Which now on sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,  
 And in that Compass all the World contains.  
 E'er *Saturn's* Rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,  
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice,  
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her ancient Lord,  
 E'er sounding Hammers forg'd th' inhuman Sword,  
 E'er hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath  
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peal of Death ;  
 The good old God his Hunger did assuage,  
 VVith Roots, and Herbs ; and gave the Golden Age. *Dry. Vir.*

## COUNTRY-BUMKIN.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick Sound,  
 And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.  
 The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,  
 VVere exercis'd in vain, on VVit's Despair ;  
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,  
 And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.  
 His Corn and Cattle were his only Care  
 And his supreme Delight a Country Fair :  
 His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,  
 Hung half before, and half behind his Back ;  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went for want of Thought.

( & 1phig.  
*Dryd. Cym.*

## COUNTRY-LASS.

How happy is the harmless Country Maid,  
 VVho, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid.

VVhose

Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,  
 But like her Soul, preserve the native white.  
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind doth please;  
 Not pinch'd with VVant, nor clog'd with wanton Ease.  
 Who, free from Storms, which on the Great ones fall,  
 Makes but few VVishes, and enjoys them all.  
 No Care, but Love, can discompose her Breast,  
 Love, of all Cares, the sweetest, and the best.  
 While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,  
 One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.  
 Not one, whom on her Gods or Men impose,  
 But one whom Love has for this Lover chose;  
 Under some Fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,  
 They feed their Passions with repeated Vows.  
 And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,  
 His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.  
 Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie:  
 And whilst they live, their Flames can never die.

Roscom.

## COUNTRY-SQUIRE.

In Easter Term

My young Master's VVorship comes to Town;  
 From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,  
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family,  
 That with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,  
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.  
 And still with careful Prospect to maintain  
 That Character, lest crossing of the Strain  
 Should mend the Booby-breed, his Friends provide  
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.  
 And thus set out  
 VVith an Estate, no VVit, and a young VVife,  
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life,  
 Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,  
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Rach.

## COURAGE.

The greatest Proof of Courage we can give;  
 Is then to die, when we have Pow'r to live. *How. Ind. Queen.*  
 But when true Courage is of Force bereft,  
 Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran*  
 Conquest pursues where Courage leads the way. *Gara*  
 But ah! what use of Valour can be made.  
 When Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid? *Dryd. Virg.*



God-like his Courage seem'd, whom nor Delight  
Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright.

All desperate Hazards Courage do create,  
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate ;  
Prefence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,  
Are more than Armies to procure Success.

Meer Courage is to Madness near ally'd,  
A brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.

Then *Hudibras*,

Turn'd pale as Ashes or a Clout,  
But why, or wherefore is a doubt ;  
For Men will tremble and look paler  
With too much, or too little Valour.

#### C O U R T. See Greatness.

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,  
Upon whose magick Skirts a thousand Devils,  
In crystal Forms, sit tempting Innocence,  
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

*Bertram* has been taught the Art of Courts,  
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse Garment, (*Span. Fr.*)  
Too heavy for the Sun-shine of a Court. *Dryd. Span. Fr.*

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,  
VVhen they are not the last and worst of Men. *Dryd. Span. Fr.*

Farewel Court,  
VVhere Vice not only has usurp'd the Place,  
But the Reward, and ev'n the Name of Virtue. *Dent. Sep.*

#### C O V V.

The Mother-Cow must wear a low'ring Look,  
Sowr-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the Yoke :  
Her double Dewlap from her Chin descends ;  
And at her Thighs the pond'rous Burthen ends.  
Long are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great :  
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.  
Her Colour shining black, but fleck'd with white,  
She tosses from the Yoke, provokes the Fight :  
She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears,  
And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance wears ;  
Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd :  
And with her length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.  
The Bull's insult at four she may sustain,  
But after ten from nuptial Rites abstain :

Six Seasons use, but then release the Cow,  
Unfit for Love, or for the lab'ring Plough.  
The milky Mothers of the Plain.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Dryd. Virg.*

C O W A R D. *See Fear.*

The Good we act, the Ill that we endure ;  
Tis all for Fear, to make our selves secure ;  
Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst ;  
For all Men would be Cowards, if they durst.  
Let Fear upon the prosp'rous Hearts take hold :  
Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold.

*Rock.*

*How. Vest. Virg.*

As Cheats to play with those still aim,  
That do not understand the Game ;  
So Cowards never use their Might,  
But against such as will not fight.

*Hud.*

C R A N E. *See Creation. Pygmy.*

C R E A T I O N *of the WORLD.*

They sung how God spoke out the World's vast Ball,  
From *Nothing*, and from *No Where*, call'd forth *All*.

*Cowl.*

I saw the Birth

Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.  
I saw when at his Word this formless Mass,  
The World's material Mould, came to a Heap :  
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinity confin'd ;  
Till at his second Bidding, Darkness fled,  
Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung.  
Swift to their several Quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,  
And this ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, Spirited with various Forms,  
That rould orbicular, and turn'd to Stars.  
Each had his place appointed, each his Course.  
Thus God the Heav'ns created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void : Darkness profound  
Cover'd th' Abyfs ; but on the wat'ry Calm  
His brooding Wings the Spirit of God out-spread,  
And vital Vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
Throughout the fluid Mass ; but downward purg'd  
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,  
Adverse to Life ; then founded, then conglob'd  
Like Things to like, the rest to sev'ral Place,  
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her Centre hung.

L 3

*Light.*

*Light.*

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
 Ethereal, first of Things, Quintessence pure,  
 Sprung from the Deep ; and from her native East,  
 To journey thro' the airy Gloom began :  
 Spher'd in a radiant Cloud. And then God made

*Firmament.*

The Firmament, Expanse of liquid, pure  
 Transparent, elemental Air, diffus'd  
 In Circuit to the uttermost Convex  
 Of this great Round.

*Dry Land.*

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
 Of Waters, Embryon immature, invol'd,  
 Appear'd not : over all the Face of Earth  
 Main Ocean flow'd : not idle, but with warm  
 Prolifick Humour softning all her Globe,  
 Fermented the Great Mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial Moisture.  
 Immediately the Mountains huge appear,  
 Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave  
 Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky,

*Sea and Rivers.*

So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,  
 Capacious Bed of Waters : thither they  
 Hastened with glad precipitance, up-roll'd,  
 As Drops on Dust, conglobing from the Dry :  
 Part rise in Crystal Wall, or Ridge direct ;  
 as Armies at the Call

Of Trumpet  
 Troop to their Standard ; so the watry Throng,  
 Wave rolling after Wave, where way they found ;  
 If steep, with torrent Rapture ; if thro' Plain  
 Soft-ebbing : nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
 But they or under Ground, or Circuit wide  
 With serpent Error wand'ring, found their Way,  
 And on the washy Oose deep Channels wore ;  
 Within whose Banks the Rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid Train.

*Herbs,*



*Herbs, and Trees,*

Next the Earth, till then  
 Desart, and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose Verdure clad  
 Her universal Face with pleasant Green.  
 Then Herbs of ev'ry Leaf, that suddain flow'r'd,  
 Op'ning their various Colours; and made gay  
 Her Bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring Vine, forth crept  
 The smelling Gourd, upstood the corny Reed,  
 Embattel'd in her Field: and th' humble Shrub  
 And Bush with frizzled Hair implicit: last  
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spread  
 Their Branches hung with copious Fruit, or gem'd  
 Their Blossoms: with high Woods the Hills were crown'd,  
 With Tufts the Valleys, and each Fountain side;  
 With Borders long the Rivers.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars.*

Then of Celestial Bodies first the Sun  
 Almighty Sphere He fram'd: unlightfom first,  
 Tho' of Ethereal Mold: He form'd the Moon  
 Globose, and every Magnitude of Stars:  
 Of Light by far the greater Part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd  
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive,  
 And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain  
 Her gather'd Beams; Great Palace now of Light!  
 Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars  
 Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light:  
 And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns:  
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
 Invested with bright Rays: jocund to run  
 His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high Road: the Grey  
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,  
 Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the Moon,  
 But opposite in level'd West was set,  
 His Mirrour; with full Face borrowing her Light  
 From him, for other Light she needed none  
 In that Aspect, and still that Distance keeps  
 Till Night, then in the East her Turn she shines;  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle: and her Reign  
 With thousand lesser Lights dividuall holds:

VVith thousand thousand Stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere.

*Fish.*

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay  
With Frie innumerable swarm, and Shoals  
Of Fish, that with their Fins and shining Scales  
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft  
Bank the mid Sea : Part single, or with Mate,  
Graze the Sea-weed their Pasture ; and thro' Groves  
Of Coral stray : or, sporting, with quick Glance,  
Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats, drop'd with Gold ;  
Or in their pearly Shells at Ease attend  
Moist Nutriment, or under Rocks their Food  
In jointed Armour watch : On smooth the Seal,  
And bended Dolphins play : Part, huge of bulk,  
VVall'wing, unwieldy, enormous in their Gate,  
Tempest the Ocean : there *Leviathan*,  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretch'd like a Promontory, sleeps, or swims,  
And seems a moving Lake, and at his Gills  
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.

*Birds.*

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens, and Shores,  
Their Brood as num'rous hatch from th' Egg, that soon  
Bursting with kindly Rupture, forth disclos'd  
Their callow Young : but feather'd soon and fledg'd,  
They sum'd their Pens, and soaring th' Air sublime,  
VVith Clang despis'd the Ground, under a Cloud  
In Prospect : there the Eagle and the Stork  
On Cliffs, and Cedar Tops their Eyries build :  
Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise  
In Common, rang'd in Figure, wedg'd their way,  
Intelligent of Seasons ; and set forth  
Their airy Caravan, high over Seas  
Flying, and over Lands, easing their VVings  
VVith mutual Flight : So steers the prudent Crane  
Her Annual Voyage born by VVinds : the Air  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd Plumes.  
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with Song  
Solac'd the VVoods, and spread their painted VVings,  
Till Even : Nor then the solemn Nightingale  
Ceas'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her soft Lays.  
Others in Silver Lakes, and Rivers bath'd

*Their*

Their downy Breast: the Swan with arched Neck  
 Between her white VVings mantling, proudly rows  
 Her State with oary Feet; yet oft they quit  
 The Dank, and, rising on stiff Pennons, tow'r  
 The mid aerial Sky: Others on Ground  
 VValk'd firm: the crested Cock, whose Clarion sounds  
 The silent Hours: and th' other, whose gay Train  
 Adorns him: colour'd with the florid Hue  
 Of Rainbows, and starry Eyes.

*Beasts.*

Then the Earth,  
 Op'ning her fertile Womb, teem'd at a Birth  
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect Forms,  
 Limb'd and full-grown: out of the Ground up-rose  
 As from his Lair, the VVild Beast where he runs  
 In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den.  
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd,  
 The Cattle in the Fields and Meadows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in Flocks,  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds up-sprung.  
 The grassy Clods now calv'd; now half appear'd  
 The tawny Lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder Parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: the Ounce,  
 The Libbard, and the Tygre, as the Moal  
 Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw,  
 In Hillocks: the swift Stag from under Ground  
 Bore up his branching Head. Scarce from his Mold  
*Behemoth*, biggest Born of Earth, up-heav'd  
 His Vastness: fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating rose,  
 As plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land  
 The River Horse and scaly Crocodile.

*Creeping Things.*

At once came forth whatever creeps the Ground,  
 Insect, or VVorm: those wav'd their limber Fans  
 For VVings, and smallest Lineaments exact,  
 In all the Liveries deck'd of Summer's Pride,  
 VVith Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green;  
 These as a Line their long Dimension drew,  
 Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace: not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent Kind,  
 VVond'rous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky Folds, and added VVings: First crept

The



The parcimonious Emmet, provident  
Of Future ; in small Room large Heart enclos'd ;  
Pattern of just Equality.

Swarming next appear'd  
The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
VVith Honey stor'd.

The Serpent, subt'lest Beast of all the Field,  
Of huge Extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes,  
And hairy Mane terrifick.  
Now Heav'n in all her Glory shin'd, and rowl'd  
Her Motions, as the Great First Mover's Hand  
First wheel'd their Course. Earth in her rich Attire  
Consummate lovely smil'd : Air, VVater, Earth,  
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd.

*Man.*

There wanted yet the Master-VVork, the End  
Of all yet done ; a Creature, who not prone,  
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
VVith Sanctity of Reason, might erect  
His Stature, and upright with Front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n :

He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee, O Man,  
Dust of the Ground, and in thy Nostrils breath'd  
The Breath of Life.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold ! all was intirely Good,  
Answ'ring his great Idea ! Up he rode,  
Follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps that tun'd  
Angelick Harmonies ; the Earth, the Air  
Refounded,

The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in their Station list'ning stood,  
VVhile the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.

*Milt.*

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above  
Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love.  
Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,  
When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.  
Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound,  
And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd.  
The Chain still holds ; for, tho' the Forms decay,  
Eternal Matter never wears away.

Parts

Parts of the Whole are we : but God the Whole,  
 Who gives us Life, and animating Soul  
 For Nature cannot from a Part derive  
 That Being, which the Whole can only give.  
 He perfect, stable ; but imperfect we,  
 Subject to Change, and diff'rent in Degree,  
 Plants, Beasts, and Men : and as our Organs are,  
 We more or less of his Perfection share.  
 But by a long Descent th' Ethereal Fire  
 Corrupts ; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire.  
 As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,  
 And the same Matter makes another Mass.  
 This Law th' Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,  
 That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live.  
 That Individuals die his Will ordains,  
 The propagated Species still remains.

*Dryd. Pal. and Arc.*

He sng the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame,  
 How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame  
 Fell thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall  
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.  
 The tender Soil, then stiff'ning by degrees,  
 Shut from the bounded Earth the bounding Seas :  
 Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose,  
 And a new Sun to the new World arose.  
 And Mists, condens'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,  
 And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply :  
 The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace,  
 The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race,  
 Yet few, and strangers in th' unpeopled Place.

*Dryd. Virg.*

#### CRIES or Shrieks.

Now Peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,  
 Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War.

*Dr. Virg.*

The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,  
 And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry,  
 Old Feeble Men with fainter Groans reply :  
 A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.  
 Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods,  
 Or Birds of diff'ring Kind in hollow Woods.

*Dryd. Virg.*

First from the frighted Court the Yell began,  
 Redoubled thence from House to House it ran :  
 The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries  
 Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.

*Dryd. Virg.*

A shout that struck the Golden Stars ensu'd.

*Dryd. Virg.*

CRUSH'D

## CRUSH'D to Pieces.

The Overthrow,  
 Crushing, to Dust pounded the Crowd below :  
 Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know.  
 Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass did remain,  
 But a mash'd Heap, a Hotchpot of the Slain :  
 One vast Destruction ; not the Soul alone :  
 But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown. }  
Dryd. Juu.

## CUCKING-STOOL.

As Ovation was allow'd  
 For Conquest, purchas'd without Blood ;  
 So Men decree these lesser Shows  
 For Vict'ry, gotten without Blows  
 By Dint of sharp hard Words, which some  
 Give Battel with, and overcome.  
 These, mounted in a Chair Curule,  
 Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool,  
 March proudly to the River's side,  
 And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride ;  
 Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are said  
 The *Adriatick* Sea to wed ;  
 And have a gentler Wife, than those  
 For whom the State decrees these Shows. Hud.

## CUCKOLD. See Jealousie.

O Curse of Marriage !  
 That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,  
 And not their Appetites ! I had rather be a Toad,  
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,  
 Than keep a Corner in the thing I love,  
 For others Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague to great ones :  
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base :  
 'Tis Destiny unshunnable like Death !  
 I had been happy, if the general Camp,  
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,  
 So I had nothing known.

That Cuckold lives in Bliss,  
 Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his Wronger.  
 I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
 Than but to know't a little  
 What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust ?  
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;



I slept the next Night well, was free and merry :  
 I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips ;  
 He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Shak. Othello.*

Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow,  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 What, being known, creates their certain Woe.  
 Ingrateful Wretch ! that never thanks his Maker.

*Rech.*

### CUNNING-MAN and Quack.

He deals in Destinie's dark Counsels,  
 And sage Opinions of the Moon sells ;  
 To whom all People, far and near,  
 On deep Importances repair ;  
 When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
 And Linnen slinks out of the Way :  
 When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,  
 And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous'd ;  
 When Cattle feel Indisposition,  
 And need th' Opinion of Physician ;  
 When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,  
 And Chickens languish of the Pip :  
 When Yest and outward Means do fail,  
 And have no Pow'r to work on Ale.  
 When Butter does refuse to come,  
 And Love proves cross and humourfom.  
 To him with Questions, and with Urine,  
 They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

*Hud.*

### CURSE. See Imprecations.

I Curse thee not :  
 For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,  
 Than to be what they are : That Curse be thine. *Dr. Den. Seb.*  
 And let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,  
 Let *Creon* haunt himself. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Hear me, just Heavens !  
 Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head  
 With never ceasing Vengeance : Let Despair,  
 Dangers or Infamy, nay, all surround me ;  
 Starve me with Wantings ; let my Eyes ne'er see  
 A sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace,  
 But dash my Days with Sorrows, Nights with Horrors,  
 Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Old. Vin. Pres.*  
 Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour  
 Of my loath'd Life yield me increase of Horror ;

*Oh.*

Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes  
 Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.  
 May ev'ry thing I look on seem a Prodigy,  
 To fill my Soul with Terrours, till I quite  
 Forget I ever had Humanity,  
 And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature.

Orn. Orph.

Now Hell's bluest Plagues  
 Receive her quick with all her Crimes upon her,  
 Let her sink spotted down : let the dark Host  
 Make room, and point and hiss her as she goes :  
 Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex  
 Rejoyce and cry ; here comes another Fiend. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*

Kind Heav'n ! let heavy Curses  
 Gall his old Age : Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,  
 And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart :  
 Oh let him live till Life becomes a Burden,  
 Let him groan under't long, linger an Age  
 In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,  
 And find it's ease but late.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Could I kill with Cursing,  
 By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in Venice  
 Should not be blasted : Senators should rot  
 Like Dogs on Dunghills ; but their Wives and Daughters  
 Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse  
 To kill with !

Otw. Ven. Pres.

## C U S T O M.

Custom, that does still dispence,  
 An universal Influence.

And make things right or wrong appear,  
 Just as they do her Liv'ry wear, *Hud.*

Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,  
 And only serves for Reason to the Fools.

Roch.

Ill Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,  
 Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.

Dryd. Ovid.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,  
 As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.

Dryd. Ovid.

For Custom will a strong Impression leave :  
 Hard Bodies, which the lightest Stroke receive,  
 In length of Time, will moulder and decay,  
 And Stones with Drops of Rain are wash'd away.

Dryd. Lucr.

## C Y B E L E.

Hail thou Great Mother of the Deities !  
 Whose tinckling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idaan* Woods,

Dryd. Virg.

Who

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Who secret Rites and Ceremonies taught ;  
And to the Yoke the Savage Lions brought. *Dryd. Virg.*

Fierce Tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy Will. *Dryd. Virg.*

In Pomp she makes the *Phrygian* Round,  
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd:

A Hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply ;

Her Offspring all ; and all command the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

#### CYCLOPS. See Smith.

Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name, an Isle does lye,

Between *Sicilia's* Coast and *Lipare*.

Rais'd high on smoaking Rocks, and deep below

In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow :

The *Cyclops* here, their heavy Hammers deal ;

Loud Stroaks and Hissings of tormented Steel

Are heard around ; the boyling Waters roar,

And smoking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.

Hither, the Father of the Fire, by Night,

Thro' the brown Air precipitates his flight.

On their eternal Anvils, here he found

The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round.

A Load of pointless Thunder now there lies

Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies.

These Darts for angry *Jove* they daily cast,

Consum'd on Mortals, with prodigious Waste.

Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more,

Of winged Southern Winds, and cloudy Store

As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame :

And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.

Inferiour Ministers for *Mars* prepare

His broken Axle-Trees, and blunted War ;

And send him forth again with furbish'd Arms,

To wake the lazy War, with Trumpets loud Alarms.

The rest refresh the scaly Snakes that fold

The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Gold :

Full on the Crest, the *Gorgon's* Head they place,

With Eyes that roll in Death, and with distorted Face. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,

And their swollen Sinews echoing Blows repeat :

From the *Vulcano* gross Eruptions rise,

And curling Sheets of smoke obscure the Skies.

*Gar.*

#### DARKNESS.

Even Hell gap'd horrible,

And thro' the Chasm, let in prodigious Night ;

Night



Night that extinguish'd the meridian Ray,  
And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.

Blac.

Let Darkneſs to be felt,  
Impenetrable Darkneſs, ſuch as dwelt  
On the dun Viſage of Primeval Night,  
Shut ev'ry Star-beam out from mortal Sight,  
And cloſe up ev'ry Paſs and Road of Light.

Blac.

Darkneſs, thou firſt kind Parent of us all ?  
Thou art our great Original !  
Since from thy univerſal Womb,  
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy num'rous Off-ſpring come.  
Thy wond'rous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown ;  
Or, like Eternity, thou'dſt none.  
While Light did its firſt Being owe  
Unto that awful Shade, it dares to rival now.  
Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our Breath,  
Thou art our Refuge too in Death !  
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb !  
Where'er our Souls ſhall go, to thee our Bodies come.  
The ſilent Globe is ſtruck with awful Fear  
When thy majeſtick Shades appear.  
Thou doſt compose the Air and Sea :  
And Earth a Sabbath keeps, ſacred to Reſt and Thee.  
In thy ſerener Shades our Ghoſts delight,  
And court the Umbrage of the Night  
In Vaults and gloomy Caves they ſtray,  
But fly the Morning-Beams and ſicken at the Day.  
Thou doſt thy Smiles impartially beſtow,  
And know'ſt no Diff'rence here below :  
All Things appear the ſame to thee,  
Tho' Light Diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt Equality.  
In Caves of Night, the Oracles of old  
Did all their Myſteries unfold :  
Darkneſs did firſt Religion grace,  
Gave Terrors to the God, and Rev'rence to the Place.  
When the Almighty did on *Horeb* ſtand,  
Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land :  
In Clouds of Night he was array'd,  
And venerable Darkneſs his Pavilion made.  
When he appeared arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,  
He veil'd the beatifick Light ;  
When terrible with Majeſty,  
In Tempeſts he gave Laws, and clad himſelf with thee.  
And fading Light its Empire muſt reſign,  
And Nature's Power ſubmit to thine :  
A univerſal Ruin ſhall ereſt thy Throne,  
And Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own.

Tald.  
Darkneſs,

Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarm,  
Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms :

*Mira* can lay her Beauty by,  
Take no advantage of the Eye,  
Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,  
And yet a thousand Captives make.  
Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,  
Than in another's Song is found.

And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,  
Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.  
As the bright Stars and Milky Way,  
Shewn by the Night, are hid by Day,  
So we, in her accomplish'd Mind,  
Help'd by the Night, new Graces find ;  
Which, by the Splendour of her View  
Dazled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark  
No Want of Day, nor think it dark ;  
Her shining Image is a Light  
Fix'd in our Hearts, and conquers Night.

Like Jewels to advantage set,  
Her Beauty by the Shade does get.  
There Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain.  
All that our Passion might restrain,  
Is hid ; and our indulgent Mind  
Presents the fair Idea kind.

Yet, friended by the Night, we dare,  
Only in Whispers, tell our Care :  
He, that on her his bold Hand lays,  
With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays :  
They, with a Touch, they are so keen,  
Wound us, unshot ; and she unseen :  
So we th' *Arabian* Coast do know  
At distance, when the Spices blow,  
By the rich Ordour taught to steer,  
Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

Wall.

Oh she does teach the Torches to burn bright !  
Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheeks of Night,  
Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back ;

Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear ;  
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright, (*Rom. & Jul.*  
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking. *Shak.*

DEATH. See Life. Futurity.

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,  
Fear'd afar off

M

By

By erring Nature : a mistaken Phantom !  
A harmless Lambent Fire ! She kisses cold,  
But kind and soft, and sweet as my *Cleora* !

*Dryd. Cleora*

If she be like my Love,  
She is not dreadful sure.

*Dryd. All for Love*

Oh could we know  
What Joy she brings, at least what Rest from Grief,  
How should we press into her friendly Arms,  
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy.

*Dryd. Cleora*

Death ends our Woes,  
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene.

*Dryd. Spa. Fry*

The Dead are only happy, and the Dying :  
The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.  
He who is near his Death, but turns about,  
Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy ;

Then slips into his Shrowd, and rests for ever.

*Lee. Cas. Ber*

Death is the Privilege of human Nature ;  
And Life without it were not worth our taking :  
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner  
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

*Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Death shuns the naked Throat, and proffer'd Breast :  
He flies, when call'd to be a welcome Guest.

*Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*

I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure !  
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure.

Oh had I Courage but to meet my Fate,  
That short dark Passage to a future State,  
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,

That Something, or that Nothing after Death !

*Dryd. Aurem.*

But Men with Horror Dissolution meet ;  
The Minutes ev'n of painful Life are sweet.

*Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

Poor abject Creatures ! How they fear to dye ?  
Who never knew one happy Hour of Life,  
Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant ?  
Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,  
That Men may dare to live ?

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Many are the Shapes  
Of Death, and many are the Ways that lead  
To his grim Cave ; all dismal ! yet to Sense  
More terrible at th' Entrance, than within.

*Milt.*

Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,  
Death mocks our greatest Skill, and utmost Care :

Nor loves the fair, nor fears the strong,  
And he that lives the longest, dies but young.

And once depriv'd of Light,  
We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.

*One*



One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow ;  
 Another's ling'ring Death comes slow :  
 And what of Life they take from thee,  
 The Gods may give to punish me.

Otw. Hor.

What makes all this but *Jupiter*, the King,  
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring ?  
 Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,  
 To make a Virtue of Necessity :  
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;  
 The bad grows better which we well sustain :  
 And could we chuse the Time, and chuse aright ;  
 'Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height,  
 When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,  
 But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame,  
 Then should we wish our happy Life to close,  
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose ;  
 So should we make our Death a glad Relief,  
 From future Shame, from Sickness and from Grief.  
 Enjoying while we live the present Hour,  
 And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.  
 Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend should run,  
 And joy us of our Conquest early won.  
 While the malicious World with envious Tears,  
 Should grudge our happy end and wish it theirs.

(& Arc.  
Dryd. Pal.

When Honour's lost, 'tis a Relief to dye :  
 Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.

Gar.

The Thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful :

Oh 'tis a fearful thing to be no more :  
 Or if to be, to wander after Death ;  
 To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day ;  
 And when the Darkness comes, to glide the Paths  
 That lead to Graves ; and in the silent Vault,  
 Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,  
 Striving to enter the forbidden Corps ;  
 And often, often vainly breathe your Ghost  
 Into your lifeless Lips.

Then, like a lone, benighted Traveller,  
 Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd  
 By whistling Winds, whose ev'ry Blast will shrink  
 Your tender Form to Atoms

Dryd. Oedip.

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,  
 It seems as natural as to be born.

Groans and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,  
 Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,  
 Make Death a dreadful thing : The Pomp of Death,  
 Is far more terrible than Death it self.

Lee. L. I. Brut.

When the Sun sets, Shadows, that shew'd at Noon

But small, appear most long and terrible ;  
 So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,  
 Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds.  
 Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death ;  
 Nature's worst Vermin scare her Godlike Sons :  
 Echose, on the very Leavings of a Voice,  
 Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.  
 Each Mole-Hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus* ;  
 While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,  
 And sweat with an Imagination's Weight.

Lee. *OEdip.*

## Death's dark Shades

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horrour :  
 At near approach the Monsters, form'd by Fear,  
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.  
 Amidst the gloomy Vale, a pleasing Scene  
 With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,  
 Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.  
 No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair  
 Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,  
 But injur'd Lovers find *Elizium* there.

Rowe. *Tamerl.*

Death only can be dreadful to the bad :  
 To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear, dress'd  
 To frighten Children : Pull but off his Mask,  
 And he'll appear a Friend.

Dryd. *OEdip.*

Oh that I less could fear to lose this Being !  
 Which like a Snow-Ball in my Coward-hand.  
 The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away. *Dryd. All for Love.*

From Death we rose to Life : 'tis but the same,  
 Thro' Life to pass again from whence we came.  
 With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,  
 Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail ;  
 Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise ;  
 Scorn'd Love, to Death, as to a Refuge, flies ;  
 And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.  
 Hope triumphs o'er the thought of Death : and Fate  
 Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.  
 We fear to lose what a small time must waste,  
 Till Life it self grows the Disease at last :  
 Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,  
 And to be long a dying only pray.

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,  
 Beset with Dangers, and maintain'd with Strife ?  
 A Life which all our Care can never save ;  
 One Fate attends us ; and one common Grave.  
 Besides, we tread but a perpetual Round,  
 We ne'er strike out, but beat the former Ground  
 And the same maukish Joys, in the same Track are found.

For

For still we think an absent Blessing best,  
 Which cloyes, and is no Blessing when possess'd,  
 A new-arising Wish expels it from the Breast.  
 The feav'rish Thirst of Life increases still ;  
 We call for more and more, and never have our Fill :  
 Yet know not what to Morrow we shall try ;  
 What Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie.  
 Nor, by the longest Life we can attain,  
 One Moment from the Length of Death we gain ;  
 For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.  
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,  
 The Man as much to all Intents is dead,  
 Who dies to day, and will as long be so,  
 As he, who dy'd a thousand Years ago.

*Dryd. Luc.*

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,  
 If Souls can die as well as Bodies can ?  
 For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,  
 So, when our mortal Frame shall be disjoyn'd,  
 The lifeless Lump uncoupl'd from the Mind,  
 From sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free ;  
 We shall not feel, because we shall not BE :  
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,  
 The Soul could feel in her divided State ;  
 What's that to us ? For WE are only WE  
 While Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree :  
 Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by Chance,  
 And Matter leap into the former Dance,  
 What Gain to us would all this Bustle bring ?  
 The new-made Man would be another Thing.  
 When once an interrupting Pause is made,  
 That individual Being is decay'd.  
 We who are dead and gone shall bear no Part  
 In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart  
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,  
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.  
 For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,  
 Must BE when those Misfortunes shall arrive :  
 And since the Man who IS not, feels not Woe,  
 (For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,  
 Which we, the Living only, feel and bear )  
 What is there left for us in Death to fear ?  
 When once that Pause of Life has come between,  
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.  
 And therefore, if a Man bemoan his Lot,  
 That after Death his mould'ring Limbs shall rot,  
 Or, Flames, or Jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,  
 Know he 's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.



The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind.  
 He boasts no Sense can after Death remain,  
 Yet makes himself a part of Life again :  
 As if some other HE could feel the Pain.  
 If while he live, this Thought molest his head,  
 He wastes his Days in idle Grief, nor can  
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man ;  
 But thinks himself can still himself survive,  
 And what, when dead he feels not, feels alive.  
 Then he repines that he was born to die,  
 Nor knows in Death there is no other HE,  
 No living HE remains his Grief to vent,  
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.  
 But to be snatch'd from all thy Household-Joys,  
 From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys!  
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah ! miserable me !  
 One woful Day sweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,  
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life !  
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true ;  
 Thy Want and Wish of them is vanish'd too :  
 Which well consider'd, were a quick Relief  
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief :  
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,  
 And quitting Life, shalt quit thy living Pain :  
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,  
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.  
 Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,  
 Disturb their Mirth with Melancholy Fits ;  
 When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,  
 Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,  
 They whine, and cry Let us make haste to live,  
 Short are the Joys that human Life can give.  
 Eternal Preachers ! who corrupt the Draught,  
 And pall the God that never thinks, with Thought.  
 Even in Sleep, the Body, wrapt in Ease,  
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,  
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave :  
 Were that sound sleep Eternal, it were Death.  
 Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety  
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be :  
 For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,  
 Are scatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,  
 And never can return into their Place,  
 When once the Pause of Life has left an empty Space,  
 And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call  
 To thee, or me, or any of us all ;  
 What do'st thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,  
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,

And

And sigh, and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?  
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore;  
 If all the bounteous Blessings I could give,  
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live  
 And Pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve,  
 Why dost thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,  
 Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise, and take thy Rest ?  
 But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away,  
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,  
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still ?  
 If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,  
 And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,  
 Lay down thy Burthen, Fool, and know thy Friend.  
 To please thee I have empty'd all my Store,  
 I can invent, and can supply no more,  
 But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.  
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,  
 Yet still the self-same Scene of Things appears,  
 And would be ever, couldst thou ever live ;  
 For Life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.  
 But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,  
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,  
 She speaks aloud to him with more Disdain,  
 Be still thou Martyr-Fool, thou covetous of Pain.  
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament ;  
 What thou, she cries, who hast out-liv'd Content ?  
 Do'st thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store ?  
 Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,  
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.  
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide ?  
 What can we plead against so just a Bill ?  
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.  
 For Life is not confin'd to him or thee ;  
 'Tis given to all for Use, to none for Property.  
 And thou, do'st thou disdain to yield thy Breath,  
 Whose very Life is little more than Death ?  
 More than one half by lazy Sleep possess'd  
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, (Dryd. Lucr. }  
 Day-Dreams, and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast. }  
 Ah ! Why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to dye,  
 Rather than stretch the Span of Life to find  
 Such Ills, as Fate has wisely cast behind,  
 For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live  
 Makes covetous of more than Life can give ?  
 Each has his share of Good, and when 'tis gone,  
 The Guest, tho' hungry, can not rise too soon. Dr. Sig. & Guisc. }  
 'Tis

'Tis not the Stoick's Lesson, got by Rote,  
The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Dissertation,  
That can support thee in that Hour of Terrour;  
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it,  
But when the Tryal comes, they start, and stand aghast.

(Rowe. Fair Pen.

### Temple of Death.

In those cold Climates, where the Sun appears  
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;  
A dreadful Vale lies in a desert Isle;  
On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.  
There a thick Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,  
Which none without an awful Horror sees,  
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,  
Whole Flocks of ill-prefaging Birds receives:  
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,  
And Winter is the only Season there.  
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,  
And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield,  
Whose Streams, oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,  
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,  
Old as the World it self, which it commands:  
Round as its Figure, and four iron Gates  
Divide Mankind. By order of the Fates,  
There come, in Crouds doom'd to one common Grave,  
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.  
Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,  
Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors;  
All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load  
The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode;  
And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,  
With Clouds of Smoke encrease the dismal Shade.

A Monster void of Reason, and of Sight,  
The Goddess is, who sways this Realm of Night.  
Her Power extends o'er all things that have breath,  
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.

Norm.

### D Y I N G.

There Life gave way, and the last rosy Breath  
Went in that Sigh. Death, like a brutal Victor,  
Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces  
The lovely Frame he 'as master'd; see how soon  
Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre.

(Rowe. Amb. Stepm.  
He



He fell, and deadly pale,  
Groan'd out his Soul, with gushing Blood effus'd. *Milt.*

Grov'ling in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,  
And pour'd his Life out from the gaping Wound. *Blac.*

He fell, and shiv'ring gasp'd his latest Breath,  
And fainting sunk into the Arms of Death. *Blac.*

Biting the Ground he lies,  
And Death's unwelcom Shade o'er-spreads his Eyes. *Blac.*

Gasping he lay, and from the griev'd Wound  
The crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground. *Blac.*

Shiv'ring Death crept cold along his Veins. *Blac.*

A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes,  
And his disdainful Soul from his pale Bosom flies. *Blac.*

He staggers round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,  
And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath. *Dryd. Virg.*

A hov'ring Mist came swimming o'er his Sight,  
And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcom Doom receives,  
And murm'ring with Disdain the beauteous Body leaves. *Staff.*

Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head, *(Virg.)*

And fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the Bed :

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,  
And having found it, sicken'd at the Sight :

And clos'd her Lids at last in endless Night.  
The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life dissolv'd in Air.

A gath'ring Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes, *(Dryd. Virg.)*

And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies :

He swims before her sight,  
Inexorable Death, and claims his Right.

She staggers in her Seat with agonizing Pains ;  
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the Reins,

Short and more short she pants by slow Degrees ;  
Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees :

She drops her Sword, she nods her plumed Crest,  
Her drooping Head declining on her Breast :

In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires,  
And murm'ring with Disdain to *Stygian* Sounds retires. *Dr. Virg.*

And Life at length forsook her heaving Heart,  
Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Deadly Cold has froze the Blood ;  
The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,

And all the animating Fire is quench'd.  
Ev'n Beauty too is dead : an ashy Pale

Grows o'er the Roses ; the red Lips have lost  
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that sweet Breath,

That bless'd 'em with its Odours, as it pass'd. *Rowe. Tamerl.*

This

This was his last : for Death came on amain,  
 And exercis'd below, his iron Reign.  
 Then upward to the Seat of Life he goes ;  
 Sense fled before him ; what he touch'd, he froze :  
 Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,  
 Tho' less and less of *Emily* he saw.  
 So, speechless for a little Space he lay,  
 Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away. *Dryd.*  
 More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt : (*Pal. & Arc.*)  
 She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,  
 And bury'd half within her. *Dryd. All for Love.*  
 Oh she is gone ! the talking Soul is mute :  
 She's hush'd : No Voice, no Musick now is heard :  
 The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death.  
 The Roses fade ; and the Melodious Bird,  
 That wak'd their Sweets, has left 'em now for ever. *Lee. Alex.*

## Dying of Old Age.

Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,  
 But fell, like Autumn-fruit, that wither'd long ;  
 Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.  
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore Years,  
 Yet freshly ran he on ten Winters more ;  
 Till, like a Clock, worn out with eating Time,  
 The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still. *Lee. Oedip.*

## DEFORMITY.

His livid Eyes, retreated from the Day,  
 Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay :  
 His Back-bone, starting out, drew in his Breast ;  
 This Shoulder elevated, that depress'd :  
 And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd.  
 Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,  
 His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain. *Blac.*  
 Why, Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,  
 And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,  
 He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,  
 To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,  
 To make an envious Mountain on my Back,  
 Where sits Deformity to mock my Body :  
 To shape my Legs of an unequal Size,  
 To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,  
 Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bears-Whelp,  
 That carries no Proportion like the Dam. *Shak. Hen. 6.*

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,

And

And cry'd, the Work's not mine.  
 The Midwife stood agast; and when she saw  
 Thy Mountain-back, and thy distorted Legs,  
 Thy Face it self,  
 Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,  
 And half o'ercome with Beast, stood doubting long,  
 Whose Right in thee were more.  
 And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames,  
 Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body  
 In so perverse a Mold? yet when she cast  
 Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,  
 Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em,  
 On heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge  
 Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair;  
 And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,  
 The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps  
 That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd  
 This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:  
 And making less than Man, she made me more.

No! thou art all one Errour, Soul and Body!  
 The first young Tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r,  
 Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.  
 Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,  
 And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen.  
 Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,  
 And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou blot of Nature!  
 Thou Enemy of Eyes! Excrescence of a Man! *Dryd. Oedip.*

His Back, or rather Burthen, shew'd,  
 As if it stoop'd with its own Load:  
 For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire  
 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire,  
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack,  
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back.  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.  
 To poise this equally, he bore  
 A Paunch of the same Bulk before.

*Hud.*

#### DEGENERATE.

Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,  
 Or Fate's Decree, degenerate still to worse.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Time sensibly all Things impairs,  
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,  
 And we than ours; next Age will see

A



A Race more profligate, than we,  
With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be. *Rosc. Hor.*

### DELUGE.

Mean while the South-Wind rose, and with black Wings,  
Wide-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,  
Vapour and Exhalation dusk and moist  
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd Sky,  
Like a dark Cieling, stood: Down rush'd the Rain  
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth  
No more was seen: The floating Vessel swam  
Up-lifted; and secure, with beaked Prow,  
Rode tilting o'er the Waves: All Dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp,  
Deep under Water rowl'd: Sea cover'd Sea:  
Sea without Shore! and in their Palaces,  
Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea-Monsters whelp'd,  
And stabled: Of Mankind, so num'rous late,  
All left, in one small Bottom swam imbark'd.

*Milt.*

Th' expanded Waters gather on the Plain,  
They float the Fields, and overtop the Grain:  
Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy Sway,  
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:  
Nor safe their Dwelling were; for, sap'd by Floods,  
Their Houses fall upon their Household-Gods.  
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,  
High o'er their Heads, behold a watry Wall:  
Now Seas and Earth, were in Confusion lost.  
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.  
One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is born,  
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.  
Others o'er Chimney-Tops, and Turrets row,  
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:  
Or downward driven, bruise the tender Vine;  
Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.  
And where of late the Kids had cropt the Grass,  
The Monsters of the Deep now take their Place.  
Insulting *Nereids* on the Cities ride,  
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide.  
On Leaves, and Masts of mighty Oak they browse,  
And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.  
The frighted Wolf now swims among the Sheep,  
The yellow Lyon wanders in the Deep:  
His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,  
The Stag swims faster than he ran before.

*The*

The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,  
Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.  
Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,  
And level'd Nature, lies oppress'd below.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

### DESPAIR.

Despair, whose Torment no men sure  
But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.  
Despair of Life the means of Living shews.

*Cowl.*

*Dryd. Virg.*

We, when our Fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest Course ;  
Have time to rally, and prepare  
Our last and best Defence, Despair.  
Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats  
Have been achiev'd in greatest Streights,  
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,  
By being courageously out-brav'd :  
As Wounds by other Wounds are heal'd,  
And Poysons by themselves expel'd.

*Hud.*

Despair, attended with her ghastly Train,  
Anguish, Confusion, Horrour, howling Pain,  
Shall at her hideous Armies Head advance,  
And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance ;  
Shall draw her Troops of Terrour in Array,  
Musther her Grievs, and horrid War display.  
As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks dispose,  
So shall she range her thick-embattel'd Woes.

*Blac.*

He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use  
Of any thing but Thought ; or if he talks,  
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving.  
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass :  
Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth  
Into a scornful Smile.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

Now cold Despair  
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red ;  
His Blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins,  
Like Water, which the freezing Wind constrains. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,  
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair ;  
Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,  
For, wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears.  
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,  
Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink ;  
He withers at the Heart, and looks as wan  
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man.

*That*

That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives  
The faded Hue of sapless boxen Leaves.

In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,

Walks early out, and ever is alone :

Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasures shares,

But sighs, when Songs and Instruments he hears.

His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd,

He hears as from afar, or in a Swound :

Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound.

Uncomb'd his Locks, and squallid his Attire !

Unlike the Trim of Love or gay Desire,

But full of museful Mopings, which preface

The loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

I'm here ! and thus the Shades of Night around me.

I look as if all Hell were in my Heart !

And I in Hell ! Nay surely 'tis so with me ;

For ev'ry Step I tread, methinks some Fiend

Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet ;

I've heard how desprate Wretches, like my self,

Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night,

To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk ;

Sure I'm so curst, that tho' of Heav'n forsaken,

No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me.

*Otway. Ven. Pref.*

Beneath this gloomy Shade,

By Nature only for my Sorrows made ;

I'll spend this Voice in Cries,

In Tears I'll waste these Eyes

By Love so vainly fed :

So Lust of old the Deluge punished.

When Thoughts of Love I entertain,

I meet no Words, but *Never*, and *In vain* !

*Never* ! Alas, that dreadful Name ,

Which fuels the eternal Flame !

*Never* my Time to come must waste !

*In vain* torments the Present, and the Past !

Then down I laid my Head,

Down on cold Earth, and for a while was dead,

And my free'd Soul to a strange Somewhere fled.

Ah ! sottish Soul, said I,

When back to its Cage again I saw it fly :

Fool ! to resume her broken Chain,

And row her Galley here again !

Fool to that Body to return,

Where it condemn'd, and destin'd is to burn !

*Coml.*

My sad Soul

Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene ;

Such a Retreat as I would wish to find :

*An*



An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees  
 Mossy and old, within whose lonesom Shade  
 Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell :  
 No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook,  
 That bubbling, winds among the Weeds : no Mark  
 Of any human Shape, that had been there,  
 Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,  
 Who had, long since like me by Love undone,  
 Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in. *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

Winds, bear me to some barren Island,  
 Where Print of Human Feet was never seen ;  
 O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height  
 Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds,  
 Beneath whose ven'mous Shade I may have vent  
 For Horrour, that would blast the barb'rous World. *Lee. Oedip.*

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth,  
 There bellow out my utmost Gale.  
 There sob my Sorrows till I burst with sighing,  
 There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul. *Lee. Oedip.*

This Pomp of Horror  
 Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul ;  
 Here's Room for Meditation, ev'n to Madness,  
 Till the Mind burst with Thinking. *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

I fancy  
 I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,  
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all :  
 Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene ;  
 Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,  
 I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,  
 And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it.  
 My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,  
 Hang o'er my hoary Face : the Herd come jumping by me,  
 And fearless quench their Thirst while I look on,  
 And take me for their Fellow-Citizen. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There is a Stupid Weight upon my Senses,  
 A dismal fullen Stillness, that succeeds  
 The Storm of Rage and Grief, like silent Death  
 After the Tumult and the Noise of Life :  
 Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it )  
 For I am sick of living : my Soul's pall'd ;  
 She kindles not with Anger or Revenge ;  
 Love was th' informing active Fire within,  
 Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,  
 And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. *Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

My Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge,  
 I long to set th' imprison'd Soul at large. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 For I the most forlorn of Human kind,

Nor

Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find ;  
 But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,  
 For my Reward must end it in Despair.  
 Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates,  
 That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates ;  
 Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand can ease my Grief:  
 Nothing but Death, the Wretches last Relief.  
 Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell  
 With Youth and Life ; and Life itself farewell. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,  
 Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd :  
 With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face ;  
 Red were her rolling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace :  
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath,  
 And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death. *Dryd. Virg.*

Whither shall I fly ?

Where hide me, and my Miseries together ?  
 Oh *Belvidera* ! I'm the wretchedst Creature  
 E'er crawl'd on Earth ; Now, if thou'st Virtue, help me,  
 Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace  
 To my divided Soul, that wars within me,  
 And raises ev'ry Sense to my Confusion.  
 By Heav'n, I'm tottering on the very Brink  
 Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left.  
 Do thou at least, with charitable Goodness,  
 Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment,  
 Vow an eternal Misery together.  
 And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch ?  
 Never grow fond of cheerful Peace again ?  
 Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,  
 And find out Ways how to encrease Afflictions ?  
 We'll institute new Arts, unknown before,  
 To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.  
 Then let's together,

Full of our Guilt distracted where to roam,  
 Like the first wretched Pair, expel'd their Paradise,  
 Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,  
 Loathsome and venomous ; where Poysons hang,  
 Like Gums, against the Walls : where VVitches meet  
 By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,  
 Fat with the Blood of Babes : there we'll inhabit,  
 And live up to the Height of Desperation.  
 Desire shall languish, like a with'ring Flow'r ;  
 And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of :  
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,  
 And I'll no more be caught with Beautie's Charms :  
 But when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms. *Otw. Orph.*

All

All hope of Succour but from thee is past.  
 As when upon the Sands the Traveller  
 Sees the high Sea come rouling from afar,  
 The Land grow short; he mends his weary Pace,  
 VVhile Death behind him covers all the Place;  
 So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,  
 Which on each other are like VVaves renew'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

# DEVIL. See Hell.]

## DEVOTION.

Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Devotion! that oft binds th' Almighty's Arms,  
 And with her Pray'rs and Tears, her pow'rful Charms,  
 Of all its Thunder, his Right Hand disarms. }  
 She passes quick Heav'ns lofty crystal VValls,  
 And the high Gates fly open when she calls:  
 Her Pow'r can sentenc'd Criminals reprieve,  
 Judgment arrest, and bid the Rebel live.  
 Her Voice did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay;  
 And on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day.  
 She makes contentious VVinds forget their Strife,  
 And calls back to the Dead departed Life.  
 Charm'd by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their Course,  
 And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force. *Blac.*

Devotion in Distress  
 Is born, but vanishes in Happiness. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

## DIANA.

The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;  
 About her Feet were little Beagles seen;  
 That watch'd with upward Eyes, the Motions of their Queen. }  
 Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before,  
 In act to shoot: a silver Bow she bore,  
 And at her Back, a painted Quiver wore.  
 She trod a waxing Moon, that soon would wane,  
 And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again.  
 VVith down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey  
 The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

O Goddess, Haunter of the VVood-land Green,  
 To whom both Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas are seen,  
 Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year  
 Thy silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere,  
 Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts:

N

Thy



Thy Vot'refs from my tender Years, I am,  
 And love, like thee, the Woods and *Sylvan* Game.  
 Thou, Goddess, by thy triple Shape art feen  
 In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen. *Dry. Pal. & Arc.*

DISDAIN. *See Scorn.*

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,  
 She fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;  
 And what he says and swears, regards no more  
 Than the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:  
 But whirl'd away to shun his hateful Sight. *Dryd. Virg.*

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath,  
 Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to Death:  
 No Signs of Pity in his Face appear:  
 Cram'd with his Pride, he leaves no Room within,  
 For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Still to weep and still complain,  
 Does but more provoke Disdain.  
 Disdain and Love succeed by Turns,  
 One freezes me, and t'other burns:  
 Away, fond Love, thou Foe to Rest!  
 Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.  
 Hate is the nobler Passion far,  
 VVhen Love is ill repay'd:  
 For at one Blow it ends the VVar,  
 And cures the love-sick Maid. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

## DISCORD.

Far on th' Infernal Frontiers, near the Shore  
 On which th' insulting Waves of *Chaos* roar;  
 There stands a high and craggy Cliff, that braves  
 The neighb'ring Tempests, and tumultuous Waves.  
 On this sharp Rock does the dire Fiend remain,  
 Bound with a vast unwieldy brazen Chain.  
 Her hideous Yells the gloomy Deep affright,  
 And interrupt the Peace of lonesom Night.  
 A thousand horrid Mouths the Monster show'd,  
 And each had twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud:  
 Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,  
 And from her Wounds she drank the flowing Gore.  
 With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,  
 And from her Head pull'd off her snaky Hair.  
 The Breath she belch'd did with a fearful sound  
 Make Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around.  
 Her glaring, fierce, misplac'd, distorted Eyes,

Like

Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skies,  
 Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,  
 Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.  
 Round her foul Waste a thousand Monsters rag'd,  
 A dreadful Sight ! in endless strife engag'd.  
 These all each other and their Parent tear,  
 And rend her Bowels with eternal War.  
 Raving and restless on the Rock she turn'd,  
 And with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd.

Blac.

## DISEASES. See Infirmary.

Nigh the Recess of *Chaos* and dull Night,  
 Where Death maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,  
 In the close Covert of a Cypress-Grove,  
 Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove,  
 Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,  
 And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.  
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,  
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.

*Febris* is first ; the Hag relentless hears  
 The Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears.  
 In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign,  
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.  
 Then *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng,  
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along :  
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,  
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.  
 Now loathsome *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,  
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight :  
 She's deaf to Beautie's soft perswading Pow'r,  
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.  
 Whilst meagre *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow :  
 Her strokes are sure, but her Advances slow :  
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shewn ;  
 She starves the Fortrefs first, then takes the Town.  
 Behind stood Crowds of more inferiour Fame,  
 Too num'rous to repeat, too foul to Name.  
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,  
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

Gar.

When raging Fevers boil the blood,  
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood :  
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before  
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er. Dryd. Abs. & Achit.

## DISPUTE.

'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,  
 Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute ;  
 That for their own Opinions stand fast,  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast.  
 That keep their Consciences in Cases,  
 As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,  
 Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent  
 To play a Fit for Argument.  
 Make true or false, unjust or just  
 Of no use but to be discuss'd.  
 Dispute, and set a Paradox  
 Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully  
 Than *Helmont, Montaign, White or Tully*.  
 And when Disputes are wearied out,  
 'Tis Int'rest still resolves the Doubt.  
 Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,  
 Do fight with Arms that spring from Skulls.

Hud.

Hud.

## DISSEMBLER.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,  
 And cry, *Content*, to that which grieves my Heart.  
 And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,  
 And frame my Face to all Occasions.

Shak. Hen. 6.

Now we must shew a Master-piece indeed ;  
 To meet the Man whom we would make an end of,  
 Ev'n at that time when mortal War's within,  
 When the Blood boyls, and flushes to be at him,  
 Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,  
 To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to swear ! *Lee. Mass. of Paris.*

Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know  
 My inward Torment by my outward Show :

To let her see my Weakness were too base ;

Dissembled Quiet, sit upon my Face ;

My Sorrow, to my Eyes no passage find ;

But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.

Falshood shall want its Triumph ! I begin

To stagger, but I'll prop my self within :

The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,

Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.

Dryd. Aurel.

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart  
 His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.

Dryd. Virg.

Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,

And



And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears. *Dryd. Virg.*

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,  
And set the fairest Countenance to view :

Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,  
And inward Languishing : that Oracle  
Eats, like a subtil Worm, its venom'd way,  
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,  
Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.

*Lee. Oedip.*

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,  
And terrify'd all others with my Pain,

But now I feel the mighty Evil :

Ah there's no fooling with the Devil !

So wanton Men, while they would others fright,  
Themselves have met a real Spright.

Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,

I nam'd but for the Rhime, or the Conceit :

Nor meant my Verse should raised be

To this sad Fame of Prophecy.

Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Style,

And all the Metaphors does spoyl.

In things where Fancy much does reign,

'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.

The Play at last a Truth does grow,

And Custom into Nature go.

By this curst Art of Begging, I became

Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

My Lines of amorous Desire

I wrote to kindle, and blow others Fire.

And 'twas a barbarous Delight

My Fancy promis'd from the Sight :

But now, by Love, the mighty *Phalaris*, I

My burning Bull, the first do try.

*Cowl.*

### DISSENSION.

Diffensions, like small Streams, at first begun,  
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run,  
So Lines, that from their Parallel decline,  
More they advance, the more they still disjoyn,

*Gar.*

DOGS. *See Hunting.*

### DOLPHIN.

As when a Dolphin sports upon the Tide,  
Displays his Beauties, and his scaly Pride :  
His various-colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,

N 3

*Like*

Like a bright Rainbow in a watry Cloud ;  
He from the Billows leaps with gamesome Strife,  
Wanton with Vigour, and immoderate Life.

Blac.

The Dolphins in the Deep each other chace  
In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race. *Dryd. Virg.*

## DOUBT.

Doubt's the worst Tyrant of a generous Mind,  
The Coward's ill, who dares not meet his Fate,  
And ever doubting to be fortunate,  
Falls to the VVretchedness, his Fears create.

Belm. }

Oh how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast !  
My Thoughts, like Birds, who, frightened from their Rest,  
Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,  
Flutter, and hardly settle any more.

Otw. Don. Carl.

Floating in a Flood of Care,  
This way, and that he turns his anxious Mind,  
Thinks, and rejects the Counsel he design'd ;  
Explores himself in vain in ev'ry Part,  
And gives no Rest to his distracted Heart.

Dryd. Virg.

For various Thoughts began to bustle,  
And with his inward Man to juggle.  
He stop'd, and paus'd upon the fuddain,  
And with a serious Forehead plodding,  
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,  
VVhich first he scratch'd, and after said.  
Quoth he, in all my past Adventures,  
I ne'er was set so on the Tenters,  
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me  
And with inextricable Doubt,  
Besets my puzzled VVits about.

Hud.

Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst. *Dr. state of Inn.*

## DOVE.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forsakes :  
Rowz'd in a Fright, her sounding VVings she shakes :  
The Cavern rings with Clatt'ring : out she flies,  
And leaves her callow Care, and cleaves the Skies.  
At first she flutters, but at length she springs  
To smooother Flight, and shoots upon her VVings. *Dryd. Virg.*

## DREAMS.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes,  
VVhen Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes,

Compounds

Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,  
 A Court of Coblers, and a Mob of Kings :  
 Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad :  
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad :  
 And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,  
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.  
 Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,  
 Rush forward in the Brain, and come to Mind :  
 The Nurse's Legends are for Truth receiv'd,  
 And the Man dreams, but what the Boy believ'd.  
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,  
 The Night restores our Actions done by Day :  
 As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.  
 In short the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece ;  
 Chimeras all, and more absurd or less. *Dryd. the Cock & Fox.*

## All Dreams

Are from Repletion, and Complexion bred,  
 From rising Fumes of indigested Food,  
 And noxious Humours that infect the Blood.  
 VVhen Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred  
 Of Flames, and of the Family of Red :  
 Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view,  
 For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.  
 From hence we dream of VVars and warlike Things :  
 And VVasps, and Hornets with their double VVings.  
 Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear,  
 Then black Bulls tofs us, and black Devils tear :  
 In sanguin airy Dreams, aloft we bound :  
 VVith Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd.  
 The dominating Humour makes the Dream. *Dr. the Cock & Fox.*

VVhen heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight,  
 And sickly fancy labours in the Night,  
 VVe seem to run, and destitute of Force,  
 Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course,  
 In vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry,  
 The Nerves unbrac'd, their usual Strength deny,  
 And on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die. *Dryd. Virg.*

As one, who in some frightful Dream would shun  
 His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run ;  
 And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,  
 VVith thick short Sighs, weak Cries and tender Groans. *Dryd.*  
 His idle Feet *(Cong. of Gran.)*

Grow to the Ground ; his struggling Voice dies inward. *Dryd.*

As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curs'd, *(Troil. & Cress.)*  
 And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst,  
 Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to steep,  
 And vainly swills, and labours in his Sleep.

*Dryd. Lucr.*  
 DRINK.



## DRINKING. See Bowl.

Crown high the Goblets with a chearful Draught,  
Enjoy the present Hour ; adjourn the future Thought. *Dr. Virg.*  
They brim their ample Bowls.

Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul,  
Till thy VVit sparkle like the chearful Bowl. *Dryd. Pres.*

The flowing Bowl

VVith a full Tide enlarg'd his chearful Soul. *Stepn. Juo.*

Make Haste to meet the gen'rous VVine,

VVhose piercing is for thee delay'd,

The Rosy VVreath is ready made,

And artful Hands prepare

The fragrant Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

VVhen the VVine sparkles from afar,

And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away ;

Make Haste and leave thy Bus'ness, and thy Care ;

No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.

*Dryd. Hor.*

Here's to thee, *Disk*, this whining Love despise,  
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise :

It sparkles brighter far than she ;

'Tis pure, and right without Deceit,

And such no Woman e'er will be,

No ! they are all sophisticate !

Here's to thee again : thy senseless Sorrow drown'd,

Let the Glas walk, till all things too go round :

Again : till these two Lights be four :

No Errours here can dang'rous prove ;

Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more :

None double see like Men in Love.

*Cow?*

Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine :

Around our Temples Roses twine,

And let us chearfully awhile,

Like the Wine, and Roses, smile.

Crown'd with Roses, we condemn

*Gyges* wealthy Diadem.

To Day is ours ! what do we fear ?

To Day is ours ! we have it here !

Let's treat it kindly, that it may,

Wish at least with us to stay.

Let's banish Bus'ness, banish Sorrow,

To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

*Cowl. Anac.*

Underneath this Myrtleshade,

On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,

VVith od'rous Oils my Head o'er-flowing,

And

And around it Roses growing,  
 VVhat should I do, but drink away  
 The Heat and Trouble of the Day ?  
 In this more than Kingly State,  
*Love* himself shall on me wait :  
 Fill to me, *Love*, nay, fill it up,  
 And, mingled, cast into the Cup,  
 VVit, and Mirth, and noble Fires,  
 Vig'rous Health and gay Desires;  
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay,  
 In a smooth than rugged VVay :  
 Since it equally does flee,  
 Let the Motion pleasant be :  
 VVhy do we precious Ointments shew'r,  
 Noble VVines, why do we pour,  
 Beauteous Flow'rs, why do we spread,  
 On the Monuments of the Dead ?  
 Nothing they but Dust can show,  
 Or Bones that hasten to be so :  
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live :  
 Now your VVines and Ointments give :  
 After Death I nothing crave :  
 Let me alive my Pleasures have ;  
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

*Cowl. Anac.* }

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,  
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.  
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are  
 By constant Drinking, fresh and fair :  
 The Sea it self, which one would think  
 Should have but little need of Drink,  
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,  
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.  
 The busy Sun, as one would ghes,  
 By 's drunken fiery Face no less,  
 Drinks up the Sea, and when he 'as done,  
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.  
 They drink, and dance by their own Light,  
 They drink, and revel all the Night.  
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
 But an eternal Health goes round.  
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high :  
 Fill all the Glasses there : for why  
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but I ?  
 VVhy, Man of Morals, tell me why ?

*Cowl. Anac.* }

A thirsty Soul !

He took the Challenge and embrac'd the Bowl,  
 VVith Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,

Till

Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer saw.

*Dryd. Virg.*

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid ;  
The laughing *Nectar* over-look'd the Lid :  
The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,  
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.  
The Feast continu'd till declining Light,  
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd ; and then 'twas Night.  
Drunken at last, and drowsie they depart,  
Each to his House.

The Thund'ring God,  
Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load :  
His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd,  
And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.

*Dryd. Hom.*

The Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,  
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

*Dryd. Juv.*

### DRUM.

It is the Trumpet and the Drum,  
That make the Warriour's Stomach come.  
Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer  
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar :  
For if a Trumpet found, or Drum beat,  
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat ?

*Hud.*

### DUEL. See Gauntlets.

Now at the Time, and in th' appointed place,  
The Challenger and Challeng'd, Face to Face,  
Approach : each other from afar they knew,  
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue :  
So stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,  
Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear ;  
And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees  
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees ;  
And thinks : Here comes my mortal Enemy ;  
And either he must fall in Fight, or I.  
Thus while he stands, he lifts aloft his Dart ;  
A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part ;  
The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the Heart.  
Thus pale they meet ; their Eyes with Fury burn ;  
None greets ; for none the Greeting will return :  
But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care,  
His Foe profess'd, as Brother of the War.  
Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance  
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance :  
They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore

*Their*



Their Corsets, and the thinnest Parts explore.  
 Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood ;  
 And wounded wound, till both were bath'd in Blood :  
 And not a Foot of Ground had either got,  
 As if the VWorld depended on that Spot.  
 Fell *Arcite*, like an angry Tyger far'd,  
 And, like a Lyon *Palamon* appear'd :  
 Or as two Boars, whom Love to Battel draws,  
 VVith rising Bristles, and with frothy Jaws,  
 Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound,  
 VVith Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around :  
 So fought the Knights.

In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow ;  
 Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,  
 And shot a dreadful Gleam : So strong they strook,  
 There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar  
 They view, and rushing on begin the VVar :  
 They lance their Spears ; then hand to hand they meet,  
 The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet.  
 Their Bucklers clash, thick Blows descend from high,  
 And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.  
 Such was the Combat in the list'd Ground.  
 So clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.  
 Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a Blow,  
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe.  
 But all in Pieces flies the Traytor Sword,  
 And, in the middle struck, deserts his Lord.  
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand,  
 The shiver'd Fragments shone amid the Sand.  
 Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,  
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.  
 Ten times already round the list'd Place,  
 One Chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the Chase.

Once more erect the Rival Chiefs advance,  
 One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance,  
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance.

*Turnus* then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief advance,  
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance ;  
 Amaz'd he cow'rs beneath his conqu'ring Foe,  
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow.  
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,  
 Aim'd at his Shield he sees th' impending Spear.

The Heroe measur'd first with narrow View,  
 The destin'd Mark ; and rising as he threw,  
 VVith its full Force the fatal VVeapon flew.  
 Not with less rage the rattling Thunder falls,

Or

Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.  
 Swift as a VVhirlwind, from an Arm so strong,  
 The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.  
 Nought could his sev'n-fold Shield the Prince avail,  
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail,  
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a griesly VVound  
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to ground.  
 Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,  
 VVith Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

## D U N G E O N.

Them to a Dungeon's Depth I sent, both bound,  
 VVhere, stow'd with Snakes, and Adders, now they lodge :  
 Two Planks their Beds, slipp'ry with Ooze and Slime.  
 The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails,  
 And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs. *Dryd. K. Arth.*

## E A G L E.

In the fiery Tract above  
 Appears in Pomp, th' imperial Bird of *Jove* :  
 A Plump of Fowl he spies, that swims the Lakes,  
 And o'er their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes :  
 Then, stooping on the fairest of the Train,  
 In his strong Talons truss'd a silver Swan :  
 But while he lags, and labours in his Flight,  
 Behold the dastard Fowl return anew,  
 And with united Force the Foe pursue :  
 Clam'rous around the Royal Hawk they fly,  
 And, thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-shade the Sky :  
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course,  
 Nor can th' incumber'd Bird sustain their Force.  
 But, vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,  
 And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus, on some silver Swan, or tim'rous Hare,  
*Jove's* Bird comes fousing down from upper Air,  
 Her crooked Talons truss the fearful Prey,  
 Then out of Sight she soars, and wings her Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,  
 And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,  
 Fast'ning his crooked Talons on the Prey,  
 The Pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid VVay,  
 Resists the Royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,  
 She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest :  
 Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,  
 And hoors her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.  
 Against

Against the Victor all Defence is weak,  
Th' Imperial Bird still plies her with his Beak,  
He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores,  
Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars.

*Dryd. Virg*

### EARTHQUAKE.

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,  
Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe. *Milt.*

Earthquakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,  
Break bell'wing forth, and no Confinement brook,  
Till the third settles what the former shook.

So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,  
Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground :  
A sounding Flaw succeeds, and from on high  
The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky.  
The Ghosts repine at violated Night,  
And curse th' invading Sun, and sicken at the Sight. *Dryd. Virg*

### ECHO.

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Pray'r  
From that hard She whom I obey,  
I come, and find a Nymph much gentler here,  
That gives Consent to all I say.  
Ah ! gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well  
In hollow solitary Caves to dwell,  
Her Heart being such, into it go,  
And do but once from thence answer me so.  
Complaisant Nymph ! who dost thus kindly share  
In Griefs, whose Cause thou dost not know,  
Hadst thou but Eyes, as well as Tongue and Ear,  
How much Compassion would'st thou shew !  
Thy Flame, whilst living, and a Flow'r,  
Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Pow'r, :

Alas I might as easily  
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.  
By repercussion Beams ingender Fire ;  
Shapes by Reflexion Shapes beget ;  
The Voice it self, when stop'd, does back retire,  
And a new Voice is made by it.

Thus Things by Opposition  
The Gainers grow : My barren Love alone  
Does from her stony Breast rebound,  
Producing neither Image, Fire nor Sound.  
He forc'd the Valleys to repeat

*Coel.*

The



The Accents of his sad Regret.  
 And *Echo* from the hollow Ground  
 His doleful Wailings did resound,  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,  
 That make her, in their ruthless Stories,  
 To answer to Inter'gatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 To things of which she nothing knows :  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.

Hud.

*Echo* in others Words her Silence breaks ;  
 Speechless herself, but when another speaks.  
 She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound  
 To catch his Voice, and to return the Sound.  
 Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter Tone,  
 With mimic Sounds, and Speeches not her own.

Add. Ovid.

## ECLIPSE.

The silver Moon is all o'er Blood :  
 A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face ;  
 A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet :  
 Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War,  
 Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brasses, and Iron,  
 And beat a thousand Drums to help her labour.

Lee. Oedip.

Shorn of his Beams, the Sun  
 In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds  
 On half the Nations, and with Fear of Change  
 Perplexes Monarchs.

Milt.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day  
 On either side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Dryd. Don Seb.

## E D U C A T I O N. See Religion.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,  
 And as they first are fashion'd always grow :  
 For what we learn in Youth, to that alone  
 In Age we are, by second Nature prone.

Dryd. Jun. Jun.

When thy moist Clay is pliant to Command,  
 Unwrought, and easie to the Potter's hand ;  
 Now take the Mold ; now bend thy Mind to feel  
 The first sharp Motions of the forming Steel.

Dryd. Perf.

## Souldierly Education.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,  
 We bear our New-born Infants to the Flood ;

There,

There, bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,  
 With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold :  
 They wake before the Day to range the Wood,  
 Kill e'er they eat, nor taste unconquer'd Food.  
 No Sports, but what belong to War they know,  
 To break the stubborn Colt, to bend the Bow ;  
 Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread,  
 Hardly they Work, with frugal Diet fed ;  
 From Ploughs and Harrows sent to seek Renown,  
 They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.  
 No part of Life from Toils of War is free :  
 No change in Age, or diff'rence in Degree :  
 We plough and till in Arms ; Our Oxen feel,  
 Instead of Goads, the Spur, and pointed Steel.  
 Th' inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain ;  
 Ev'n Time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain :  
 The Body, not the Mind : nor can controul  
 Th' Immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul :  
 Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey,  
 We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## ELDER BROTHER.

Is not the Elder  
 By Nature pointed out for Preference ?  
 Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws  
 Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order ?  
 Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them Lords ?  
 What Titles had they had ? if Merit only  
 Could have conferr'd a Right ? if Nature had not  
 Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,  
 And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership  
 Upon their baser Metal ?

*Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Birtheright's a vulgar Road to Kingly Sway :  
 'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's way.  
 Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne,  
 Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon ;  
 Heav'n's Choice ! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone !

*Dr. Auren. }*

My claim to her by Eldership I prove.  
 Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

I lov'd her first, and can not quit my Claim :  
 But will preserve the Birthright of my passion.

*Owt. Orph.*

## ELEMENTS.

For this eternal World is said of old,  
 But four prolific Principles to hold ;

Four

Four diff'rent Bodies : Two to Heaven ascend,  
 And other two down to the Centre tend :  
 Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,  
 Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky :  
 Then Air, because unclog'd in empty Space,  
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place :  
 But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,  
 Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides.  
 All things are mix'd of these which all contain,  
 And into these are all resolv'd again.  
 Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,  
 The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar,  
 Spreads as she flies, and weary of her Name,  
 Extenuates still, and changes into Flame.  
 Thus having by degrees Perfection won,  
 Restless, they soon untwist the Web they spun.  
 And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,  
 Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew,  
 And Dew, condensing, does her Form forego,  
 And sinks, a heavy Lump of Earth below.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

ELEPHANT. *See Paradise.*

#### ELIZIUM.

The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vie,  
 With Æther vested, and a purple Sky.  
 The blissful Seats of happy Souls below :  
 Stars of their own, and their own Sun they know.  
 Their airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,  
 And on the Green contend the Wrestlers Prize :  
 Some in Heroick Verse divinely sing :  
 Others in artful Measures lead the Ring.  
 The Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,  
 Their shining Arms, and Coursers train'd to War :  
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth ; their Steeds around,  
 Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.  
 The Love of Horses, which they had alive,  
 And Care of Chariots, after Death survive.  
 Some chearful Souls were feasting on the Plain ;  
 Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.  
 Here Patriots live, who, for their Countries Good,  
 In fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.  
 Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make abode ;  
 And Poets, worthy their inspiring God.

*And*



And searching Wits of more mechanick Parts,  
 Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.  
 Those, who to Worth their Bounty did extend,  
 And those, who knew that Bounty to commend:  
 The Heads of these, which holy Fillets bound,  
 And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.  
 In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reside;  
 In Groves they live, and lie on mossy Beds,  
 By crystal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads.

*Dryd. Virg.*

There in the Lands of unexhausted Light,  
 O'er which the God-like Sun's unweary'd Sight  
 Ne'er winks in Clouds, or sleeps in Night,  
 An endless Spring of Age the Good enjoy:  
 Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy.

There neither Earth, nor Sea they plow,  
 Nor ought to Labour owe  
 For Food, that while it nourishes, does decay,  
 And in the Lamp of Life consumes away.  
 Soft-footed Winds with tuneful Voices there  
 Dance thro' the perfum'd Air.

There Silver Rivers thro' enamel'd Meadows glide,  
 And golden Trees enrich their Side.

Th' illustrious Leaves no dropping Autumn fear,  
 And Jewels for their Fruit they bear;  
 Which by the Blest are gathered

For Bracelets to the Arm, and Garlands to the Head.

*Cowl.*

Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,  
 And with refreshing Sweets perfume the way:  
 Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows glide,  
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide.  
 These blissful Plains no Blights, nor Mildews fear,  
 The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here.

*Gar.*

## E L O Q U E N C E.

Whene'er he speaks, Heav'n! how the listning Throng  
 Dwells on the melting Musick of his Tongue:  
 His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien;  
 Mild, but not faint; and forcing, tho' serene: |  
 And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,  
 Here Lightnings strikes you, there soft Breezes sigh.

*Gar.*

His Tongue  
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better Reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest Counsels: for his Thoughts were low,  
 To Vice industrious, but to noble Deeds  
 Timorous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the Ear.

*Milt.  
Nectar*

Nectar Divine flow'd from his Heavenly Tongue,  
And on his charming Lips Persuasion hung.

He drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue. *Blac. Dryd. Juv.*

But here bright Eloquence does always smile

In such a Choice, yet unaffected Stile,

As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,

The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art:

Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,

Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.

Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,

As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man. *Norm.*

### EMBRACE. See Venus.

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie,

And like the Sea about it I;

Thou like fair *Albion* to the Sailors Sight,

Spreading thy beauteous Bosom all in White;

Like the kind *Ocean* I will be

With loving Arms ever embracing thee. *Cowl.*

Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms:

To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease,

Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses. *Otp. Ven. Pref.*

Oh my *Jocasta*! 'tis for this the wet

Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground,

For this he bears the Storms

Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms,

To be thus circl'd, to be thus embrac'd;

That I could hold thee ever! Let me hold thee

Thus to my Bosom: Ages let me grasp thee.

Life of my Life! and Treasure of my Soul!

Tho round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,

I'll break 'em with *Jocasta* in my Arms:

Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;

And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. *Lce. Oedip.*

### Venus embracing Vulcan.

The Goddess straight her Arms of snowy Hue

About her unresolving Husband threw.

Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,

His Bones and Marrow suddain Warmth inspire,

And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.

Not half so swift the rousing Thunder flies,

Or Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.

The Goddess pleas'd with her successful Wiles,

And conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles. *The*

The Power obnoxious to her Charms,  
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms :

Snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Breast,  
Till in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd  
Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

*Dryd. Virg.*

For what do Lovers when they're fast  
In one anothers Arms embrac'd ;  
But strive to plunder and convey  
Each other like a Prize away ?

*Hud.*

E M P I R E and Emperour.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,  
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years :  
Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,  
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about :  
The place thus made for its first breathing free,  
It moves again for Ease and Luxury :  
Till, swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd  
The greater Space, and now crouds up the rest.  
When from behind there starts some petty State,  
And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate :

Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,  
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd  
With scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me ?  
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun  
To worship my up-rising ? Menial Kings  
Ran coursing up and down my Palace-Yards,  
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,  
And at my least Command, all started out  
Like Racers to the Goal.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

Emperour ! Why that's the Name of Victory !  
The conqu'ring Souldier, red with unfelt Wounds,  
Salutes his General so ! but never more  
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.

For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd  
The Name of Souldier with inglorious Ease :  
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,  
Stood still, and saw it press'd by other Hands. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune ;  
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make :  
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.  
Why was I born a Prince ? Proclaim'd a God !  
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.  
Thus Palaces, in Prospect, bar the Eye,  
Which, pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,  
O'er flowry Lands to the gay distant Sky.

*Farewel*



Farwel then Empire, and the Racks of Love !  
 By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove ;  
 Stretch'd like a Sylvan God, on Grass lie down,  
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

*Lee, Alex.*

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs, that divide the World :  
 Busy Rebellion ne'er will let you know  
 Tranquility and Happiness like mine ;  
 Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall,  
 And rise again to lift you to your Pride.  
 They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you. *Otw. Vn. Pref.*

To you the Drudgery of Pow'r I give ;  
 Cares be your Lot : reign you and let me live :  
 Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul ;  
 The little Emmets with the Human Soul  
 Care for themselves, while at my ease I fate,  
 And second Causes did the Work of Fate.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Oh ! that I had been born some happy Swain,  
 And never known a Life so great, so vain !  
 Where I Extrems might not be forc'd to chuse,  
 And blest with some mean Wife no Crown could lose ;  
 Where the dear Part'ner of my little State,  
 With all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,  
 Blessing my Labours, might my coming wait ;  
 Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,  
 And not in curst Courts for Glory die.

*Lee. Theod.*

## ENJOYMENT.

I saw 'em kindle to Desire,  
 While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire ;  
 Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
 He growing more fierce, and she less coy :  
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
 Exchanging Love a thousand Ways :  
 Kind was the Force on ev'ry side,  
 Her new Desire she could not hide ;  
 Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.  
 The blessed Minute he pursu'd,  
 Till she transported in his Arms,  
 Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.  
 His panting Breast to her's now join'd,  
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd :  
 Vast and luxuriant ! such as prove  
 The Immortality of Love !  
 For who but a Divinity  
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree ?  
 And melt them into Ecstasie !

*Now*

Now, like the Phoenix both expire,  
While from the Ashes of their Fire,  
Sprung up a new and soft Desire.

Like Charmers thrice they did invoke  
The God, and thrice new Vigour took.

Behn.

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasures thus they lay,  
Till Nature could no more suffice their Play. *Dryd. Sig. & Guisc.*

Thus did this happy Pair their Love dispense,  
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense.

The God of Love was there a bidden Guest,  
And present at his own Mysterious Feast.

His azure Mantle underneath he spread,  
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed:

While folded in each others Arms they lay,

He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play,

And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away. *Dryd.*

*Celia* was coy, and hard to win;

With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part:

But when she once had try'd the Sin.

She hug'd the charming tingling Dart;

Cry'd, nearer, Dearest to my Heart;

Thou'rt Lord of all within.

Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,

That at the Window-Eye does steal in,

To rob the Heart, and with his Prey

Seals out again a closer way,

'Tis like that sturdy Thief that stole

And drew Beasts backwards into 's Hole:

So Love does Lovers; and us Men

Drags by the Tail into his Den.

Hud.

See the Heavens in Lightnings break,

Next in Storms of Thunder speak:

Then a kind Shower from above

Brings a Calm: so 'tis in Love.

Flames begin our first Address:

Like meeting Thunder we embrace;

Then you know, the Showers that fall,

Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

Rock

*Phillis* has a gentle Heart,

Willing to the Lover's Courting;

Wanton Nature, all the Art

To direct her in her Sporting:

In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiss,

All is real Inclination,

No false Raptures in the Bliss,

No feign'd sighing in the Passion.

But oh! who the Charms can speak,

Who the thousand ways of toying!

O 3

When

When she does the Lover make,  
 All a God in her enjoying!  
 Who the Limbs that round him move,  
 And constrain him to the Blissess!  
 Who the Eyes that swim in Love,  
 And the Lips that suck in Kisses!  
 Oh the Freaks when mad she grows,  
 Raves all wild with the possessing!  
 Oh the silent Trance, which shews  
 The Delight above expressing!  
 Every way she does engage,  
 Idly talking, speechless lying,  
 She transports me with the Rage,  
 And she kills me in her dying.

Ye Gods! the Raptures of that Night!  
 What fierce Convulsions of Delight!  
 How in each others Arms involv'd  
 We lay, confounded, and dissolv'd!  
 Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,  
 Which should most be lost contending,  
 Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,  
 Plunging into boundless Blissess;  
 Our Bodies, as our Souls, on Fire,  
 Tost by a Tempest of Desire,  
 Till with utmost Fury driv'n,  
 Down at once we sunk to Heav'n.

Thus when the youthful Pair more closely join, (twine;  
 When Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thighs they  
 Just in the raging Foam of full Desire,  
 When both press on, both murmur, both expire,  
 They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart  
 As each would force their way to t' other's Heart,  
 In vain: they only cruise about the Coast;  
 For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost.  
 As sure they strive to be, when both engage  
 In that tumultuous momentary Rage.  
 So tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,  
 Till Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.  
 Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its way,  
 And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,  
 A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while  
 Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;  
 And then the same vain Violence returns;  
 With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.  
 Again they in each other would be lost;  
 But still by adamant Bars are cross'd.

And yet from ev'ry Part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,

*Dryd. Lucr.*

They



They feel the trickling Joys, and run with Vigour to the Goal.  
 Stir'd with the same impetuous Desire,  
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares their Males require.  
 Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins  
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly Pains.  
 The lusty Leap, th' expecting Female stands,  
 By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.  
 Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by Love are ty'd,  
 Nor hooting Boys nor Blows their Union can divide.

At either end they strive the Link to loose,  
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the Noose.

*Blvd. Lutr.*

'Tis with this Rage the Mother Lyon stung  
 Scours o'er the Plain, regardless of her Young :  
 Demanding Rites of Love, she sternly stalks,  
 And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks :  
 'Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes,  
 In Woods and Fields a wide Destruction makes ;  
 Boars whet their Tusks : to Battel Tygers move,  
 Enrag'd with Hunger ; more enrag'd with Love.  
 The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent from far ;  
 And snorts, and trembles for the distant Mare :  
 Nor Bits, nor Bridles can his Rage restrain ;  
 And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain.  
 He makes his way o'er Mountains, and contemns  
 Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.  
 The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,  
 New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground :  
 The sleepy Lecher shuts his little Eyes,  
 About his churning Chaps the frothy Bubbles rise :  
 He rubs his Sides against a Tree, prepares,  
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.  
 The youthful Bull is oft with Love possess'd ;  
 With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast.  
 He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest.  
 Forsakes his Food, and pining for the Lass,  
 Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass :  
 The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,  
 The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.  
 A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred ;  
 The stooping Warriours, aiming Head to Head,  
 Engage their clashing Horns with dreadful Sound,  
 The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.  
 They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,  
 Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.  
 Nor when the War is over is it Peace,  
 Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release ;  
 But, feeding in his Breast his ancient Fires,

And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.  
 Driv'n from his native Land to foreign Grounds.  
 He with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds,  
 His ignominious flight, the Victor's Boast;  
 And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost:  
 Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a Groan,  
 Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own:  
 And therefore to repair his Strength he tries,  
 Hard'ning his Limbs with painful Exercise,  
 And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.  
 On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds;  
 Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds:  
 His Horns, yet fore, he tries against a Tree,  
 And meditates his absent Enemy:  
 He snuffs the Wind, his Heels the Sand excite;  
 But when he stands collected in his Might,  
 He roars, and promises a more successful Fight.  
 Then to redeem his Honour at a Blow,  
 He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe:  
 Not with more Madness, rolling from afar,  
 The spumy Waves proclaim the wat'ry War:  
 And mounting upwards, with a mighty Roar,  
 March onward, and insult the rocky Shore:  
 They mate the middle Region with their Height,  
 And fall no less than with a Mountain's Weight:  
 The Waters boil, and belching from below,  
 Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.  
 I pass the Wars that spotted Linxes make,  
 With their fierce Rivals for the Females sake.  
 The howling Wolves, the Mastiff's am'rous Rage,  
 When even the fearful Stag dare for his Hind engage.  
 But far above the rest, the furious Mare,  
 Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with Despair:  
 Of Love defrauded in her longing Hour,  
 She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein;  
 For Love, she'll force thro' Thickets of the Wood,  
 And climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood:  
 Thus every Creature, and of ev'ry Kind,  
 The secret Joys of Sweet Coition find:  
 Not only Man's imperial Race, but they  
 That wing the liquid Air, or swim the Sea,  
 Or haunt the Desert, rush into the Flame:  
 For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the same.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Ev'n rugged Lions love,  
 And grapple, and compel their savage Dames. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Once

Once in a Season Beasts too taste of Love,  
Only the Beast of Reason is its Slave,  
And in that Folly drudges all the Year. *Oiw. Orph.*

Love's Power's too great to be withstood  
By feeble Human Flesh and Blood.

'Twas he that brought upon his Knees  
The Heft'ring Kill-Cow *Hercules*;  
Reduc'd his Leaguer-Lion's Skin  
T' a Petticoat, and made him spin;  
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle  
T' a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.

He made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*  
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet:

'Twas he made Vestal Maids Love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd quick.

'Tis he that proudest Dames enamours  
On Lacquays, and *Valets de Chambres*,  
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,  
And makes them stoop to dirty Grooms;  
To slight the World, and to disparage  
Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.

*Hud.*

The Thunderer, who, without the female Bed,  
Could Goddesses bring forth from out his Head,  
Chose rather Mortals this way to create;  
So much h' esteem'd his Pleasure 'bove his State.

*Cowl.*

When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,  
But not compleat, till Bodies too combine,  
And closely as our Minds together join:  
But half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,  
Till by Love in Heav'n at last

The Bodies too are plac'd.

*Cowl.*

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,  
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Then haste to Bed:

There let me tell my Story in thy Arms;  
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love;  
Between our Dyings, e'er we live again,  
Thou shalt be told the Battel and Success:  
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off:  
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,  
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,  
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer, things  
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,  
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Sounds,  
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

*Dryd. Amphit.*



I speak I know not what.  
 Speak ever so, and if I answer you  
 I know not what, it shews the more of Love:  
 Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,  
 Yet then he speaks most plain.

Shak.

Love tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks  
 Unknown to me within me.

Dryd. Den. Seb.

Oh with what soft Devotion in her Eyes,  
 The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!  
 Oh! how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!  
 Like too near Sweets, they took my Sense away;  
 And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy!  
 But those crosse Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,  
 And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:  
 As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride;  
 Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

Otw. Den. Carl.

There's no Satiety of Love in thee!  
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new; Perpetual Spring  
 Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,  
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty place:  
 And I grow rich by giving.

Dryd. All for Love.

Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring  
 In happy Climes; where some are in the Bud;  
 Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

Dryd. Amphit.

In thy Possession Years rou'd round on Years;  
 And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:  
 Kisses, Embraces, Languishings and Deaths,  
 Still from each other to each other move,

To crown the various Seasons of our Love.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Our Life shall be but one long Nuptial Day,  
 And like chaf'd Odours, melt in Sweets away:  
 Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,  
 And cheerful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,  
 Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd.

Otw. Orph.

Let me not live, but thou art all Enjoyment;  
 So charming and so sweet,  
 That not a Night, but whole Eternity  
 Were well employ'd,

[Spoken by Jupiter.]

To love thy each Perfection, as it ought.

Dryd. Amphit.

They took their full Delight,  
 'Twas restless Rage, and Tempest all the Night.  
 For greedy Love each Moment would employ,  
 And grudg'd the shorest Pauses of their Joy.  
 Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,  
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd:  
 The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,  
 And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more.

(Sig. &amp; Guisc.

How

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were !  
 With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine,  
 I thought ! oh no ! 'tis false, I could not think :  
 'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one :  
 And sure his Transports were not less than mine ;  
 For by the high-hung Tapers Light,  
 I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red,  
 His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,  
 And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires :  
 He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have spoke,  
 But was too fierce to throw away the Time ;  
 All he could say was, Love and *Leonora*. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What said he not, when in the Bridal Bed,  
 He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms ?  
 When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,  
 And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,  
 He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile  
 To those rich Worlds : and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,  
 And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes. *Lee. Alex.*

A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,  
 Then wishes, and a Warmth unknown before :  
 What follow'd was all Ecstasy, all Trance !  
 Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,  
 And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult tost,  
 I thought my Breath, and Being both were lost. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

Oh how I flew into your Arms,  
 And melted in your warm Embrace.  
 Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,  
 And shoot it self into your much lov'd Bosom ?  
 Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,  
 Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your sight ?  
 With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,  
 As no false Love could feign ? *Dryd. Amphit.*

Her Hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,  
 Thick over Head with verdant Roof embow'r'd,  
 He led her nothing loath : Flow'rs were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth ; Earth's freshest, softest Lap :  
 There they their Fill of Love, and Love's Disport  
 Took largely :

Till dewy Sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play. *Milt.*  
 Unhappy Mortals ! whose sublimest Joy  
 Preys on it self, and does it self destroy. *Roch.*

I hate Fruition, now 'tis past ;  
 'Tis all but Nastiness at best :  
 The homeliest Thing that we can do :

Besides

Besides, 'tis short and fleeting too :  
 A Squirt of slippery Delight ;  
 Thar with a moment takes its Flight :  
 A fulsome Blifs, that soon does cloy ;  
 And makes us loath what we enjoy.  
 Then let us not too eager run,  
 By Passion blindly hurry'd on,  
 Like Beasts, who nothing better know,  
 Than what meer Lust incites them to :  
 For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,  
 The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd.

*Old.*

And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shewn,  
 Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one ?  
 Gives all she can, and, lab'ring still to give,  
 Makes it so great, we can but taste, and live :  
 So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,  
 And Thought it self does for the time lie dead ;  
 Till, like a String, scru'd up with eager haste,  
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

*Dryd. Auren.*

And full Fruition will but raise Desire ;  
 As Heav'n possess'd exalts the Zealot's Fire :

*Dryd.*

For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys,  
 By full Possession does but fan the Fire :

The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire. *Dryd. Lucr.*

### ENTHUSIASM.

He comes ! Behold the God ! Thus while she said,  
 Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,  
 And hollow Groans from her deep Spirit came :  
 Her Hair stood up ; convulsive Rage possess'd  
 Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast ;  
 Greater than Humane-kind she seem'd to look,  
 And with an Accent, more than mortal, spoke :  
 Her staring Eyes with Fury roul,  
 When all the God came rushing on her Soul :  
 Thus full of Fate she grew, and of the God ;  
 Strugling in vain, impatient of her Load :  
 And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God.  
 The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,  
 With more, and far superiour Force he press'd ;  
 Commands his Entrance, and without Controul,  
 Usurps her Organs, and inspires her Soul.  
 At length her Fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,  
 And, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Something I'd unfold,  
 If that the God would wake : for something still there is

*In*



In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists :

'Tis great, prodigious ! 'tis a dreadful Birth  
Of wondrous Fate ! and now, just now disclosing !

I see, I see ! how terrible it dawns,  
And my Soul sickness with it !

Now the God shakes me ! I feel him now  
Like a strong Spirit, charm'd into a Tree,  
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.

The rowzed God, as all this while he lay  
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:  
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk,  
With holy Fury ; my old Arteries burst :

My rivell'd Skin,  
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire ;  
I shall be young agen ! *Manto*, my Daughter,  
Thou hast a Voice, that might have sav'd the Bard  
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging *Bacchanals*,  
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs :  
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom,  
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,  
With pow'rful Strains : *Manto*, my lovely Child,  
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

Lee.

[Spoken by *Tiresias* ; in *Oedipus*.]

The God of Battle rages in my Breast ;  
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury  
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,  
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,  
Draws ev'ry Nerve, thin as a Spider's Thread,  
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold ;  
So with the Meditation of the Work,  
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Lee. *Mithr.*

## PUBLICK ENTRIES.

Great *Bullingbrook*

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,  
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,  
With slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course ;  
You would have thought the very Windows spoke,  
So many greedy Looks of young and old,  
Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes,  
Upon his Visage ; and that all the Walls,  
With painted Imag'ry, had said at once :  
God save thee *Bullingbrook*.

But as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,  
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking

Thinking his Prattle to be tedious ;  
 Ev'n so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes  
 Did scowle on *Richard* : No Man cry'd, God save him :  
 No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home,  
 But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,  
 Which with such goodly Sorrow he shook off,  
 His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,  
 (The Badges of his Grief and Patience)  
 That had not God, for some strong Purpose, steel'd  
 The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And Barbarism it self have pity'd him.

*Shak. Rich. II.*

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,  
 Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living-Lawrel,  
 Is entring now, in martial Pomp, the Palace :  
 Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,  
 Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth;  
 Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,  
 Succeed, and next a hundred neighing Steeds,  
 White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine Hills*,  
 That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,  
 As they disdain'd the Victory they grace:  
 Prisoners of War in shining Fetters follow,  
 And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Africk*  
 Sweat by his Chariot-Wheels, and lick and grind,  
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.  
 The swarming Populace spread ev'ry Wall,  
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce  
 Their hold thro' clefted Stones, stretching and staring,  
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb  
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.

*Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

### E N V Y.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,  
 That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew :  
 No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight  
 But baneful Hemlock, and cold Aconite:  
 There crawl'd the meager Monster on the Ground,  
 And breath'd a livid Pestilence around:  
 A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head,  
 And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:  
 Down her wan Cheeks sulphureous Torrents flow,  
 And her red haggard Eyes with Fury glow:  
 Like *Aetna*, with Metallick Streams oppress'd,  
 She breaths a blew Eruption from her Breast;  
 And rends with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,  
 Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.

She

She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form ;  
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

Gar.

*Envy* at last crawls forth from Hell's dire Throng,  
Of all the direful'ft ! Her black Locks hung long,  
Attir'd with curling Serpents ; her pale Skin,  
Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within.  
And at her Breast struck Vipers, which did prey  
Upon her panting Heart both Night and Day,  
Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,  
Both Night and Day they left fresh Poysons there.  
Her Garments were deep stain'd in humane Gore,  
And torn by her own Hands, in which she bore  
A knotted Whip, and Bowl, which to the brim,  
Did with green Gall, and Juice of Worm-wood swim ;  
With which when she was drunk, she furious grew,  
And lash'd her self. *Envy*, the worst of Fiends,  
*Envy*, good only when she her self torments.

Cowl.

Aside he turn'd  
For *Envy*, and with jealous Leer malign,  
Ey'd them Askaunce.

Milt.

*Envy* never dwells in noble Hearts.

Dryd. Pal. &amp; Arc.

*Envy* like the Sun does beat

With scorching Rays on all that's high and great.

Wall.

## E T E R N I T Y.

Eternity no Parent does admit,  
But on it self did first it self beget :  
A Gulf, whose large Extent no Bounds engage,  
A still-beginning, never-ending Age.

Eternity that boundless Race,

Which Time himself can never run,

(Swift as he flies with an unweary'd Pace,)

Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,  
Is still the same, and still to be begun.

Congr.

## E V E N I N G.

The Sun

Declin'd, was hasting now with prone Career  
To th' Ocean Isles, and in th' ascending Scale  
Of Heaven, the Stars that usher Ev'ning rose.

Milt.

Now came still Ev'ning on, and Twilight Grey  
Had in her sober Livery all things clad.

Milt.

And see, yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,  
And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends.

Dryd. Virg.

See from afar the Fields no longer smoke,

The



The sweating Steers unharness'd from the Yoke,  
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough:  
The Shadows lengthen, and the Sun goes low;  
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove.

Dryd. Virg.

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day.

Dryd.

When the low Sun is sinking on the Main,  
When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews,  
And the cool Evening Breeze the Meads renews.  
When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,  
And hollow Shores the *Halcyon's* Voice refound,

Dryd. Virg.

Now the Day wears, the Sun-Beams faintly bound,  
And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground.

Blac.

The gilded Planet of the Day  
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,  
Was now descending to the Sea,  
And left no Light to guide the World,  
But what from *Chloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

Roch.

As when from Mountain-tops the dusky Clouds  
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heav'n's chearful Face, the lowring Element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd Lantskip Snow, or Show'r;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his Evening-Beam, the Fields revive,  
The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds  
Attest their Joy; that Hill, and Valley rings.

Milt.

### E U N U C H.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;  
The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,  
And ravih'd thence the Promise of a Man:  
Cast out from Nature, disinherited  
Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind. Dryd. *All for Love*.

Quoth he, it stands me much upon,

T' enervate this Objection;

And prove my self by Topick clear,

No Gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of Virility's averr'd,

To be the Cause of loss of Beard;

That does, like Embryo in the Womb,

Abortive in the Chin become.

This first a Woman did invent,

In Envy of Man's Ornament;

*Semiramis of Babylon,*

Who first of all cut Men o' th' Stone,

To marr their Beards, and laid Foundation

Of the Sow-geldering Operation:

Look

Look on this Beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either.

*Hud.*

### EXAMPLE.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway  
Men more than all the written Laws obey. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Case is clear,  
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice:  
No Argument like Matter of Fact is:  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens Principles by what they do.

*Hud.*

### EXPERIENCE.

Sixty Years have spread  
Their grey Experience o'er thy hoary Head. *Cree. Iuv.*  
Best Guide! thou open'st Wisdom's way,  
And giv'st Access, tho' secret she retire. *Milt.*  
The Confident of Age; the Youth's scorn'd Guide. *Dav.*

### EYES. See Hell.

He star'd, and rowl'd his haggard Eyes around. *Dryd.*  
Thus did his Fury rise,  
And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes. *Blac.*  
Fate is in thy Face,  
And from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,  
And threatens e'er thou speak'st. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,  
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love. *Roch. Valent.*

Then only hear her Eyes;  
Tho' they are mute they plead, nay more, command:  
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,  
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,  
Shall smile on thee from his Meridian Skies,  
And blest the Kindred Beauties of thy Eyes.

Thy Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay,  
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day. *Rowe.*

Crown'd with Charms, *(Amb. Stepm.)*  
She show'd her heav'nly Form without Disguise,  
And gives herself to his desiring Eyes.

Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy Sight  
Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. *Dryd. Virg.*

### FAIR. See Beauty.

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,  
P

When

When Flow'rs first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,  
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year. *Dryd. Auren.*

Less fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,  
Adorn'd with Trees, on some fair River's Side.  
Less fair are Vallies, their green Mantles spread,  
Or Mountains with tall Cedars on their Head. *Cowl.*

As fair as Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns. *Lee. Theod.*

Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare :  
Chaste is no Epithet to suit with fair. *Dryd. Juv.*

Fairer to be seen  
Than the fair Lilly on the flow'ry Green ;  
More fresh than *May* herself in Blossoms new :  
For with the rosie Colour strove her Hue. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

### FAIRIES.

Like Fairy Elves  
Whose Midnight-Revels, by a Forest-side,  
Or Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over head the Moon  
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale Course ; they on their Mirth and Dance  
Intent, with jocund Musick charm his Ear: *Milt.*

They dance their Ringlets to the whistling Wind :  
The Honey-bags steal from the Humble-Bees,  
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,  
And light them at the fiery Glo-worms Eyes ;  
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moon-beams from their sleeping Eyes. *Shak.*  
(*Midsummer Night's Dream.*)

*Robin Goodfellow.*

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,  
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern ;  
And bootless make the breathless Housewife chern :  
And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm :  
Mislead Night-wanderers, laughing at their Harm :  
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,  
And when she drinks against her Lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd Dewlap, pour the Ale ;  
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,  
Sometimes for three-foot Stool mistaketh me,  
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she,  
And Tailour cries, and falls into a Cough,  
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips and laugh,  
And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear, (*Night's Dream.*)  
A merrier Hour was never wasted there. *Shak. Midsummer*  
*In*



In days of old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,  
 Whose Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,  
 The King of Elfs, and little Fairy Queen  
 Gambol'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green:  
 And where the jolly Troop had led the Round  
 The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground:  
 Nor darkling did they dance, the silver Light  
 Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,  
 And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.  
 Her Beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,  
 Nor longer than she shed her Horns they staid,  
 From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey'd.  
 Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,  
 More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,  
 And made more spacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.  
 I speak of antient Times, for now the Swain  
 Returning late may pass the VVoods in vain,  
 And never hope to see the nightly Train:  
 In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,  
 The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest  
 To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.  
 She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,  
 No silver Penny to reward her Pain:  
 For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer,  
 Have made the merry Goblins disappear:  
 And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,  
 Have sprinkled Holy VVater on the Floor;  
 And Fry'rs that thro' the wealthy Region run,  
 Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,  
 Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls,  
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the VValls:  
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the Place,  
 VVhen once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace:  
 But in the VValks where wicked Elvès have been;  
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,  
 The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green,  
 VVith Gown tuck'd up, to VVakes: for *Sunday* next,  
 VVith humming Ale encouraging his Text,  
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country Girl betwixt.  
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,  
 There haunts not any *Incubus*, but he.  
 The Maids and VVomen need no Danger fear  
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near.  
 For by some Haycock, or some shady Thorn,  
 He bids his Beads both Even-Song and Morn.

(*Bath's Tale.*  
*Dryd. Wife of*

## F A L C O N.

The Falcon from above,  
Trusses in middle Air the Trembling Dove :  
Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound ;  
The Feathers, foul with Blood, come tumbling to the ground.  
( Dryd. Virg.

F A L S E. See Ingratitude.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World ;  
She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me,  
Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,  
Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,  
When from her Lips I took the luscious Poyson,  
When with that pleasing perju'd Breath avowing,  
Her Whispers trembled thro' my credulous Ears,  
And told the Story of my utter Ruin.

Lee. Mithrid.

*Castalio* ! Oh ! how often has he sworn,  
Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,  
E'er he would falsify his Vows to me :  
Make haste confusion then ! Sun lose thy Light !  
And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth !  
For my *Castalio's* false !

False as the Wind, the Water or the Weather !  
Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey :  
I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,  
And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood.

Otm. Orph.

He Hates, He loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd ;  
Oh ! he is false ! that great, that glorious Man,  
Is Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,  
Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn !  
He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs,  
Then cool'd 'em with his Tears ! Dy'd on my Knees !  
Out-wept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,  
And groan'd, and sworn the wond'ring Stars away !  
False to *Statira* ! False to her that lov'd him,  
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,  
And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood ;  
Kiss'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er  
And o'er in Tears, then bound 'em with my Hair ;  
Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,  
Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs !

Lee Alex.

Yet this was she, ye Gods, that very she,  
Who in my Arms lay panting all the Night ;  
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,  
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips

To

To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage,  
 Who, loath to find the breaking Day, look'd out,  
 Then shrunk into my Bosom, there to make  
 A little longer Darkness. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*

There was a Time,

When *Belvedera's* Tears, her Cries and Sorrows  
 Were not despis'd : when if she chanc'd to sigh,  
 Or look but sad.—There was indeed a Time,  
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,  
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,  
 And never left till he had found the Cause !  
 But now let her weep Seas,  
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst  
 Her Heart asunder : Still he bears it all,  
 Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Last night He flew not with a Lover's Haste,  
 Which eagerly prevents th' appointed Hour :  
 Itold the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,  
 And listen'd to each softly treading Step,  
 In hopes 'twas he, but still it was not he :  
 At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks ;  
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him :  
 All pale and speechless he survey'd me round ;  
 Then with a groan he threw himself abed,  
 But far from me ; as far as he could move ;  
 And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and turn'd him still from me :  
 At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side ;  
 He pull'd it back, as if he 'ad touch'd a Serpent :  
 With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,  
 And ask'd him how I had offended him ;  
 He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans :  
 So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn,  
 Leap'd from the Bed, and vanish'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What have I done ye Pow'rs ! what have I done,  
 To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,  
 No sooner gain'd, but flighted and betray'd ?  
 And, like a Rose, just gather'd from the Stalk,  
 But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,  
 To wither on the Ground ! Tell me Heav'n !  
 Why name I Heav'n ? There is no Heav'n for me  
 Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.  
 When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,  
 To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me,  
 When each Embrace was dearer than the first ;  
 Then, then to be contemn'd ; then, then thrown off ;  
 It calls me old and wither'd, and deform'd,  
 And loathsome !



The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,  
 He bills the closer: but ungrateful Man,  
 Base barb'rous Man; the more we raise our Love,  
 The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour:  
 Racks, Poisons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,  
 And any Death is welcom.

*Dryd. Span. Trj.*

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,  
 And I could hate my self for being kind:  
 If there be any Majesty above,  
 That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love,  
 Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,  
 Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,  
 Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,  
 In height of Pomp, when he is warm and young,  
 Bolted with Thunder, let him rush along.  
 And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,  
 Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes,  
 Nay, after Death

Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies.

*Lee. Alex.*

I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart  
 And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh the Curse  
 Of doating on, ev'n when I find it Doatage;  
 Bear Witness Gods! you heard him bid me go,  
 You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows,  
 Of promis'd Faith: I'll die, I will not bear it:  
 I can keep in my Breath, die inward,  
 And choak this Love.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

Oh I could tear my Flesh,  
 Or him, or you, or all the World to pieces.  
 My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow Room:  
 'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds:  
 Oh that it had a space might answer to  
 Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,  
 And hurl the Spheres about, like sportive Balls.

*Lee Alex.*

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor Man;  
 So I might scape that Monster, let me dwell  
 In Lions Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den!  
 Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,  
 That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean:  
 Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb;  
 Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,  
 I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,  
 See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep:  
 Yet not ev'n there, in that vast whirl of Death,  
 Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,  
 As Man! false Man! smiling destructive Man!

*Lee.  
 Oh!*

Oh! my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?  
 What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood?  
 The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction!  
 We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,  
 For those sure Dangers, which their smiles conceal!  
 At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks  
 Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:  
 Sometimes like *Syrens* charm us with their Songs,  
 Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks;  
 But when the Tempest comes, then, then, they leave us,  
 Or rather help the new Calamity;  
 And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman!  
 The Lightning follow'd with a Thunderbolt  
 Is marble-hearted Woman! all the Shelves,  
 The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,  
 Are Woman all! the wrecks of wretched Men!

Lee.

## F A M E.

*Fame*, the great Ill, from small beginnings grows;  
 Swift from the first, and ev'ry Moment brings  
 New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings.  
 Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size:  
 Her Feet in Earth, her Forehead in the Skies.  
 Inrag'd against the Gods, revengeful Earth  
 Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* Birth:  
 Swift is her Walk, more swift her winged Haste,  
 A monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast.  
 As many Plumes as raise her lofty Flight,  
 So many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight.  
 Millions of op'ning Mouths to *Fame* belong,  
 And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,  
 And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.  
 She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries,  
 No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes:  
 By Day, from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews,  
 And spreads though trembling Crowds disastrous News.  
 With Court-Informers haunts, and Royal Spies; (with Lies.  
 Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth  
 Talk is her Bus'ness, and her chief Delight  
 To tell of Prodigies, and cause Affright.

Dryd. Virg.

There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
 But wondrous light, ycleped *Fame*:  
 That like a thin Camelion boards  
 Her self on Air, and eats her Words.  
 Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,  
 Like hanging-Sleeves, lin'd through with Ears;

And Eyes and Tongues, as Poets list,  
 Made good by deep Mythologist.  
 With these she through the Welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies.  
 About her Neck a Packet-Mail,  
 Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale :  
 Of Men that walk'd when they were dead ;  
 And Cows of Monsters brought to Bed.  
 Two Trumpets she does found at once,  
 But both of clean contrary Tones,  
 But whether both with the same Wind,  
 Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not ; only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well :  
 And therefore vulgar Authors name  
 Th' one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

Hud.

While *Fame* is young, too weak to fly away,  
*Envy* pursues her, like some Bird of Prey :  
 But once on Wing, then all the Dangers cease ;  
*Envy* her self is glad to be at Peace ;  
 Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,  
 Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight.  
 But such the frailty is of Human kind,  
 Men toil for *Fame*, which no Man lives to find.  
 Long-rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies :  
*Fame* bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies.

Norm.

And with what rare Inventions do we strive.

Our selves then to survive ?

Wife, subtle Arts ; and such as well besit

That Nothing Man's no Wit.

Some with vast costly Tombs would purchase it.

And by the Proofs of Death pretend to live.

Here lies the Great. —false Marble, where?

Nothing but small and sordid Dust lies there.

Some build enormous Mountain-Palaces :

A lasting Life in well-hewn Stone they rear :

So he, who on th' *Egyptian* Shore

Was Slain so many hundred Years ago,

Lives in the dropping Ruins of his Amphitheatre.

His Father-in-Law, a higher Place does claim

In the Seraphick Entity of Fame :

He, since that Toy his Death,

Does fill all Mouths, and breaths in all Men's Breath.

'Tis true, the two immortal Syllables remain ;

But, Oh ye learned Men, explain,

What Essence, what Existence this,

What Substance, what Subsistence, what Hypostasis,

In six poor Letters is?

In



In those alone does the Great *Cæsar* live ;  
 'Tis all the conquer'd World could give.  
 We Poets; madder yet than all,  
 With a refin'd phantastick Vanity,  
 Think we not only have, but give Eternity.  
 Fain would I see that Prodigal,  
 Who his To-morrow would bestow,  
 For all old *Homer's* Life, e'er since he dy'd till now. Cowl.

Palace of *Fame*.

Full in the midst of this Created Space,  
 Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Skies, there stands a Place  
 Confining on all three, with tripple Bound ;  
 Whence all things tho' remote, are view'd around ;  
 And thither bring their undulating Sound. }  
 The Palace of loud *Fame* ! Her Seat of Pow'r ;  
 Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r :  
 A thousand winding Entries, long and wide,  
 Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide ;  
 A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made ;  
 Nor Gates, nor Bars exclude the busie Trade.  
 'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse  
 The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News :  
 Where Echos in repeated Echos play :  
 A Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day :  
 Nor Silence is within, nor Voice exprefs,  
 But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease :  
 Confus'd, and chiding like the hollow Roar  
 Of Tides, receding from th' insulting Shore,  
 Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,  
 When *Jove* at distance drives the rolling War.  
 The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din  
 Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in :  
 A Thorough-fare of News ; where some devise  
 Things never heard, some mingle Truth with Lies :  
 The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat ;  
 Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.  
 Error sits brooding there ; with added Train  
 Of vain Credulity ; and Joys as vain :  
 Suspicion, with Sedition joyn'd, are near ;  
 And Rumors rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and Panick Fear.  
*Fame* sits aloft, and sees the subject Ground, (Dryd. Ovid.)  
 And Seas about, and Skies above : enquiring all around.

F A M I N E.

This Famine has a sharp and meagre Face :  
 'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone :

Where

Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,  
Look all one common Sorrow. *Dryd. Glom.*

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,  
Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of poy's'nous Juice,  
Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,  
We greedily devour our certain Death.

The Soldier in th' Assault of Famine falls,  
And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

He daily dies, by Hours and Moments.  
All vital Nourishment, but Air, is wanting ;  
Three rising Days and two descending Nights  
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns  
But brought no kind Vicissitude to him :

His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,  
Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,  
Which halting onwards, as his Life goes back,  
Still gains upon his Ground. *Dryd. Glom.*

## F A N.

*Flavia* the least and slightest Toy  
Can with resistless Art employ :  
This Fan in meaner Hands would prove  
An Engin of small Force in Love :  
Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,  
Not to be told, or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton Motions so,  
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow :  
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,  
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

*Atter.*

## F A N C Y.

There is a Place, which Man most high does rear ;  
The small World's Heav'n, where Reason rules the Sphere :  
Here in a Robe, which does all Colours show,  
Fancy, wild Dame, with much lascivious Pride,  
By Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.  
Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about  
Of Shapes, and airy Forms, an endless Rout.  
A Sea rous on with harmless Fury there,  
Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear ;  
Here in a moment are vast Armies made :  
And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd :  
Here sparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,  
The Bawds for Sense, and living Baits for Sin.  
Here golden Mountains swell the cov'tous Place,  
And *Centaurs* ride themselves a painted Race. *Cowl. When*

When Reason sleeps, our mimick *Fancy* wakes,  
 Supplies her Part, and wild Ideas takes,  
 From Words and Things ill-suited and misjoyn'd,  
 The Anarchy of Thought, and *Chaos* of the Mind. *Dryd.*

Howe'er 'tis well, that while Mankind (*state of Inn.*)  
 Thro' Fate's fantastick Mazes errs.  
 They can imagin'd Pleasures find  
 To combat against real Cares.  
 Fancies and Notions we pursue,  
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought,  
 And, like the doating Artist, woo  
 The Image we our selves have wrought. *Prior.*

F A T E. See Fortune, Predestination, and Free-Will.

The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,  
 And executes on Earth what he foresees:  
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,  
 Comes with resistless Force, and finds or makes its Way.  
 Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,  
 One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour:  
 For sure what e'er we Mortals hate or love,  
 Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above,  
 They move our Appetites to good or ill,  
 And by Foresight necessitate the Will. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves:  
 And some are great, and some are small:  
 Some climb to good, some from good Fortune fall:  
 Some wise Men, and some Fools we call:  
 Figures, alas! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all. *Cowp.*

'Tis Fate that casts the Dice, and as she flings  
 Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. *Dryd. Juv.*  
 What Heav'n decrees no Prudence can prevent. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 Predestinated Ills are never lost. *Dryd. Dom Seb.*

Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to Tears. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;  
 He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind. *How. Ind. Queen.*

'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State:  
 Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate. *Cowp.*

Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.  
 The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,  
 But she's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.  
 If Fate weave common Thread he'll change the Doom,  
 And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom. *Dryd. Con. of Gran.*

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,  
 Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate:  
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,  
 ( For human Good depends on human Will ) *Our*



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Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent, *Ridg. Illust. 1200*  
 And from the first Impression takes the Bent: *1500*  
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like Wind, *1500*  
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind. *Dryd. Abs. On Achit.*

On what strange grounds we build our Hopes and Fears!  
 Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark  
 Our Fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee?  
 And how can we avoid it, if it be?

If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,  
 How are we bounded by Decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,  
 If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the Act of Heav'n. *Dryd. Tempest.*

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,  
 Took Pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Mass  
 With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,  
 And ev'ry kingly Virtue; but in vain,  
 For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,  
 Perform'd its Work by his mistaken hands. *Dryd. OEdip.*

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal,  
 Or clear my Virtues, or my Crime reveal:  
 If wandering in the Maze of Fate I run,  
 And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun;  
 Impute my Errors to your own Decree;  
 My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Dryd. OEdip.*

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,  
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?  
 How would you have your Mercy understood,  
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,  
 Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be Infamous.  
 Supream first Causes! you whence all things flow,  
 Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill;  
 You, who decree each seeming Chance below,  
 So great in Power, were you as good in Will,  
 How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?  
 Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,  
 Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame?  
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,  
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair, and Shame,  
 Had never found a Being, nor a Name!

'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,  
 Evil with you has Coeternity;  
 Than blindly taking it the other way,  
 That merciful, and of Election free,  
 You did create the Mischiefs you foresee. *Roch. Valent.*

Thus with short Plummets Heaven's deep Will we sound  
 That vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd!



In our small Skiff we must not launch too far ;  
We here but Coasters, not Discoverers are.

*Dryd. Tyr. Lov.*

Be juster Heav'n ! such Virtue punish'd thus,  
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,  
And shuffles with a random Hand, the Lots  
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

*Dryd. all for Love.*

Eternal Deities !

Who rule the World with absolute Decrees :  
And write whatever Time shall bring to pass,  
With Pens of Adamant, on Plates of Brass ;  
What is the Race of Human-kind your Care  
Beyond what all his fellow Creatures are ?  
He with the rest is liable to Pain,  
And like the Sheep, his Brother Beast, is slain.  
Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,  
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure :  
Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,  
When the Good suffer, and the Ill prevail ?  
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,  
If Fate, or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?  
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate ;  
Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;  
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,  
And your Commands, not our Desires fulfill :  
Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,  
Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain ;  
But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,  
Not free'd when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.

*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Good Heav'ns ! why gave you me  
A Monarch's Soul,  
And crusted it with such *Plebeian* Clay ?  
Why gave you me desires of such Extent,  
And such a Span to grasp them ? Sure my Lot  
By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd  
In Fate's eternal Volume.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Tell me why, good Heav'n !  
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,  
Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,  
That fill the happiest man ? Ah, rather why  
Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,  
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burthens ?  
Why have I sense to know the Curse that's on me ?  
Is this just dealing, Nature ?

*Osw.*

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods ! you made me  
Great, like your selves, and as a King to be  
Your Sacred Image ? Was it but for this ?  
Why rather was I not a Peasant Slave,

*Bred*

Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,  
And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes? *Rowe. Amb. Stepm.*

Ye Cruel Powers !

Take me as you have made me, miserable !  
Yon cannot make me guilty ! 'T was my Fate,  
And you made that, not I. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

But why, alas ! do mortal Men in vain  
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain ?  
God gives us what he knows our Wants require,  
And better things than those which we desire :  
Some pray for Riches, Riches they obtain ;  
But watch'd by Robbers, for their wealth are slain :  
Some pray from Prison to be freed : and come,  
When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home.  
Murther'd by those they trusted with their Life,  
A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.  
Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry day,  
Because we know not for what things to pray.  
Like drunken Sots, about the Streets we roam,  
Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home,  
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,  
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.  
Thus all seek Happiness, but few can find,  
For far the greater part of Men are blind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The Gods are just :

But how can finite measure infinite ?  
Reason ! alas ! it does not know it self :  
But Man, vain Man would with this short-lin'd Plummet  
Fathom the vast Abyss of Heav'nly Justice.  
Whatever is, is in its Causes just ;  
Since all things are by Fate, But purblind Man  
Sees but a Part o' th' Chain ; the nearest Link :  
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam,  
That poises all above. *Dryd. OEdip.*

Impute not then to me

The Fault of Fortune, or the Fate's Decree :  
Or call it Heav'n's imperial Pow'r alone,  
Which moves on Springs of Justice, tho' unknown :  
Yet this we see, tho' order'd for the best,  
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd.  
Permitted Lawrels grace the lawless Brow,  
Th' unworthy rais'd, the worthy cast below. *Dryd. Sig. & Guis.*

F E A R. See Flight.

A deadly Fear o'er all his vitals reigns,  
And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins. *Blac.*  
Terror froze up his Hair, and on his Face  
Show'rs of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down apace. *Cowl.*  
Agast he wak'd, and starting from his Bed, *Cold*

Cold Sweats, in clammy Drops his Limbs o'er-spread. *Dryd.*

His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load,  
And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,  
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:  
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,  
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue. *Dryd. Theod. & Hon.*

I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,  
And a cold Sweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,  
As if I were dissolving into Water. *Dryd. Temp.*

At thy dread Anger the fix'd World shall shake,  
And frighted Nature her own Laws forsake;  
Do thou but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,  
And Thunder, echo'd to the trembling Sky;  
While warring Seas swell to so bold a Height,  
As shall the Fires proud Element affright:  
Th' old drudging Sun from his long beaten way  
Shall at thy Voice start, and mis-guide the Day.  
The jocund Orbs shall break their measur'd Pace,  
And stubborn Poles change their allotted Place.  
Heav'n's gilded Troops shall flutter here and there,  
Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a Sphere:  
Nay their God too. — For fear he did, when we  
Took noble Arms against his Tyranny:  
So noble Arms, and in a Cause so great,  
That Triumph they deserve for their Defeat. *Cowl.*

[Spoken by Envy to the Devil.]

With that, with his long Tail he lash'd his Breast,  
And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.  
The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,  
And at each other first, could only gaze:  
A dreadful Silence fill'd the hollow Space,  
Doubling the native Terror of Hell's Face.  
Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before  
So loudly rag'd, crept softly to the Shore,  
No Hiss of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known,  
The Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan. *Cowl.*

The Silver Moon with Terrour paler grew,  
And neighb'ring *Hermion* sweated flow'ry Dew. *Cowl.*

The Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight;  
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Who would believe what strange Bug-bears  
Mankind creates it self of Fears!

That spring, like Fern, that insect Weed,  
Equivocally, without Seed;

And have no possible Foundation,

But meerly in th' Imagination. *And*



And yet can do more dreadful Feats,  
 Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats:  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 Than all their Nurseries of Elves:  
 For Fear does things so like a Witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which.  
 Sets up Communities of Senses,  
 To chop and change Intelligencies :

*As Rosicrucian Virtuosis*

Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses ;  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by Fear.  
 That makes them in the Dark see Visions,  
 And hag themselves with Apparitions ;  
 And when their Eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest Objects best.

Do things not contrary alone  
 To th' Force of Nature, but its own :  
 The Courage of the bravest daunt,  
 And turn Poltroons to valiant :

For Men as resolute appear  
 With too much, as too little Fear ;  
 And when they 're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from Death by dying:  
 Or turn agen to stand it out,  
 And those that fled, like Lyons rout.

*Hud.*

For Fear oft braver Feats performs,  
 Than ever Courage dar'd, in Arms.

*Hud.*

It is an Ague that forsakes,  
 And haunts by Firs those whom it takes.

*Hud.*

Fear ever argues a degenerate Mind.

*Dryd. Virg.*

#### FIGHTING at Sea. See Battel, Duel, War.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,  
 And with their smoky Cannon banish Day.  
 At the first shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,  
 Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.  
 Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,  
 They trouble Nature, and her Visage change.  
 Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,  
 And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleets.  
 Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,  
 And of one VVound hundreds together dye:  
 Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,  
 The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave.  
 The Sea that blush'd with Blood.

*Wall.  
 Deform'd*

Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horror ride  
In fearful Pomp upon the Crimson Tide. *Blac.*

The thundring Cannons  
With their loud Roar the angry Seas assuage;  
Awe list'ning VVinds, and calm their weaker Rage. *Blac.*

Once *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,  
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray:  
Here Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat should sound,  
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd, *Wall.*

Into the VVaves some their pale Bodies throw,  
And fly from Death above to Death below. *Blac.*

The burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,  
And no Light shines, but that by which Men die. *Wall.*

To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,  
And Neighbour sits to Heav'ns contiguous Fires  
Scorch'd Bodies, broken Masts, and smoking Beams,  
Promiscuous Ruin, float along the Streams. *Blac.*

Tost by a VVhirlwind of tempestuous Fire,  
A thousand VVretches in the Air expire; *Den.*

Vast Sheets of Flame and pitchy Clouds arise,  
And burning Vomit spouts against the Skies:  
Tempests of Fire th' astonish'd Heav'ns annoy,  
Fierce as those Storms that from their Clouds destroy. *Blac.*

As th' Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,  
New Strength and Vigour from its VVounds receives;  
Their Rage by loss of Blood is kindled more;  
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar.  
Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,  
Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air.  
Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,  
With universal VVreck, and *Chaos* threat the VVorld.  
Such would the Noise be should this mighty All  
Crush'd and confounded into Atoms fall.

The Ships, which in magnificent Array,  
But just before did their proud Flags display,  
And seem'd with warring Destiny to play;  
Now from our Rage, despoil'd of rigging tow,  
Or burn, or up into the Air they blow.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain  
The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain:  
VVith their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,  
Their huge extended Arms the VVinds defy:  
The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes by.  
VVhen *Jove* concern'd that they so high aspire,  
Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire:  
VVhich does with dismal Havock on 'em fall:  
Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all;

Q.

From

From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,  
And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born:  
Upon the Heath they blasted stand and bare,  
And those whom once they shelter'd, now they scare.

Den.

Amid the Main two mighty Fleets engage  
Their Brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage,  
Moving they fight: with Oars and forky Prows  
The froth is gather'd and the VVater glows:

It seems as if the *Cyclades* again

VVere rooted up, and juffled in the Main;  
Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains met;  
Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet:

Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly:

The Fields of *Neptune* take a Purple Die.

Dryd. Virg.

## F I R E.

As when in Summer welcome VVinds arise,  
The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,  
And fires the midmost Plants: Contagion spreads  
And catching Flames infest the neighb'ring Heads,  
Around the Forest flies the furious Blast,

And all the leafy Nation sinks at last,  
And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the VVaste.

The Pastor, pleas'd with his dire Victory,  
Beholds the fatiate Flames, in Sheets ascend the Sky. Dryd. Virg.

The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,  
And with outrageous Heat the Trees devour.

The spreading Burnings lay the Forest waste,  
And sooty Spoils lie smoking where it pass'd.

Blac.

The Lawrels crackle in the burning Fire,  
The frighted Sylvans from their Shades retire.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus when a Flood of Fire by VVinds is born,  
Crackling it rous, and mows the standing Corn.

Dryd. Virg.

The Flames were blown aside,  
Fann'd by the VVinds, and gave a ruffled Light. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

VVhen strong rising Flames Resistance find,  
Beat downwards by a fierce impetuous VVind;

The liquid Pyramids with Labour bend  
Their Tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend.

Blac.

If in some Town a Fire breaks out by Chance,  
Th' impetuous Flames with lawless Pow'r advance,

On ruddy VVings the bright Destruction flies,  
Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Cries:

The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the VVind,  
And ghastly Desolation howls behind.

Blac.

The crackling Flames appear on high,

And



And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky.  
 Driv'n on the VVings of VVinds, whole Sheets of Fire  
 Thro' Air transported to the Roofs aspire,  
 VVith *Vulcan's* Rage the rising VVinds conspire. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food. *Dryd.*  
*(Pal. & Arc.)*

*Ships on Fire.*

The Flame unstop'd at first more Fury gains,  
 And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd Reins,  
 Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,  
 And seizes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.  
 A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames arise.  
 Nor will the raging Fires their Fury cease,  
 But lurking in the Seams, with seeming Peace  
 VVork on their way amid the smould'ring Tow,  
 Sure in Destruction, but in Motion flow.  
 The silent Plague thro the green Timber eats,  
 And vomits out a tardy Flame by Fits.  
 Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,  
 The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails;  
 Not Buckets pour'd; nor Strength of human Hand  
 Can the victorious Element withstand,  
 Or stop the fiery Pest. *Dryd. Virg.*

F I R M A M E N T. *See* Creation.F I S H. *See* Creation. *Muse.*

## F L A T T E R Y.

Give me Flattery,

Flattery, the Food of Courts, that I may rock him,  
 And lull him in the Down of his Desires. *Beaum. Rol.*

No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by 't.  
 It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves  
 Use to cajole, and soften Fools withall:  
 If thou hast Flattery in thy Nature, out with it;  
 Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive. *Osw. Orph.*

There, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd  
 By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts:  
 VVhere thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,  
 Met nothing but a Lie in ev'ry Face;  
 And the gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Croud,  
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud  
 The Stuff, or Royal Nonsense: when I spoke,  
 My honest homely VVords were carp'd and censur'd;

For want of courtly Style: related Actions,  
 Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts:  
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,  
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,  
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

## F L I G H T.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,  
 We left our Champion on his Flight:  
 In equal fear of Night and Day:  
 He never was in greater Need,  
 Nor less Capacity of Speed;  
 Disabled both in Man and Beast,  
 To fly; and run away, his best;  
 To keep the Enemy and Fear,  
 From equal falling on his Rear.  
 And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd  
 The further, and the nearer side:  
 ( As Seamen ride with all their Force,  
 And tug, as if they row'd the Horse;  
 And when the Hackney sails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift. )  
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,  
 His Fear was greater than his Haste.  
 For Fear tho' fleetest than the Wind,  
 Believes 'tis always left behind. *Hud.*

But timely Running's no small Part  
 Of Conduct in the martial Art:  
 By that, some glorious Feats achieve,  
 As Citizens by breaking thrive.  
 It saves th' expence of Time and Pains,  
 And dang'rous beating out of Brains:  
 For they that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.  
 And they, who run from th' Enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly,  
 And when the Fight's become a Chace,  
 They win the Day, that win the Race. *Hud.*

## F L O O D. See Deluge.

Thus Deluges, descending on the Plains,  
 Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the Pains  
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's Gains;  
 Unroot the Forrest Oaks, and bear away  
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey. *The*

The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far  
The wastful Ravage of the watry War.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Not with so fierce a Rage the foaming Flood  
Roars when he finds his rapid Course withstood;  
Bears down the Dams with unresisted sway,  
And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The fruitful Nile

Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent  
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,  
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste  
E'en of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts  
Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew  
On th' utmost Margin of the Water-mark:  
Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,  
It slip'd from underneath the scaly Herd:  
Here monstrous *Phoca* panted on the Shore,  
Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,  
Lay lashing the departing Waves; hard by 'em  
Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud,  
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em. *(for Love. Dryd. All)*

F L O W E R S. See Bower. Garden.

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy  
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;  
Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray  
Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to day.  
Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hue,  
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:  
Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose  
Their Virgin-blushes to the Morn disclose.  
Hence Arbors are with twining Greens array'd,  
T' oblige complaining Lovers with their shade. *Gar.*

These Flowers last but for a little space,  
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace.  
This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n,  
Weak to sustain the Storms, and Injuries of Heav'n.  
Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head;  
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed,  
In Summer living, and in Winter dead. }

For things of tender kind, for Pleasure made, *(Flower & the Leaf. Dryd. The*  
Shoot up with swift encrease, and suddain are decay'd.

Such on the Ground the fading Rose we see,  
By some rude Blast torn from the Parent Tree.  
The Daffadil so leans his languid Head,  
Newly mown down upon his grassy Bed:  
Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,



The splendid Form in part, and lovely Hue remain. *Blac.*  
 Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care  
 I watch'd, and to the careful Sun did rear:  
 VVho now shall bind your Stems? Or when you fall,  
 VVith Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall? *Dryd.*  
*(State of Inn.)*

## F O G S. See Clouds,

Thick Damps, and lazy Fogs arise,  
 And with their sluggish Treasures clog the Skies:  
 Some from dark Caverns far remote from Day,  
 From each embowel'd Mount, and hollow Vault,  
 Crude Exhalations, and raw Vapours brought.  
 Some from deep Quag-mires, Ponds, and sedgy Moors,  
 Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores.  
 To their appointed Station all repair,  
 And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air:  
 The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Streams,  
 Exclude the Sun, and choak his brightest Beams. *Blac.*

## F O N D.

Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys. *Dryd.*  
 O she dotes on him!  
 Feeds on his Looks; eyes him as pregnant Women  
 Gaze on the precious things their Souls are set on. *Lee. Cæs. Borg.*  
 She would hang on him,  
 As if increase of Appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on. *Shak. Haml.*  
 Let me not live,  
 If the young Bridegroom, longing for his night,  
 Was ever half so fond. *Dryd. all for Love.*  
 I joy more in thee,  
 Than did thy Mother, when she hugg'd thee first,  
 And bless'd the Gods for all her Travels past. *Orw. Ven. Pres.*

## F O O L.

Fools are known by looking wise,  
 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes. *Hud.*  
*Fortune* takes Care that Fools should still be seen:  
 She places 'em aloft, o' th' top-most spoke  
 Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily work  
 Of Nature; her Vocation: if the form  
 A Man, she loses by't; 'tis too expensive.  
 'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy. *Dryd. OEdip. He*

He was a Fool thro' Choice, not want of Wit.  
 His Foppery, without the help of Sense,  
 Could ne'er have risen to such an Excellence:  
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,  
 As a Philosopher: the very Top,  
 And Dignity of Folly, we attain  
 By studious Search, and Labour of the Brain ;  
 By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought ;  
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat :  
 VVe owe that Name to Industry and Arts ;  
 An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts. *Rock.*  
 For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise. *Dryd.*  
*(Hind. & Pan.)*

## F O R E S T.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,  
 That overlook'd the shaded Plain below :  
 No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite,  
 Coeval with the VVorld, a venerable Sight! *Dryd. Ovid.*  
 Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood,  
 Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn:  
 Few Paths of human Feet, or Tracks of Beasts were worn.  
*Dryd. Virg.*

## F O R T I T U D E.

Endure and conquer; *Jove* will soon dispose,  
 To future Good our past and present VVoos:  
 Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care :  
 An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate  
 Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate :  
 Endure the Hardships of your present State:  
 Live and reserve your selves for better Fate. *Dryd. Virg.*

But thou secure of Soul, unbent with VVoos,  
 The more thy Fortune frowns the more oppose:  
 No Terrour to my View,  
 No frightful Face of Danger can be new :  
 Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare ; *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 The Fates without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.

VVhat tho' the Field be lost,  
 All is not lost ! th' unconquerable VVill,  
 And Study of Revenge ; immortal Hate,  
 And Courage never to submit or yield :  
 And what is else not to be overcome ?  
 That Glory never shall his VVrath or Might  
 Extort from me, to bow and sue for Grace

VVith suppliant Knee, and deify his Power,  
 VVho from the Terrour of this Arm so late  
 Doubted his Empire ; that were low indeed,  
 That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath  
 This Down-fall.

Milt.

In struggling with Misfortunes  
 Lyes the true Proof of Virtue: on smooth Seas  
 How many bawble-Boats do set their Sails,  
 And make an equal way with firmer Vessels?  
 But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,  
 And then behold the strong-rib'd *Argosie*,  
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,  
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*:  
 Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main?  
 Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port,  
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: even thus  
 Do empty show, and true priz'd VVorth, divide  
 In Storms of Fortune.

Shak. Troil. &amp; Crest.

VVith such unshaken Temper of the Soul  
 To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,  
 Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity  
 The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempest;  
 But in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease.  
 And loses all her Firmness.

Rowe. Tamerl.

Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,  
 I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield,  
 Can take in all: and Verge enough for more.  
 Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's.  
 Souls know no Conquerors.

Dryd. Don Seb.

So tho' less worthy Stones are drown'd in Night,  
 The faithful Diamond keeps his native Light,  
 And is oblig'd to Darkness for a Ray,  
 That would be more oppress'd than help'd by Day.

Cowl.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,  
 Cheer'd up himself with Ends of Verse,  
 And Sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he,

I am not now in Fortune's Power,  
 He that is down, can fall no lower.  
 And as we see th' eclipsed Sun,  
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his Light  
 He shines in serene Sky most bright,  
 So Valour in a low Estate  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
 As Beards, the nearer that they tend

To



To th' Earth, still grow more reverend;  
 And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,  
 The lower we let down their Breeches;  
 I'll make this low dejected Fate  
 Advance me to a greater Height.

What e'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done,  
 And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun. *Hud.*  
*(C. Arc.*  
*Dryd. Pal,*

F O R T U N E. See Fate. Vicissitudo.

*Fortune!* made up of Toys and Impudence,  
 Thou common Jade, thou hast not common Sense!  
 But, fond of Bus'ness, insolently dares  
 Pretend to rule, and spoil the VWorld's Affairs!  
 She flutt'ring up and down her Favours throws,  
 On the next met, not minding what she does,  
 Nor why, nor whom, she helps or injures, knows.  
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves,  
 And seldom truly loves, but Fools, or Knaves.  
 Let her love whom she please, I scorn to wooe her;  
 VWhile she stays with me, I'll be civil to her:  
 But if she offer once to move her VVings,  
 I'll sling her back all her vain Guegaw things;  
 And, arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand  
 Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command.  
 I'll marry Honesty tho' ne'er so poor,  
 Rather than follow such a blind dull VVhore.

*Euck.*

*Fortune,* that with malicious Joy,  
 Does Man, her Slave, oppress,  
 Proud of her Office to destroy,  
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.

Still various, and unconstant still,  
 But with an Inclination to be ill,  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,  
 And makes a Lottery of Life.  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
 But when she dances in the VVind,  
 And shakes her VVings, and will not stay,  
 I puff the Prostitute away.

The Little or the Much she gave, is quietly resign'd;  
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;  
 And Virtue, tho' in Rags, shall keep me warm.

VVhat is't to me,

VVho never sail in her unfaithful Sea,  
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black,  
 If the Mast split, and threaten VVreck,  
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear

For

For his ill-gotten Gain,  
And pray to Gods, that will not hear,  
VVhile the debating VVinds and Billows bear  
His Wealth into the Main.

For me, secure from *Fortune's* Blows,  
Secure of what I cannot lose,  
In my small Pinnacle I can sail,  
Contemning all the blust'ring Roar ;  
And running with a merry Gale  
VVith friendly Stars my Safety seek  
VVithin some little, winding Creek,  
And see the Storm ashore.

Dryd. Hor.

VVhose Fortune is not fitted to his VVill,  
Too great or little, is uneasie still :

Our Shoes and Fortunes sure are much ally'd,  
We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.

Staff. Hor.

O Mortals ! blind in Fate, who never know  
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low !

Dryd. Virg.

She for her Pleasure can her Fools advance,  
And toss 'em Topmost on the wheel of Chance.

Dryd.

*Fortune* a Goddess is to Fools alone,  
The wise are always Masters of their own.

Dryd. Juv.

*Fortune* was never worship'd by the Wise,  
But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

Dryd. Juv.

Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life,  
And every Change of Fortune easie to me,  
Because I still was easie to my self.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Good Fortune that comes seldom, comes more welcom. Dryd.  
In all my Wars Good *Fortune* flew before me, (OEdip.  
Sublime I sate in Triumph on her Wheel. Dryd. Don Seb.

*Fortune* came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it :  
And purpled Greatness met my ripen'd Years,  
When first I came to Empire, I was born  
On Tides of People crowding to my Triumphs,  
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World  
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace :  
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,  
Fate could not ruin me ; till I took Pains  
And work'd against my *Fortune*, chid her from me,  
And turn'd her loose, yet still she came again ;  
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights  
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,  
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.

But she is *Cæsar's* now, and what am I ?

Oh ! I am now so sunk from what I was,

Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark ;

The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,

Arc

Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.  
 What I have left is from my native Spring;  
 I've still a Heart that swells in Scorn of Fate,  
 And lifts me to my Banks.

Glutton of *Fortune* ! thy devouring Youth  
 Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

Ay me ! What Perils do environ  
 The Man that meddles with cold Iron ?  
 What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps  
 Do dog him still with After-claps !  
 For tho' Dame *Fortune* seem to smile,  
 And leer upon him for a while ;  
 She'll after shew him in the Nick  
 Of all his Honours a Dog-trick.  
 For *Hudibras* who thought h' had won  
 The Field as certain as a Gun.  
 And, having routed the whole Troop,  
 With Victory was Cock-a-hoop ;  
 Found in few Minutes to his Cost,  
 He did but count without his Host,  
 And that a Turn-stile is more certain  
 Than in Events of War Dame *Fortune*.

*Hud.*

Events are doubtful which on Battels wait,  
 But where's the Doubt to Souls secure of Fate.

*Dryd. Virg.*

'Tis better not to be than be unhappy !  
 'Tis better not to be than to be *Creon* ;  
 A thinking Soul is Punishment enough ;  
 But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,  
 Then every Thought draws Blood.  
 My Soul's ill marry'd to my Body :  
 I would be young, be handsom, be belov'd,  
 Could I but breath my self into *Adrastus* !  
 Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King !  
 Then I had kill'd a Monster ! Gain'd a Battel !  
 And had my Rival Pris'ner ! Brave, brave Actions !  
 Why have not I done these ?

My *Fortune* hindred !

There's it : I have a Soul to do 'em all :  
 But *Fortune* will have nothing done that's great,  
 But by young handsom Fools ! Body and Brawn  
 Do all her work ; *Hercules* was a Fool,  
 And streight grew famous : A mad boist'rous Fool !  
 Nay worse, a Woman's Fool.

Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

*Dryd.*

[Spoken by *Creon*, in *Oedipus*]

Nature meant me

A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove,

*Fond*



Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit:  
 But *Fortune* that has made a Mistress of me,  
 Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd (*All for Love.*  
 Of Falshood to be happy. [*Spoken by Cleopatra.*] *Dryd.*

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,  
 Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness,  
 But bears its working outward to the World?

I am made a shallow forded Stream,  
 Seen to the Bottom: all my Clearness scorn'd,  
 And all my Faults expos'd. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,  
 But *Fortune*, at some Hours, to all is kind.  
 The lucky have whole Days, which still they choose;  
 Th' unlucky have but Hours, and those they loose. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

### F R E E D O M. *See Liberty.*

Freedom, the first Delight of Human-Kind! *Dryd. Pers.*  
 Freedom with Virtue takes her Seat,  
 Her proper Place, her only Scene,  
 Is in the golden Mean.

She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.  
 The Wings of those, Necessity has clipt,  
 And they're in *Fortune's* Bridewel whipt,  
 To the laborious Task of Bread:

These are by various Tyrants captive led.  
 Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,  
 Rides, reins, and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse:

And servile Av'rice yokes them now,  
 Like toilsom Oxen to the Plough:  
 And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding Light,  
 Draws them thro' all the Labyrinths of Night:  
 If any few among the Great there be,  
 From these insulting Passions free,

Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see  
 By Custom, Bus'ness, Crowds, and formal Decency.  
 And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,  
 Impertinencies round them flow:  
 These are the small uneasie things,  
 Which about Greatness still are found,  
 And rather it molests than wound:

Like Gnats, which too much heat of Summer brings:  
 But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings. *Cowl.*

### F R I E N D.

I had a Friend that lov'd me:

I was his Soul, he liv'd not but in me:  
 We were so clos'd within each others Breasts,  
 The Rivers were not found that join'd us first:  
 That does not reach us yet: we were so mix'd,  
 As meeting Streams; both to our selves were lost.  
 We were one Mass, we could not give or take:  
 But from the same: for he was I; I, He:  
 Return my better Half, and give me all my self,  
 For thou art all!

If I have any Joy when thou art absent,  
 I grudge it to my self: Methinks I rob  
 Thee of thy part.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

Thou Brother of my Choice! a Band more sacred  
 Than Nature's brittle Tie. By Holy Friendship,  
 Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival,  
 My Soul seem'd wanting in its better Half,  
 And languish'd for thy Absence; like a Prophet,  
 That waits the Inspiration of his God.

*Rowe. Tamerl.*

They both were Servants, they both Princes were.  
 If any Joy to one of them was sent,  
 It was most his to whom it least was meant:  
 And *Fortune's* Malice betwixt both was cross'd;  
 For striking one, it wounded th' other most.

*Cowl.*

Then *Theseus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came,  
 A single Concord in a double Name.

Their Love in early Infancy began,  
 And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man:  
 Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,  
 That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,

His Fellow to redeem him, went to Hell. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

There have been fewer Friends on Earth than Kings. *Cowl.*

Friendship, of it self a holy Tie,

Is made more sacred by Adversity.

*Dryd. Hind. & Parth.*

The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,

Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.

*Shak. Haml.*

Ever note, *Lucilius*,

When Love begins to slacken and decay,

It uses an inforced Ceremony:

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith;

But hollow Men, like Horses hot at Hand,

Make gallant Shew and promise of their Mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,

They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,

Sink in the Tryal.

*Shak. Jul. Cas.*

*Protestations of Friendship.*

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage

In

In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page  
 With Wind and Noise; but freely to impart,  
 As to a Friend the Secrets of my Heart :  
 And in familiar Speech to let thee know  
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe :  
 Knock on my Heart, for thou hast Skill to find,  
 If it be solid, or be fill'd with Wind ;  
 And thro' the Veil of Words, thou view'st the naked Mind. }  
 For this a hundred Voices I desire,  
 To tell thee what a hundred Tongues would tire,  
 Yet never could be worthily express'd,  
 How deeply thou art seated in my Breast !

*Dryd. Pers.*

Oh thou'rt so near my Heart, that thou may'st see  
 Its bottom ; sound its Strength and Firmness to thee.

*Osw.*

No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide  
 From thee, Heroick Youth ! Be wholly mine !  
 Take full Possession : All my Soul is thine !

*(Ven. Pres.)*

One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend ;  
 My Life's Companion, and my Bosom-Friend !

*Dryd. Virg.*

But if some Chance, as many sure there are,  
 And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War ;  
 If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,  
 And spare thy Life ; I would not perish all.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## F R O S T. See Winter.

Swift Rivers are with suddain Ice constrain'd,  
 And studded VVheels are on its Back sustain'd :  
 An Hostry now for VVaggons, which before,  
 Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.  
 The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd ;  
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd :  
 VVith Axes first they cleave the VVine, and thence,  
 By VVeight the solid Portions they dispense.  
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard  
 Long Isicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard :  
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow  
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## F R O V V N.

VVith hostile Frown, and Visage all inflam'd,  
 Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullén Frown,  
 Like flashing Light'ning, opens angry Heav'n,  
 And while it kills, delights.

*Dryd.*

All these VVrongs  
 Have never made me sowl my patient Cheek,

*Dryd. Don Seb.**Or*



Or bend one wrinkle on my Face.

*Shak-*

As when two black Clouds,  
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come ratling on  
Over the *Caspian*, then stand Front to Front,  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow,  
To join their dark Encounter in mid Air;  
So frown'd the mighty Combatants.

*Milt.*

### *Roman* F U N E R A L.

Mean while the Trojan Troops, with weeping Eyes,  
To dead *Misenus* pay his Obsequies.

First from the Ground a lofty Pile they rear,  
Of Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Fir,  
The Basis broad below, the Top advanc'd in Air.

The Fabrick's Front with Cypress Springs they strew,  
And stick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yeugh;

The topmost Part his glittering Arms adorn;

Warm Waters then, in Brazen Cauldrons born,

Are pour'd to wash the Body Joint by Joint,

And fragrant Oyl the stiffen'd Limbs anoint.

With Groans and Cries *Misenus* they deplore:

Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,

The breathless Body, thus bewail'd, they lay,

And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away,

Such reverend Rights their Fathers us'd to pay.

Pure Oyl and Incense on the Fire they throw;

And Fat of Victims which his Friends bestow.

These Gifts the greedy Flames to Dust devour,

Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour.

And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose,

Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.

Old *Chorineus* compass'd thrice the Crew;

And dip'd an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;

Which thrice he sprinkl'd round, and thrice aloud

Invok'd the Dead, and then dismiss'd the Croud.

*Dryd. Virg.*

### F U R I E S. See Alecto.

Deep in the dismal Regions void of Light,

Three Daughters at a Birth were born to *Night*:

These the brown Mother, brooding on her Care,

Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air,

With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing Hair.

In Heav'n, the *Dire* call'd; and still at hand,

Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand;

His Ministers of Wrath! and ready still,

The

The Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill ;  
 Whene'er the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,  
 On Realms or Towns, deserving of their Fate,  
 Hurls down Discafes, Death, and deadly Care,  
 And terrifies the guilty World with War. *Dryd. Virg.*

Infernal Offsprings of the Night,  
 Debarr'd of Heav'n, their Native Right,  
 And from the glorious Fields of Light,  
 Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,  
 And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain :  
 Whose Good is Ill, whose Joy is Woe ;  
 Whose Work's t' embroil the Worlds above,  
 Disturb their Union, difunite their Love, *(Alb. & Alban.)*  
 And blast the beauteous Fame of their Victorious Foe. *Dryd.*

## FUTURITY.

Distrust and Darknefs of a future State,  
 Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.  
 Death in it self is nothing, but we fear  
 To be we know not what, we know not where. *Dryd. Aurel.*

To be or not to be ! that is the Question !  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer  
 The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,  
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,  
 And by opposing, end them ? To die to sleep !  
 No more ! and by a sleep to say we end  
 The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks  
 That Flesh is Heir to ! 'Tis a Consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ! to sleep !  
 To sleep, perchance to dream ! I, there's the Rub ;  
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,  
 When we have shuff'd off this mortal Coyle,  
 Most give us Pause. There's the Respect  
 That makes Calamity of so long Life :  
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,  
 Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,  
 The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Law's Delay,  
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns  
 That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make.  
 With a bare Bodkin. Who would these Fardles bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,  
 But that the dread of something after Death,  
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne,  
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than

Than fly to others that we know not of.  
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,  
 And thus the Native Hue of Resolution  
 Is sickled o'er with the pale Cast of Thought:  
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,  
 VVith this Regard their Currents turn away,  
 And lose the Name of Action. *Shak. Ham.*

In whatsoever Character

The Book of Fate is writ,  
 'Tis well we understand not it:  
 VVe should grow mad with too much Learning there.  
 Upon the brink of every Ill we did foresee,  
 Undecently and foolishly,  
 VVe should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture  
 The fatal Flood to enter:

Since willing or unwilling, we must do it,  
 They feel less Cold and Pain, who plunge at once into it. *Cowl.*  
 Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,  
 And draw the distant Landscape as they please,  
 But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,  
 To tell their Manners and relate their Laws. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,  
 How you will tremble there to stand expos'd,  
 The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,  
 That must be doom'd for Murther! think on Murther!  
 That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:  
 The Damnd themselves start wide, and shun that Band,  
 As far more black, and more forlorn than they.  
 'Tis terrible! it shakes, it staggers me:  
 I know this Truth, but I repel'd that Thought:  
 Sure there is none but fears a future State;  
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not, *(Fry.)*  
 Their trembling Hearts belie their boasting Tongues. *Dryd. Span.*

Consider former Ages past and gon,  
 VVhose Circles ended long e'er thine begun;  
 Then tell me, Fool, what part in them thou hast;  
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.  
 VVhat horror seest thou in that quiet state,  
 VVhat Bug-bear-Dreams to fright thee after Fate?  
 No Ghosts, no Goblins, that still passage keep,  
 But all is there serene in that eternal Sleep.  
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,  
 Are verifi'd on Earth and not in Hell:  
 No *Tantalus* looks with a fearful Eye,  
 Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on high;  
 But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie Hours,  
 Or vain imagin'd VVrath of vain imagin'd Pow'rs,



No *Tityus* torn by Vultures, lies in Hell ;  
 Nor could the Lobes of his rank Liver swell  
 To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal Meal.  
 Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er  
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more :  
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gyant's floor.  
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lie,  
 Nor could his Corps sufficient Food supply :  
 But he's the *Tityus*, who, by Love opprels'd,  
 Or Tyrant-Passion preying on his Breast,  
 And ever Anxious thoughts, is robb'd of Rest.  
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom Noise and Strife  
 Seduce from all the soft Retreats of Life,  
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,  
 Drunk with the fumes of popular Applause,  
 He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,  
 And sweats and toils in vain to mount the Sov'raign Seat.  
 For still to aim at Pow'r and still to fail,  
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,  
 What is it, but, in Reason's true Account,  
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount ?  
 Which urg'd and labour'd and forc'd up with Pain, (Plain.  
 Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and smoaks along the  
 Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind  
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry Kind ;  
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,  
 Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight ;  
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the Store,  
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more ;  
 This is the Fable's Moral which they tell  
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell,  
 To leaky Vessels which the Liquor spill,  
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.  
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,  
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,  
 And all the vain infernal Trumpery,  
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.  
 But here on Earth the guilty have in view  
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due :  
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,  
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak ;  
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,  
 Th' avenging horror of a conscious Mind,  
 Whose deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,  
 And sees no end of Punishment or Woe :  
 But looks for more at the last Gasps of Breath ;  
 This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.

Dryd. *Lucr.*  
 Then

Then whither went his Soul, let such relate,  
 Who search the Secrets of the future State.  
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;  
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative.  
 For were all plain, then all Sides must agree,  
 And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.  
 To live uprightly then is sure the best;  
 To save our selves, and not to damn the rest. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

G A L E S. See Paradise. Garden.

Now did I not so near my Labours end  
 Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend,  
 My Song to Flow'ry Gardens might extend.  
 To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing  
 The *Pastan* Roses, and their double Spring:  
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Stream, and how  
 Green Beds of Parsley near the Rivers grow:  
 How *Cucumers* along the Surface creep,  
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep;  
 The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail  
 Of Bears-foot, Myrtles green, and Ivy pale:  
 For where with shady Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,  
 And deep *Galesus* soaks the yellow Sands,  
 I chanc'd an old *Corycian* Swain to know,  
 Lord of few Acres, and those Barren too:  
 Unfit for Sheep and Vines, and more unfit to Sow.  
 Yet lab'ring well his little spot of Ground,  
 Some scatt'ring Pot-herbs here and there he found;  
 Which, cultivated with his daily Care,  
 And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare:  
 Sometimes white Lillies did their Leaves afford,  
 With wholesom Poppy-flow'rs to mend his homely Board;  
 For late returning home, he supp'd at ease,  
 And wisely deem'd the wealth of Monarchs less:  
 The Little of his own, because his own, did please.  
 To quit his Care, he gather'd, first of all,  
 In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall:  
 And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,  
 And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,  
 He stripp'd the Bears-foot of its leafy Growth,  
 And calling Western Winds, accus'd the Spring of Sloth.  
 He therefore first among the Swains was found  
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,  
 And squeeze the Combs with golden Liquor Crown'd.  
 His Limes were first in Flow'r, his lofty Pines  
 With friendly Shade secur'd his tender Vines:

For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,  
 An Autumn-Apple was by Tale restor'd.  
 He knew to rank his Elms in even Rows,  
 For Fruit the grafted Pear-tree to dispose ;  
 And tame to Plums the Sourness of the Sloes.  
 With spreading Planes he made a cool Retreat,  
 To shade Good-fellows from the Summer's Heat.

Dryd. Virg.

Bear me some God, to *Baia's* gentle Seats,  
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats,  
 Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.  
 Where Western Gales eternally reside,  
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride ;  
 Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,  
 And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies.

Add.

O blessed Shades ! O gentle cool Retreat

From all th' immoderate Heat

In which the frantick World does burn and sweat :

Where Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,

And sing above in ev'ry Tree,

Are not from Fears and Cares more free,

Than we who lie or walk below.

What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel

That which within this Shade does dwell ?

To which we nothing pay or give :

Birds like all other Poets live

Without Reward or Thanks for their obliging Pains :

'Tis well if they become not Prey :

The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,

And a grave Base the murmur'ring Fountains play.

*Nature* does all this Harmony bestow ;

But to our Plants, *Art's* Musick too,

The Pipe, Theorbo, and Ghittar we owe ;

The Lute it self, which once was green and mute :

When *Orpheus* struck th' inspir'd Lute,

The Trees danc'd round, and understood,

By Sympathy, the voice of Wood.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,

And nothing does within Resistance make ;

Which yet we moderately take,

Who would not chuse to be awake,

When he's incompass'd round with such Delight,

To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Taste, the Sight ?

When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep

A Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep ;

She od'rous Herbs and Shrubs beneath him spread,

As the most soft and sweetest Bed ;

Not



Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,  
As when it grafts or buds the Tree ;

In other things we count it to excel

If it a docil Scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well ;

It over-rules, and is her Master here.

Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand

O'er all the vegetable World command ?

He bids th' ill-natur'd Crab produce

The gentle Apple's winy Juice.

He does the savage Hawthorn teach,

To bear the Medlar, and the Pear :

He bids the rustick Plum to rear

A nobler Trunk, and be a Peach.

Ev'n *Daphne's* Coyneſs he does mock,

And weds the Cherry to her Stock ;

Tho' ſhe refus'd *Apollo's* Suit,

Ev'n ſhe, that chaſte, and Virgin Tree,

Now wonders at her ſelf, to ſee

That ſhe's a Mother made, and bluſhes in her Fruit.

Methinks I ſee great *Diocleſian* walk

In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade.

Which by his own Imperial Hands were made.

Methinks I ſee him ſmile while he does talk

With the Ambaſſadors, who come in vain

T' invite him to a Throne again ;

If I, my Friends, ſays he, ſhould to you ſhow,

All the Delights that in this Garden grow ;

'Tis likelier much that you ſhould with me ſtay ;

Than 'tis that you ſhould carry me away :

And truſt me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,

Than ever, after the moſt happy Fight,

In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,

(*Cowl.*

To thank the Gods, and to be thought my ſelf almoſt a God.

GARDEN of *Eden*. See *Paradiſe*.

## GAUNTLETS.

He threw

Two pond'rous Gauntlets down in open View :

Gauntlets, which *Erys* wont in fight to wield,

And ſheath his Hand's within the liſted Field.

With Fear and Wonder ſeiz'd, the Croud beholds

The Gloves of Death, with ſeven diſtinguiſh'd Folds

Of rough Bull-Hides : the space within is spread  
 With Iron, or with Loads of heavy Lead.  
 These round their Shoulders to their Wrists they ty'd ;  
 Both on the Tiptoe stand, at full Extent,  
 Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent :  
 Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear afar ;  
 And clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.  
 One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies,  
 One on his Sinews and his Giant Size :  
 The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,  
 He heaves for Breath, and staggers to and fro ;  
 And Clouds of issuing Smoke his Nostrils loudly blow.  
 Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike ;  
 Their Ways are diff'rent, but their Art alike.  
 Before, behind, the Blows are dealt around ;  
 Their hollow Sides the rat'ling Thumps resound.  
 A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,  
 And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes :  
 Not always errs ; for oft the Gauntlet draws  
 A sweeping Stroke, along the crackling Jaws.  
 Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,  
 But with his warping Body wards the Wound :  
 His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace,  
 While *Dares* traverses and shifts his Place :  
 With Hands on high *Entellus* threatens the Foe,  
 But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,  
 And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long descending Blow.  
*Entellus* wastes his Forces on the Wind,  
 And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,  
 Headlong and heavy fell : his ample Breast,  
 And weighty Limbs his ancient Mother preft.  
 He lays on load with either Hand amain,  
 And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the Plain ;  
 Nor stops, nor stays, nor Rest, nor Breath allows,  
 But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows,  
 A ratling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.  
 His Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood,  
 And pounded Teeth came rushing with the Blood.  
 Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing Throng,  
 And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along.

Dryd. Virg.

## G H O S T.

Forms without Body, and impassive Air,  
 The squallid Spectres, that in dead of Night  
 Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight:  
 Thin Shades, the Sports of Winds, are toss'd

O'er

O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast. *Dryd. Virg.*

I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,  
At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,  
The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan ;  
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,  
And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant  
Are passible as Air, and fleet like Winds. *Lee. OEdip.*

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,  
And started like a guilty thing,  
Upon a fearful Summons. *Shak. Haml.*

## G I R D L E.

That which her slender Waste confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful Temples bind.  
No Monarch but would give his Crown,  
His Arms might do what this has done.  
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,  
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow Compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair.  
Give me but what this Ribban bound ;  
Take all the rest the Sun goes round. *Wal.*

## G O A T.

No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb  
The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme :  
No more, extended in the Grot below,  
Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's Brow  
The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare  
Lean down the deep Abyfs, and hang in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

G O L D *See Money.*

Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious Gold !  
Gold ! that will make black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right :  
Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant !  
Ha ! you Gods ! why this  
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides,  
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads !  
This yellow Slave  
Will knit and break Religions : bless th' accurs'd :  
Make the hoar Leprosie ador'd : Place Thieves,  
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,  
With Senators on the Bench. *Shak. Tim. of Ath.*  
Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave ;



A Dwarf an *Atlas* ; a *Thersites* brave ;  
 It cancels all Defects.  
 It guides the Fancy and directs the Mind :  
 No Bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

Gar.

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,  
 Nor Wit by Love is understood ;  
 Gold alone does Passion move :  
 Gold monopolizes Love.

A Curse on her, and on the Man,  
 Who this Traffick first began.  
 A Curse, all Curses else above,  
 On him who us'd it first in Love !  
 Gold begets in Brethren Hate ;  
 Gold, in Families Debate ;  
 Gold does Friendship seporate.  
 These the smallest harms of it ;  
 Gold, alas ! does Love beget.

Cowl. Anac.

For Love in all his Am'rous Battels,  
 No Advantage finds like Goods and Chattels.  
 Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,

Hud.

Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd ;  
 Thy self for Money ! Oh ! let no Man know  
 The price of Beauty fall'n so low !

What Dangers oughtst not thou to dread,  
 When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led.

Cowl.

Love, what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,  
 When Gold and Titles buy thee ?

Dryd. Span. Fry.

O Sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold !  
 What Bands of Faith can Impious Lucre hold !

Dryd. Virg.

When I made

This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,  
 And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Dryd. Amphit.

[ Spoken by *Jupiter* :

# GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect ! What can be  
 In happiness compar'd to thee ?  
 Fed with Nourishment Divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine.  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant Cup does fill :  
 All the Fields which thou dost see,  
 All the Plants belong to thee,  
 All that Summer hours produce,  
 Fertile made with easie Juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;  
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thee

Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripen'd Year!  
 To thee of all things on the Earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.  
 Happy Insect! happy thou,  
 Dost neither Age, nor Winter know;  
 But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd and sung  
 Thy Fill, the flowry Leaves among,  
 Voluptuous and wise withal,  
*Epicurean Animal*;  
 Sated with thy Summer Feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

Cowl. Anac.

## G R E A T N E S S.

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate,  
 By so much more unhappy as we're great, *Otw. Don Carl.*

Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,  
 The wise Man's Fetter and the Rage of Fools. *Otw. Alcibiad.*

Greatness, most envy'd when least understood,  
 Thou art no real, but a seeming Good:

Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well;  
 By thy exalted State we only gain,

To be more wretched than the Vulgar can. *Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.*

Greatness we owe to Fortune or to Fate,  
 But Wisdom only can secure that State. *Denb.*

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds,  
 'Twixt things that were the same by Birth:

We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth.

These Giants are but Pigmys to the Gods.

The humblest and the proudest Oak

Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.

Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r

Have their short flourishing Hour,

And love to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their preeminence a while:

Ev'n so in the same Land,

Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand:

Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,

You Feast, I fear, like *Damocles*.

If you your Eyes would upward move,

But you, I fear, think nothing is above,

You would perceive by what a little thread

The sword still hangs over your head.

No sparkling Wine would drown your Cares,

No Mirth, no Musick over-noise your Fears:

The fear of Death would you so watchful keep,

As

As not t' admit the Image of it, Sleep.

Go level Hills, and fill up Seas,  
Spare nought that may your Fancy please ;  
But trust me, when you've done all this,  
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

*Cowl. Hor.*

Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light  
Might half excuse our cheated Sight,  
If it of Life the whole small time should stay,  
And be our Sun-shine all the Day :

Like Lightning that begot but in a Cloud,  
Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,  
While it begins, concludes its violent Race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the Place.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,  
Only to Men, that stand not near !

Proud Poverty ! that trivial Brav'ry wears,  
And like a Rain-Bow, painted Tears.

Be Prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep ;

In a weak Boat trust not the Deep,  
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise,  
Pity Great Men, great things despise.

*Cowl.*

Farewel, a long Farewell to all my Greatness !  
This is the State of Man ; to day he puts forth  
The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to morrow Blossoms,  
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him :  
The third day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,  
And when he thinks, good easie Man, full surely,  
His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,  
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,  
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,  
But far beyond my Depth : My high-blown Pride  
At length broke under me, and now has left me,  
Weary and Old with Service, to the Mercy  
Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me.

*Shak. Hen. 5.*

Upon the slipp'ry rops of human State,  
The gilded Pinacles of Fate,  
Let others proudly stand, and for a while,  
The giddy Danger to beguile,  
With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,  
Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.  
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near,  
That I no fall to Earth may fear.

And, O ye Gods, at a good distance seat  
From the long Ruins of the Great.

Here let my Life with as much silence slide,  
As Time that measures it does glide :

*Not*



Nor let the Breath of Infamy nor Fame  
 From Town to Town echo about my Name :  
 Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be  
 With Scutcheon or with Elegy.

An old Plebeian let me die,  
 Alas ! all then are such as well as I. *Cowl. Sen.*

I now begin to loath all human Greatness ;  
 I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my guide ;  
 Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.  
 Princes are barr'd the Liberty to Roam ;  
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home ;  
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,  
 Bus'ness and Cares eternally abound ;  
 And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,  
 She's clogg'd with Scepters, and to Crowns confin'd. *Lee Theod.*

From Publick Noise, and Factious Strife,  
 From all the busie Ills of Life,  
 Take me, my *Cloe* to thy Breast,  
 And lull my weary'd Soul to Rest,  
 For ever in this humble Cell,  
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell.  
 To painted Roofs, and shining Spires,  
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires,  
 Let the unthinking Many crowd,  
 Who dare be Covetous and Proud.  
 In golden Bondage let them wait,  
 And barter Happiness for State :  
 But oh ! my *Cloe* when thy Swain  
 Desires to see a Court again ;  
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,  
 The choicest of its Curses shed.  
 To sum up all the rage of Fate,  
 In the two things I dread and hate,  
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great. *Prior.*

Whom Heav'n would bless, from Poms it will remove,  
 And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *Dryd. Auren.*

G R I E F. See Despair. Melancholy. Sorrow. Tears.  
 Weeping.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,  
 Nor Customary Suits of solemn Black,  
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd Breath,  
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,  
 Together with all Forms, Moods, shews of Grief,  
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,  
 For they are Actions that a Man may play ;  
 But there is that within that passes shew,  
 These but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe. *Shak. Haml.*  
 Alas ! I have no words to tell my Grief ; *To*

To vent my Sorrow would be some Relief:  
 Light Suff'rings give us leifure to complain;  
 We groan, but cannot speak in greater Pain. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

I'm dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be:  
 Could my Grief speak, the Tale would have no end. *Orm. C. Mar.*

It is the VVretches Comfort still to have  
 Some small Reserve of near and inward VVoe,  
 Some unexpected Hoard of darling Grief,  
 VVhich they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn.  
 And, Glutton-like, devour alone *Congr. Mourn. Bride*

Time gives increafe to my Afflictions,  
 The circling Hours that gather all the VVoos,  
 VVhich are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,  
 Come heavy-laden with th' oppressing VVeight  
 To me; with me fuccessively they leave  
 The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,  
 And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight:  
 Then shake their downy VVings, and scatter all  
 Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head:  
 Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Of Comfort no Man speak;  
 Let's talk of Graves, and VVorms, and Epitaphs!  
 Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,  
 VVrite Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

Oh let no other Accents fill the Air,  
 But strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Despair. *Blac.*

I have been, in such a dismal Place,  
 VVhere Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er chears;  
 Bound in with Darknefs, over-spread with Damps:  
 VVhere I have seen, (if I could say I saw)  
 The good old King, Majestick in his Bonds,  
 And 'midst his Grief, most venerably great,  
 By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke  
 The gloomy Vapours; he lay stretch'd along  
 Upon th' unwholsom Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,  
 And ever and anon a silent Tear  
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard.  
 My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,  
 As early Blossoms are with Eastern Blasts,  
 He sent for me, and while I sought his Hand,  
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;  
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close;  
 So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,  
 VVe mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

I found her on the Floor  
 In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful;  
 Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,  
 Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'er-blown;  
Pouring

Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,  
That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd  
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee. Mistr.*

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears  
Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,  
To lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips,  
That talk such mournful things; when strait a Gale  
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,  
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. *Lee. Mistr.*

In Sorrow drown'd,  
Betwixt their Arms he sinks upon the Ground:  
Where, groveling while he lies, in deep Despair,  
He beats his Breast, and rends his hoary Hair:

*Dryd. Virg.*

Forgetful of his State, he runs along  
With a distracted Pace, and cleaves the Throng;  
Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,  
With silent Grief, that speaks but at his Eyes.  
Short Sighs and Sobs succeed, till Sorrow breaks  
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:  
Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe;

Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow:  
Tears for a stroke foreseen, afford Relief,

But unprovided for the Blow,

Like *Niobe* we Marble grow,  
And petrifie with Grief.

*Dryd.*

His drooping Head was rested on his Hand:  
His griesly Beard his pensive Bosom sought:  
And all on *Lausus* ran his restless thought.

*Dryd. Virg.*

He fate upon his Rump,  
His Head, like one in Doleful Dump,  
Betwixt his Knees, his Hands apply'd  
Unto his Cheeks, on either side;  
And by him in another Hole,

Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl.

*Hud.*

Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

*Dryd. Auren.*

That eating Canker Grief with wastful Spite  
Preys on the Rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

*(Stepm.)**Rowe. Amb.*

#### G R O V E. *See Paradise.*

And now my Muse, what most delights her, sees,  
A living Gallery of aged Trees:  
Bold Sons of Earth! that thrust their Arms so high,  
As if once more they would invade the Sky;  
In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,  
Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd:  
With such wise Counsellors they did advise,  
And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise.

*Wall.  
Strait*



Strait as a line, in beauteous Order stood,  
 Of Oaks unhorn, a venerable Wood.  
 Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree,  
 At distance planted in a due Degree.  
 Their branching Arms in Air with equal space,  
 Stretch'd to their Neighbours in a close Embrace.  
 And the new Leaves on every Bough were seen,  
 Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter Green.  
 The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,  
 Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to Sing.  
 Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight,  
 Enchanting Musick, and a Charming Sight.

*Dryd. The Flower  
 (and the Leaf.*

Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,  
 To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;  
 All my Ambition I would here confine,  
 And only this *Elizium* should be mine.

*Rosc.*

Dear Solitary Groves! where Peace does well!  
 Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!  
 How willingly could I for ever stay  
 Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens:  
 List'ning to th' Harmony of the warbling Birds;  
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams,  
 Upon whose Banks, in various Livery,  
 The fragrant Off-spring of the early Year,  
 Their heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down,  
 See their own Beauties in the chrystal Flood.

*Rock.*

G R P S R.

A Gypsie *Jewels* whispers in your Ear;  
 And begs an Alms: a High-Priest's Daughter she,  
 Vers'd in their *Talmud* and Divinity;  
 And prophecies beneath a Sacred Tree.  
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed:  
 She strouls, and telling Fortunes, gains her Bread.  
 Farthings, and some small Moneys are her Fees;  
 Yet she interprets all your Dreams for these:  
 Foretells th' Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,  
 And sees the Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.  
 She claps the pretty Palm to make the Lines more fair.  
 The poorest of the Sex has still an Itch  
 To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich:  
 The Dairy-Maid enquires if she shall take  
 The trusty Tailor, and the Cook forsake.

*Dryd. Juv.*

H A G. See Witch.

In a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,  
 I spy'd a wrinkled Hag with Age grown double;  
 Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self:

*Her*

Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,  
 Cold Palfie shook her Head : her Hands seem'd wither'd :  
 And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd  
 The tatter'd Remnants of an old strip'd Hanging,  
 Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold :  
 So there was nothing of a Piece about her.  
 Her lower Weeds were all o'er courfly patch'd  
 With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,  
 And seem'd to speak variety of Wretchedness. *Orw. Orph.*

## H A I L.

The patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,  
 When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain :  
 The bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,  
 And with an armed Winter strew the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when thick Hail comes ratling in the Wind,  
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,  
 For Shelter, to the neighb'ring Coverts fly,  
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lie ;  
 But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above them smiles,  
 Return to Travel, and renew their Toils. *Dryd. Virg.*

H A I R. *See Paradise.*

His golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine ;  
 Like Locks of Sun-beams, curl'd with Art Divine. *Blac.*  
 Adown her Shoulders fell her length of Hair,  
 A Ribban did her branded Tresses bind,  
 The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run, *(Pal. & Arc.)*  
 With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun. *Dryd.*

My Locks, the plenteous Harvest of my Head,  
 Hang o'er my manly Face, and, dangling down,  
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown. *Dryd. Ovid.*

## H A P P I N E S S.

In wishing nothing we enjoy still most ;  
 Forev'n our Wish, is in Possession lost :  
 Restless we wander to a new Desire,  
 And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire ;  
 We toss and turn about our Feav'rish Will,  
 When all our Ease must come by lying still :  
 For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,  
 Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain, *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

We

We barbarously call those bless'd,  
 Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,  
 While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest  
 More truly happy those that can  
 Govern the little Empire Man:  
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will,  
 Thro' all the glittering Paths of charming Ill:  
 Who in a fix'd unalterable State  
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,  
 And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate:  
 Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,  
 Loth to purchase Life so dear;  
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death, (Steph.  
 And seal their Countries Love with their departing Breath.  
 No Happiness can be, where is no Rest,  
 Th' unknown, untalk'd-of Man is only blest.  
 He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,  
 From thence he views the Labours of the Deep:  
 The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,  
 He sees now vainly make to his Retreat:  
 And when from far, the tenth Wave does appear,  
 Shrinks up in silent Joy that he's not there. Dryd. Tyr. Levi.  
 To be good is to be happy: Angels  
 Are happier than Mankind, because they're better.  
 Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,  
 Th' avenging Fiend that follows us behind  
 With Whips and Strings; the bless'd know none of this,  
 But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind, (Pen.  
 And find the height of all their Heav'n in Goodness. Rowe. Fair

#### H A R E. See Hunting.

The Hare in Pastures, or in Plains is found.  
 Emblem of human Life! who runs the Round,  
 And after all his wand'ring VVays are done,  
 His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,  
 Just as the setting meets the rising Sun. Dryd.

#### H A R P I E S.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent  
 From Hell's Abyss for humane Punishment:  
 VVith Virgin Faces, but with VVombs obscene,  
 Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean,  
 VVith Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.  
 VVith hideous Cry,  
 And clatt'ring VVings the hungry Harpies fly:  
Their



Their fatted Skin is proof to VVounds,  
And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds. *Dryd. Virg.*

## H A V E N.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay ;  
An Island shades it from the rolling Sea ;  
And forms a Port secure for Ships to Ride ;  
Broke by the jutting Land on either side,  
In double Streams the briny Waters glide,  
Between two Rows of Rocks : a Sylvan Scene  
Appears above, and Groves for ever green.  
A Grott is form'd beneath with mossy Seats,  
To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.  
Down through the Crannies of the living Walls,  
The crystal Streams descend in murm'ring falls ;  
No Haulsers need to bind the Vessels here,  
Nor bearded Anchors : for no Storms they fear.

Here th' op'ning Land invites, with out-stretch'd Arms,  
The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms  
Of the rough Windy Pow'rs, to take their Ease,  
And on its Bosom lie diffus'd in Peace :  
The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,  
And gently roll into the Land's Embrace :  
To secret Creeks the weary Billows creep :  
And stretch'd on oozy Beds securely sleep.

*Blac.*

The Land lies open to the raging East.  
Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,  
Shuts out the Storms : the Winds and Waves complain,  
And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.  
The Port lies hid within : on either side  
Two tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## H E A L T H.

The Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give ;  
Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsick Wealth :

The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune.

*Cowl.*

Anspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr's* Wings  
She seem'd a Cherub, most divinely bright,  
More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.

Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,  
Whose Blessings, Mortals next to Life implore ;

Such Graces in your Heav'nly Eyes appear,  
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.

Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,  
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.

*Gar.*

## H E A R T.

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,  
Forebodes some Ill at hand.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

My

My lab'ring Heart that swells with Indignation,  
Heaves to discharge its Burthen; that once done,  
The busy thing shall rest within its Cell,  
And never beat again.

*Rowe. Fair. Pen.*

Now Heart,  
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt,  
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood  
Thro' ev'ry active Limb for my Relief;  
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,  
For thou shalt drum no more.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

His mounting Heart  
Bounces against my Hands, as if it would  
Throw off his manly Soul.

*Dryd. Cleom.*

### H E I R E S S .

What did ever Heirefs yet  
By being born to Lordships get?  
When the more Lady she's of Mannors,  
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners;  
Pays for their Projects and Designs,  
And for her own Destruction fines;  
And does but tempt them with her Riches,  
To use her as the Devil does VVitches;  
VVho takes it for a special Grace,  
To be their Cully for a space,  
That, when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels  
For ever may become his Vassals.  
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,  
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits;  
Is bought and sold, like stol'n Goods,  
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds;  
Until they force her to convey,  
And steal the Thief himself away.

*Hud.*

### H E L L .

Ye Realms, yet unreveal'd to human Sight,  
Ye Gods who rule the Regions of the Night,  
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate  
The Mystick VVonders of your silent State.

*Dryd. Virg.*

VVhere *Lucifer*, the mighty Captive reigns,  
Proud, 'midst his VVoos, and Tyrant in his Chains.

*Cowl.*

Him th' Almighty Pow'r  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,  
VVith hideous Ruin and Combustion down  
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell

*In*

In Adamantine Chains, and penal Fire.

*Milt.*

But down, like Lightning with him struck, he came ;  
And roar'd at his first Plunge into the Flame:  
Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there ;  
Withdropping Lights thick shone the singed Air.

[*Cont.*

Hell heard th' unsufferable Noise : Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled,  
Affrighted : but strict Fate had cast too deep  
Her dark Foundations.

*Milt.*

Nine days they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roar'd,  
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their Fall  
Through his wild Anarchy ; so huge a Rout  
Incumber'd him with Ruin : Hell at last,  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd :  
Hell, their fit Habitation, fraught with Fire  
Unquenchable, the House of Woe and Pain.

*Milt.*

Nine times the space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal Men, He with his Horrid Crew  
Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf:  
Confounded tho' Immortal : But his Doom  
Reserv'd him to more Wrath ; for now the thought  
Both of lost Happiness and lasting Pain  
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful Eyes,  
That witness huge Affliction and Dismay,  
Mix'd with obdurate Pride, and stedfast Hate:  
At once, as far as Angels kenn, he views  
The dismal situation, waste and wild ;  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those Flames  
No Light, but rather Darkness visible,  
Serv'd only to discover sights of Woe,  
Regions of Sorrow, doleful Shades, where Peace  
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes.  
That comes to all : but Torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd.  
There the Companions of his Fall o'erwhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of Tempestuous fire,  
He soon discern'd, lie weltering about him :  
His Head up-lift above the VVave, his Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
Prone on the Flood extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a Rood, in Bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of Monstrous size,  
*Briareus*, or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
By ancient *Tarsus* held :

So stretch'd out huge in Length the Arch-Fiend lay,

S 2

*Chain'd*



Chain'd on the burning Lake,  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
 His mighty stature : on each hand the Flames  
 Driv'n backward, slope their pointed Spires, and rowl'd  
 In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale,  
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
 He lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.

He walk'd

Over the burning Marle, the torrid Clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire.  
 Yet this he so indur'd, till on the Beach  
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intranc'd,  
 Thick as autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* Shades  
 High over-arch'd imbow'd :  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung,  
 Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and furrounding Fires.

Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,  
 Upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend,  
 As at th' *Olympian* Games or *Pythian* Fields :  
 Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Gaol  
 With rapid wheels ; or fronted Brigades form.  
 As when to warn proud Cities, War appears  
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush  
 To Battle in the Clouds ; before each Van  
 Prick forth the Airy Knights, and couch their Spears,  
 Till thickest Legions close ; with Feats of Arms,  
 From either side of Heav'n the Welkin burns.  
 Others with vast *Typhaean* Rage, more fell,  
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
 In Whirl-wind : Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.

Others more mild,

Retreated in a silent Valley, sing  
 With Notes angelical to many a Harp,  
 Their own Heroick Deeds and hapless Fall  
 By Doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate  
 Free Virtue should enthral to Force or Chance :  
 Their Song was partial, but the Harmony  
 Suspended Hell, and took with Ravishment  
 The thronging Audience. In Discourse more sweet  
 ( For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense )  
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,

In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate;  
 Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,  
 And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.  
 Of Good and Evil much they argu'd then,  
 Of Happiness and final Misery,  
 Passion and Apathy, and Glory and Shame;  
 Vain VVisdom all, and false Philosophy:  
 Yet with a pleasing Sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or Anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious Hope, or arm th' obdurate Breast  
 VVirh stubborn Patience as with tripple Steel.  
 Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
 On bold Adventure, to discover wide  
 That dismal VVorld, bend  
 Four ways their flying March, along the Banks  
 Of four infernal Rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the Burning Lake their baleful Streams.  
 Abhorred *Styx*, the Flood of deadly Hate;  
 Sad *Acheron*, of Sorrow black and deep:  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of Lamentation loud  
 Heard on the ruful Stream: Fierce *Phlegeton*,  
 VVhose VVaves of torrent Fire enflame with Rage;  
 Far off from these a slow and silent Stream,  
*Lethe*, the River of Oblivion rowls  
 Her watry Labyrinth; whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,  
 Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain.  
 Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms  
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land  
 Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin seems  
 Of Ancient Pile: all else deep Snow and Ice.

The parching Air  
 Burns froze, and Cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
 Thither by Harpy-footed Furies hall'd,  
 At certain Revolutions, all the Damn'd  
 Are brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change  
 Of fierce Extreame, Extreame by Change more fierce,  
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
 Their soft ethereal Warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of Time; thence hurry'd back to Fire,  
 They Ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
 Both to and fro, their Sorrow to augment;  
 And wish, and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting Stream, with one small drop to lose

In sweet Forgetfulness, all Pain and Woe ;  
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' Attempt  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* Terror guards  
 The Ford, and of it self the VVater flies  
 All taste of living VVight, as once it fled  
 The Lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on,  
 In confus'd March forlorn th' advent'rous Bands  
 With shudd'ring Horror pale, and Eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable Lot, and found  
 No Rest : thro' many a dark and dreary Vale  
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery *Alp*,  
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of Death :  
 A Universe of Death,  
 Where all Life dies, Death lives ; and Nature breeds  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things.  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd ,  
*Gorgons*, and *Hydras*, and *Chimæras* dire.

Milt,

Obscure they went through dreary Shades that led  
 Along the waste Dominions of the Dead.  
 Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,  
 By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light ;  
 When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,  
 And the vain Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes.  
 Just in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,  
 Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell ;  
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,  
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage :  
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-Brother, Sleep,  
 Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep ;  
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,  
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;  
 The Furies iron Beds, and Strife, that shakes  
 Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.  
 Full in the midst of this Infernal Road,  
 An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad :  
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,  
 And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread :  
 Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,  
*Centaur*s and double shapes besiege the Door ;  
 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands,  
 And *Briareus* with all his hundred Hands ,  
*Gorgons*, *Geryon* with his tripple Frame,  
 And vain *Chimæra* vomits empty Flame.  
 Before the Gates the cries of Babes new-born,  
 VVhom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,

Assault



Assault his Ears: then those whom Form of Laws  
 Condemn'd to die, when Traitors judg'd the Cause ;  
 Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review  
 The wrongful Sentence, and award a new :  
*Minos*, the strict Inquisitor, appears,  
 And Lives, and Crimes, with his Assessors, hears:  
 Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,  
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty Souls.  
 The next in Place and Punishment are they  
 Who prodigally throw their Lives away :  
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched State,  
 And loathing anxious Life, suborn'd their Fate.  
 With late Repentance now they would retrieve  
 The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live :  
 Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,  
 To view the Light of Heav'n, and breathe the vital Air.  
 But Fate forbids: the *Stygian* Pools oppose,  
 And, with nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.  
 Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,  
 So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there :  
 The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,  
 In secret Solitude, and mournful Shades,  
 Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,  
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.  
 The Heroe looking on the left, espy'd  
 A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side,  
 With treble Walls which *Phlegeton* surrounds,  
 Whose fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds : (sounds. }  
 And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noise re- }  
 Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,  
 With adamant Columns threatens the Sky.  
 Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'n's as vain,  
 To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain :  
 Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,  
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the Ward ;  
 Girt in her sanguin Gown, by Night and Day,  
 Observant of the Souls that pass the downward VVay :  
 From hence are heard the groans of Ghosts, the Pains  
 Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains :  
 And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.

These dire Abodes  
 Contain the Tortures of th' avenging Gods :  
 These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,  
 And awful *Radamanthus* rules the State :  
 He hears and judges each committed Crime,  
 Enquires into the Manner and the Time :  
 The conscious VVretch must all his Acts reveal,

Loath to confess, unable to conceal,  
 From the first moment of his vital Breath,  
 To the last hour of unrepenting Death.  
 Strait o'er the guilty Ghosts the Fury shakes  
 The sounding VVhip, and brandishes her Snakes,  
 And the pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes.  
 High o'er their Heads a mouldring Rock is plac'd,  
 That promises a Fall, and shakes at ev'ry Blast.  
 They lie below in golden Beds display'd,  
 And genial Feasts with regal pomp are made :  
 The Queen of Furies by their Side is set,  
 And snatches from their Mouths the imitated Meat ;  
 VVhich if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,  
 Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.  
 Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown  
 Expel their Parents, and Usurp the Throne ;  
 Defraud their Clients, and, to Lucre sold,  
 Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold.  
 Who dare not give, or ev'n refuse to lend  
 To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend.  
 Vast is the Throng of these ; nor less the Train  
 Of lustful Youths for foul Adult'ry slain :  
 Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,  
 And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.  
 All these within the Dungeon's Depth remain,  
 Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.  
 To Tyrants others have their Country sold,  
 Imposing foreign Laws for foreign Gold.  
 Some have old Laws Repeal'd, new Statutes made,  
 Not as the People pleas'd but as they pay'd.  
 With Incest some their Daughter's Bed prophan'd,  
 All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.  
 Had I a hundred Mouths, a hundred Tongues,  
 And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with brazen Lungs,  
 I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat,  
 Nor half the punishment those Crimes have met. *Dryd. Virg.*

HEROE. *See Butcher.*

### H O N O U R.

Honour ! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul.  
 A painful Burthen which great Minds must bear ;  
 Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*  
 Honour is like a Widow, won  
 With brisk Attempt and pushing on ;  
 With entering Manfully, and urging.  
 Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.

*Hud.*  
O

O Honour ! frail as Life, thy fellow Flow'r,  
 Cherish'd, and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd;  
 Then worn for short Adornment of an Hour;  
 And is, when lost, no more to be redeem'd !

D'Aven.

Honour is like that glassie Bubble,  
 Which finds Philosophers such Trouble :  
 Whose least Part crackt, the whole does fly,  
 And Wits are crackt to find out why.

Hud.

That Man is sure to lose  
 That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes ;  
 For where no Honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

Hud.

Honour in the Breech is lodg'd,  
 As wise Philosophers have judg'd ;  
 Because a Kick in that part, more  
 Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.

Hud.

Honour, the Errour and the Cheat,  
 Of the ill-natur'd busie Great !  
 Fond Idol of the slavish Croud !  
 Nonsense invented by the Proud !

Oh cursed Honour ! thou who first didst damn  
 A Woman to the Sin of Shame !

Honour, who first taught lovely Eyes the Art,  
 To wound and not to cure the Heart ;

With Love t' invite, but to forbid with Awe,  
 And to themselves prescribe a cruel Law.

His chiefeft Attributes are Pride and Spight ;  
 His Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight !

Honour, that puts our Words that should be free,  
 Into a set Formality !

Thou base Debaucher of the gen'rous Heart,  
 That teachest all our Looks and Actions Art !

What Love design'd a sacred Gift,  
 What Naature made to be possess'd  
 Mistaken Honour made a Theft :

Thou Foe to Pleasure, Nature's worst Disease !

Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings !

Be gone to Princes Palaces ;

But let the humble Swain go on

In the blest Paths of the first Race of Man ;

That nearest were to Gods ally'd.

And, form'd for Love, disdain'd all other Pride.

Behn.

Have I o'ercome all real Foes,

And shall this Phantom me oppose ?

Noisy nothing ! Stalking Shade !

By what Witchcraft wert thou made ?

Empty Cause of solid Harms !

Cowl.

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave, ]

The



The Heroes Tyrant, and the Cowards Slave.  
 Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air,  
 And both excites by Hope, and by Despair ;  
 Angry whene'er a Moment's ease we gain ;  
 And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.  
 It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,  
 But if his Safety he consults, it dies.

Gar.

This Honour is the veriest Mountebank ;  
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,  
 And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,  
 Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours ?  
 Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays waste,  
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth  
 To the detested State of Age and Ugliness :  
 Tearing our dearest Hearts Desire from us :  
 Then, in Reward of what it took away,  
 It bountifully pays us all with Pride.  
 Poor Shifts ! still to be proud, and never pleas'd !  
 Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Roch.

Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,  
 A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,  
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind,  
 Of him, who to strict Honour is inclin'd.  
 Tho' all the Pomp, and Pleasure that does wait  
 On publick Places, and Affairs of State,  
 Should fondly court him to be base and great,  
 With even Passions, and with settled Face,  
 He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.  
 Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,  
 That Church Magicians in their Cells devise,  
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,  
 He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear ;  
 Secure in Innocence, condemn them all,  
 And, decently array'd in Honour, fall.  
 Honour, that Spark of the celestial Fire,  
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,  
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame,  
 With Thirst of Glory, and Desire of Fame.  
 The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,  
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.  
 Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,  
 Unless this soften and direct their Course.  
 Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,  
 Raise Maiden Scruples, at unpractis'd Vice,  
 Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,  
 And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame :  
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive

That

That they may taste forbidden Fruit, and live :  
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,  
 Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin :  
 True to no Principles, press forward still,  
 And only bound by Appetite their Will ;  
 Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,  
 But shift, with ev'ry veering Blast, their Sails.  
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,  
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love.  
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,  
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

Hab

## H O P E.

Hope of all Ills that Men endure  
 The only cheap and universal Cure !  
 Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou sick Man's Health !  
 Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth !  
 Thou Manna, which from Heav'n we eat ;  
 To ev'ry Taste a several Meat !

Thou strong Retreat ! thou sure-entail'd Estate,  
 VWhich nought has Pow'r to alienate !  
 Thou pleasant honest Flatterer ; for none  
 Flatter unhappy Men but thou alone !

Hope, thou first Fruits of Happiness,  
 Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,  
 VWho out of Fortune's Reach dost stand,  
 And art a Blessing still in Hand.  
 Happiness is self's all one  
 In thee, or in Possession :

Only the future's thine ; the present, his ;  
 Thine's the more hard, and noble Bliss.  
 Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast  
 So long a Reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope, thou sad Lovers only Friend !  
 Thou VVay that may'st dispute it with the End !  
 Men leave Thee by obtaining, and strait flee  
 Some other VVay again to thee.

Cowl

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is  
 Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss !  
 VVhom Good or Ill does equally confound,  
 And both the Horns of Fate's Dilemma wound !  
 Vain Shadow, which do'st vanish quite,  
 Both at full Noon, and perfect Night !

Hope, thou bold Taster of Delight !  
 VVho, while thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite !  
 Thou bring'st us an Estate ; yet leav'st us poor,  
 By clogging it with Legacies before.

The

The Joys, which we intire should wed,  
 Come deflour'd Virgins to our Bed:  
 Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery!  
 VVhere for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be:  
 Fond Archer Hope! who tak'st thy Aim so far,  
 That still, or short, or wide thy Arrows are.  
 Thin empty Cloud! which th' Eye deceives,  
 VVith Shapes that our own Fancy gives:  
 A Cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,  
 But must drop presently in Tears.  
 Brother of Fear! more gaily clad!  
 The merrier Fool o' th' two, but quite as mad?  
 Sire of Repentance! Child of fond Desire!  
 Thou blow'st the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire!  
 Leading them still insensibly along,  
 By the strange VVitchcraft of Anon!  
 By thee, the one does changing Nature thro'  
 Her endless Labyrinths pursue:  
 And th' other chases VVoman, while she goes  
 More VVays and Turns than hunted Nature knows.  
 Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,  
 Shews from a rising Ground Possession nigh:  
 Shortens the Distance, or o'erlooks it quite:  
 So easie 'tis to travel with the Sight!  
 Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons aim  
 At Objects, in an airy Height:  
 But all the Pleasure of the Game,  
 Is, afar off to view the Flight.  
 The worthless Prey but only shews  
 The Joy consisted in the Strife:  
 VVhate'er we take, as soon we lose,  
 In *Homer's* Riddle, and in Life.  
 So whilst in Feav'rish Sleeps we think,  
 VVe taste what waking we desire,  
 The Dream is better than the Drink;  
 VVhich only feeds the sickly Fire.  
 To the Mind's Eye things well appear  
 At distance, thro' an artful Glass:  
 Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,  
 They're all a senseless gloomy Mass.

H O R S E. See the Centaur *Cyllarus*.

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight,  
 His Motions easie, prancing in his Gate;  
 The first to lead the way, to tempt the Flood,  
 To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling VVood.  
 Dauntless

*Cowl.*

*Dryd. Auren.*

*Prior.*

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Dauntless at empty Noises, lofty neck'd,  
 Sharp-headed ; barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd:  
 Brawny his Chest and deep; his Colour grey,  
 For Beauty dappled, or the brightest bay :  
 Faint white and dun will scarce the rearing pay.

The fiery Courser, when he hears from far,  
 The sprightly Trumpets, and the shouts of War,  
 Pricks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,  
 Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd Fight :  
 On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,  
 Ruffles at speed, and dances in the Wind.

His horny Hoofs are jetty Black and round :  
 His Chine is double : starting with a Bound,  
 He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground :  
 Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrills flow ;  
 He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The trembling Ground th' outrageous Coursers tear,  
 And snorting, blow their Foam into the Air.

Their fervid Nostrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,  
 And flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke,  
 With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd heaps they fly,  
 And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky.

Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dirt and Gore,  
 They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar.

*Blac.*

Pleas'd with the Martial Noise, he snuffs the Air.

And smells the Dusty Battel from afar ;  
 Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the Shouts of War.

Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,  
 His nimble Feet could overtake the Wind :

Leave flying Darts, and swifter Storms behind.

*Blac.*

Thus form'd for speed, he challenges the Wind,  
 And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind.

He scours along the Field with loosen'd Reins,

And treads so light, he scarcely prints the Plains.

*Dryd. Virg.*

In such a shape grim *Saturn* did restrain

His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane :

When half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,

The Leacher gallop'd from his jealous Queen ;

Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain,

And with shrill Neighings fill'd the Neighb'ring Plain.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Freed from the Keepers thus, with broken Reins,

The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains ;

Or in the Pride of Youth o'er-leaps the Mounds,

And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds :

Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known Flood,

To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood ;

He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain

And

And o'er his Shoulders flows his waving Mane ;  
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high :  
Before his ample Crest the frothy Bubbles fly.

*Dryd. Virg.*

He fought the Coursers of the *Thracian* Race.  
At his approach they toss their heads on high,  
And proudly neighing, promise Victory.  
The Drifts of *Thracian* Snow were scarce so white,  
Nor Northern Winds in fleetness match'd their flight :  
Officious Grooms stand ready by his side ;  
And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide,  
And others stroke their Chests, and gently sooth their Pride. }

*(Dryd. Virg.)*

VWhite were his Fetlocks and his Feet before,  
And on his Front a Snowy Star he bore.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
VWith Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;  
I would say Eye, for h'ad but one,  
As most agree, tho' some say none :  
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate  
Preserv'd a grave majestick State :  
At Spur or Switch no more he skip'd,  
Or mended pace than *Spaniard* whip'd.  
And yet so fiery, he would bound  
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground :  
That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
VWas not by half so tender-hoof'd,  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,  
(Some write) to take his Rider up ;  
So *Hudibras's*, ('tis well known)  
VWould often do, to set him down :  
His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd  
Like Furrows, he himself had plow'd :  
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,  
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel :  
His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,  
VWhich on his Rider he woul flirt,  
Still as his tender side he prick'd,  
VWith arm'd Heel, or, with unarm'd kick'd ;  
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
As wisely knowing, could he stir  
To active Trot, one side of's Horse,  
The other would not hang an Arse.

*Hud.*

#### H O R S E-Race.

The Signal given by the shrill Trumpets sound,  
The Coursers start, and scour along the Ground :

*Sc*

So *Boreas*, starting from his Northern Gaol  
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole;  
 His furious VVings, the flying Clouds remove  
 From the blue Plains and spacious VVilds above.  
 Insulting o'er the Seas, he loudly roars,  
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.  
 VVhile for the Palm the straining Steeds contend,  
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend;  
 So long and smooth their strokes, so swift they pass,  
 That the Spectators of the noble Race  
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,  
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly:  
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,  
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play,  
 In Sport each other they so swiftly Chase,  
 Sweeping with easie VVings the Meadow's Face,  
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race,  
 O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Coursers fly,  
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the sky.  
 VVith clashing VVhips the furious Riders tear  
 Their Coursers sides, and wound th' afflicted Air.  
 On their thick Manes the stooping Riders lie,  
 Press forward, and would fain their Steeds outfly.  
 By Turns they are behind, by Turns before,  
 Their Flanks and Sides all bath'd in Sweat and Gore.  
 Such speed the Steeds, such zeal the Riders shew,  
 To reach bright Fame, that swift before them flew.  
 Upon the last, with spurning Heels, the first  
 Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust:  
 The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow;  
 And their white Foam upon the foremost throw:  
 Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,  
 The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.  
 Now Hope dilates, now Fear contracts their Breast,  
 Alternately with Joy and Grief possess'd:  
 Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,  
 Uncertain who should conquer in the Race:  
 But now the Goal appearing does excite  
 New warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might.  
 They lash their Coursers Flanks with Crimson dy'd.  
 And stick their goaring Spurs into their Side.  
 Their native Courage, and the Rider's stroke,  
 T' exert their Force, the gen'rous Kind provoke.

H O U N D S. See Hunting.

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds Snowy Fair,  
 And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair;  
 A Match for Pards in flight, in grappling for the Bear.

( Pal. & Arc.  
 VVith

Blac.

Dryd.



With Cries of Hounds thou may'st pursue the Fear  
Of flying Hares, or chase the Fallow Deer;  
Rowse from their Desert Dens the bristled Rage  
Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.

*Dryd. Virg.*

## HUNTING.

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar  
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear  
Such gallant Chiding: for besides, the Groves  
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near,  
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard  
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!  
My Hounds are of the *Spartan* Breed;  
So flu'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung  
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.  
Crook-kneed and dewlap'd like *Theffalian* Bulls,  
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,  
Each under each: a Cry more tuneable  
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

*Shak. Midsum.  
Night's Dream.*

My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth. *Shak. Taming of  
From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound; (the Shrew.)*  
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

When thro' the Woods we chac'd the foaming Boar,  
With Hounds that open'd like *Theffalian* Bulls,  
Like Tygers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,  
With Ears and Chests that dash'd the Morning Dew;  
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tost in Storms,  
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course.  
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill,  
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down  
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale.

*Lee. Theod.*

With well-breath'd Beagles you surround the Wood,  
And often have you brought the wily Fox  
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks;  
Chas'd even amidst the Folds, and made to bleed,  
Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.

*Dryd.*

Th' impatient Greyhound slip'd from far,  
Bounds o'er the Glebe to course the fearful Hare:  
She in her Speed does all her Safety lay,  
And he with double Speed pursues the Prey,  
O'er-runs her at the sitting Turn, and licks  
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix.

*She*

She scapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert strives,  
And, gaining Shelter, doubts if yet she lives. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Chace of a STAG.

The Youthful Train

With Horns and Hounds a Hunting Match ordain;  
And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.

The Pack is fir'd, they snuff, they vent,  
And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent :  
'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise  
High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

Th' unexpected Sound  
Of Dogs and Men, his wakeful Ears do wound :  
Rowz'd with the Noise he scarce believes his Ear,  
Willing to think th' Illusion of his Fear  
Had giv'n this false Alarm : but strait his View  
Confirms that more than all his Fears is true :  
Betray'd in all his Strength ; the Wood beset ;  
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met :  
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,  
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head :  
With those t' avoid, with this his Fate to meet ;  
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.  
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye  
Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry :  
Exulting, till he finds their nobler Sense  
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence :  
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent  
Betrays that Safety which their Swiftneſs lent :  
Then tries his Friends ; among the safer Herd,  
Where he ſo lately was obey'd and fear'd,  
His Safety ſeeks : the Herd unkindly wiſe,  
Or chafes him from thence, or from him flies :  
Like a declining States-man, left forlorn,  
To his Friends Pity, and Purſuers Scorn,  
With Shame remembers when himſelf was one  
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.  
Then to the Coverts and the conſcious Groves,  
The Scenes of his paſt Triumph and his Loves :  
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone,  
Priace of the Soil, and all the Herd his own ;  
And, like a bold Knight Errant, did proclaim  
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;  
And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream  
His dreadful Challenge, and his clashing Beam.  
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife,

So much his Love was dearer than his Life!  
 Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath  
 Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.  
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All Safety in despair of Safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,  
 That strength he wasted in ignoble Flight.  
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,  
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd,  
 He strait revokes his bold Resolve, and more  
 Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;  
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,  
 And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair:  
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends nor Force,  
 Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course.  
 Thinks not their Rage so desperate to essay  
 An Element more Merciless than they:  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood  
 Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for Blood.  
 So tow'rd's a Ship the Oar-finn'd Gallies ply,  
 Which wanting Sea to Ride, or Wind to Fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last Fury of extream Despair.  
 So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,  
 Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds,  
 At length resigns his Blood,  
 And stains the cristal with a purple Flood.

Denb.

*Hunting the B O A R.*

Some spread around  
 The Toils; some search the Footsteps on the Ground,  
 Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound. }  
 Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,  
 The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought.  
 The Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,  
 Like Lightning suddain, on the Warriour Train:  
 Bears down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,  
 The Forrest echoes to the crackling Sound: }  
 Shout the fierce Youth, the Clamours ring around.  
 All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd,  
 With broad Steel-heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.  
 The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside  
 Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide, }  
 All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.

Echint



*Echion* threw the first; but miss'd the Mark,  
And stuck his Boar-spear on a Maple's Bark.  
Then *Jason*, and his Jav'lin seem'd to take,  
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his Back.

*Mopsus* was next :

He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew.  
This chaff'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flame expire,  
And his red Eye-balls roll with living fire.  
Whirl'd from a Sling; or from an Engine thrown  
Amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,  
As flew the Beast: the left Wing put to flight,  
The Chiefs o'er-born, he rushes on the Right,  
*Empalamos* and *Pelagon* he laid  
In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows aid.

*Onesimus* far'd worse; prepar'd to fly,  
The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,  
And cut the Nerves; the Nerves no more sustain  
The Bulk: the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.  
Against a stump, his Tusk the Monster grinds,  
And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;  
Then trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,  
And ranch'd his Hip with one continu'd Wound.  
And now both *Leda's* Twins, in act to throw,  
Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe,  
Nor had they miss'd, but he to Thickets fled,  
Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor perview to the Steed.  
But *Telamon* rush'd in, and hap'd to meet  
A rising Root that held his fasten'd feet;  
So down he fell, whom sprawling on the Ground,  
His Brother from his wooden Girders unbound.  
Mean time the Virgin Huntress was not slow,  
To expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow.  
Beneath his Ear the fasten'd Arrow stood,  
And from the Wound appear'd the trickling blood.  
She blush'd for joy, a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew,  
They shout; she shouting, animates their hearts,  
And all at once employ their thronging Darts.  
But out of order thrown, in Air they joyn,  
And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.  
With both his hands the proud *Anceus* takes,  
And flourishes his double biting Ax;  
Then forward to his Fate he took a stride  
Before the rest, and to his fellows cry'd,  
The Boar is doom'd, then stretch'd on Tip-toe stood  
Secure to make his empty promise good.  
But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,  
And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.

*Aeneas* falls: his Bowels from the Wound  
 Gush'd out, and clotted Blood distain'd the Ground.  
*Perithous*, no small Portion of the War,  
 Press'd on, and shook his Lance, his Jav'lin threw,  
 Hissing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew:  
 But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt  
 The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fix'd.  
 Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound  
 The Bore, and slew an undeserving Hound;  
 And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.  
 Two Spears from *Melcager's* hand were sent  
 With equal Force, but various in th' Event.  
 The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood  
 On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drunk his Blood.  
 Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,  
 And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,  
 The Wound's great Author close at hand, provokes  
 His Rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes,  
 Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed Dart  
 Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.  
 Quick, and more quick he spins in giddy Gires,  
 Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.  
 This Act with hands Heav'n-high the friendly Band  
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.  
 Then all approach the slain with vast surprize,  
 Admire on what a breadth of Earth he lies,  
 And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar,  
 And blood their Points to prove their Partner-ship of War.

(Dryd. Ovid.)

## H U N T R E S S.

Grace of the Woods! a Diamond Buckle bound  
 Her Vest behind, which else had flow'd upon the Ground.  
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs: her Head was bare,  
 But for her native Ornament of Hair;  
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above;  
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love.  
 Her sounding Quiver on her Shoulder ty'd,  
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.  
 Such was her face as in a Nymph display'd  
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd  
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.

Dryd. Ovid.)

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;  
 Toil strung the Nerves and purifi'd the Blood:  
 But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,  
 Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten:  
 Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,  
 Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.

The

The wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend ;  
God never made his Work for Man to mend.

*Dryd.*

## H U R R I C A N E

As when two adverse Hurricanes arise,  
Must'ring their stormy Forces in the Skies,  
Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,  
Against each other bend their rapid Course ;  
The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,  
And Front to Front a fearful VVar display :  
Exploded Flames against each other fly,  
And fiery Arches vault th' enlighten'd Sky :  
Conflicting Billows against Billows Dash ; (flash.  
Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings  
Nor Flames, nor VVinds, nor VVaves, nor Clouds will yield,  
But equal strength maintains a doubtful Field. *Blac.*

## H U S B A N D and W I F E. See Marriage.

We think it Merit blindly to believe  
Those Pious Falshoods we from Priests receive.  
Faith is Religion's happy Lethargy ;  
The doubting Wife we brand with Heresie.  
Husbands should more than the Religious strive,  
Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe,

*D'av.*

What can be sweeter than our native home ;  
Thither for Ease, and soft Repose we come.  
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,  
Secur'd from all approaches but a Wife :  
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt :  
None but an inmate Foe could drive us out :  
Clamours our Privacies uneasie make ;  
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their haunts forsake.

*Dryd. Auren.*

What tho' some Fits of small Contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best ?  
That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,  
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve :  
For, as in running, ev'ry Pace  
Is but between two Legs a Race ;  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before, and win the Post :  
Yet when they're at their Race's ends,  
They're still as kind and constant Friends ;  
And to relieve their weariness,  
By turns give one another ease :  
So all those false Alarms of Strife



Between the Husband and the Wife,  
 And little Quarrels, often prove  
 To be but new Recruits of Love :  
 When those who're always kind or coy,  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 In all Amours a Lover burns  
 With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by Turns:  
 And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,  
 As charming Looks surpriz'd, and stoll'n :  
 Then why should more bewitching Clamour  
 Some Lovers not as much enamour ?  
 For Discords make the sweetest Airs ;  
 And Curses are a kind of Pray'rs.

*Hud.*

And yet of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown ;  
 Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own :  
 Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasie prove,  
 For there's a God-like Liberty in Love !

*Dryd. Auren.*

Sure of all Ills domestick are the worst,  
 VVhen we lay next us what we hold most dear,  
 Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,  
 And cleaving Mischiefs.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held :  
 Their sweet and bitter by the VVife conceal'd :  
 Errours of VVives reflect on Husbands still ;  
 And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.  
 And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne  
 Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Mens Eyes are not so subtle to perceive  
 My inward Misery : I bear my Grief  
 Hid from the VVorld : How am I wretched then ?  
 For ought I know all Husbands are like me ;  
 And every Man I talk to of his VVife,  
 Is but a well-Disssembler of his VVoes  
 As I am

*Beau. Maid's Tragedy.*

Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,  
 His real Grievs, and his disssembled Joys.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Oh wretched Husband ! while she hangs about thee  
 VVith idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one,  
 Even then her hot Imagination wanders,  
 Contriving Riot, and loose Scares of Love :

*(Tamerl.*

And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster.

*Rowe.*

### H Y P O C R I S I E.

Hypocrisie, the thriving'st Calling,  
 The only Saint's-Bell, that rings all in ;  
 In which all Churches are concern'd,

*And*

And is the easiest to be learn'd.  
 For no Degrees, unless th' employ it,  
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy it;  
 A Gift, that is not only able  
 To domineer among the Rabble;  
 But by the Law's impow'rd to rout,  
 And awe the greatest that stand out:  
 VVhich few hold forth against, for fear  
 Their Hand should slip, and come too near:  
 For no Sin else among the Saints,  
 Is taught so tenderly against. *Hud.*

Seeming Devotion does but guild a Knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;  
 But where Religion does with Virtue join,  
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine. *Wall.*

## J A V E L I N.

She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands:  
 But wedg'd within her Breast the VVeapon stands.  
 The VVood she draws, the steely Point remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw,  
 The winged VVeapon, whistling in the VVind,  
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the Mark design'd.  
 The Shield gave way: thro' treble Plates it went,  
 Of solid Brass, of Linnen trebly roul'd,  
 And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler fold.  
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the Course,  
 Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force. *Dryd. Virg.*

His feeble Hand a Jav'lin threw,  
 VVhich, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew.  
 Just, and but barely to the Mark it held,  
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen Shield. *Dryd. Virg.*

## J E A L O U S I E.

The greater Care the higher Passion shews;  
 VVe hold that dearest, we most fear to lose:  
 Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,  
 But yet, 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:  
 And in those Climes which most his scorching know,  
 He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Jealousie is a noble Crime;  
 'Tis the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever;  
 A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst. *Dryd. Amphit.*

For Jealousie is but a kind  
 Of Clap, and Crinam of the Mind:

The natural Effect of Love,  
As other Pains and Aches prove.

*Hud.*

Ah! Why are not the Hearts of Women known?  
False Women to new Joys unseen can move,  
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:  
All Goods besides by publick Marks are known,  
But that we most desire to keep has none.

*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.* (p. 2.)

No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,  
But that which sick men have of Life, their Pains.

(*Gran. p. 2.*)

Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,  
The great, not fan, but quite put out the Fire.

*Dryd. Conq. of*  
*Dryd. Auren.*

O Jealousie! thou raging Ill!

Why hast thou found a Place in Lovers Hearts?

Afflicting what thou canst not kill, (*Alban.*)

And Pois'ning Love himself with his own Darts. *Dryd. Alb. &*

What state of Life can be so blest

As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast.

Two Souls in one: the same Desire

To grant the Bliss, and to require.

But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,

'Tis Jealousie; thou Tyrant of the Mind!

All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,

Serve to refine and perfect Love:

In Absence, or unkind Disdain;

Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain.

Thou art the Fire of endless Night,

The Fire that burns, and gives no Light. *Dryd. Lov. Trium.*

What Tortures can there be in Hell,

Compar'd to those fond Lovers feel,

When doating on some fair one's Charms,

They think she yields them to their Rivals Arms?

As Lions, tho' they once were tame,

Yet if sharp Wounds, their Rage inflame,

Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,

And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the Lover, when his Breast

By jealous Frenzy is possess'd:

Forswears the Nymph for whom he burns,

Yet strait to her, whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Fair resolves his doubt,

The Love comes in, the Fears go out:

The Cloud of Jealousie's dispel'd:

And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd:

With what strange Raptures is he blest,

Raptures, too great to be express'd!

Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,

Who would not have the Sickness for the Cure?

*Walsh.*

Think't



Think'st thou I'll make a Life of Jealousie,  
To follow still the Changes of the Moon  
With fresh Surmises? No, to be once in Doubt,  
Is to be resolv'd. But yet, *Iago*,  
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And on the Proof there is no more but this:  
Away at once with Love or Jealousie.

If I do prove her haggard,  
Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,  
To prey on Fortune.  
Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore,  
Be sure of it! give me the ocular Proof,  
Or by the worth of my eternal Soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,  
Than answer my wak'd Wrath:  
Make me to see it, or at least to prove it,  
That the probation bear no Hinge, no Loop  
To hang a Doubt on, or woe upon thy Life!  
If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more, abandon all Remorse,  
On Horror's Head Horrors accumulate,  
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,  
Greater than that.

Give me a living Reason she's disloyal,  
I'll have some Proof: My Name that was as fresh  
As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As my own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,  
Poison or Fire, or suffocating Streams,  
I'll not indure it: I'll be satisfi'd.

It is impossible you should see this;

But yet, I say,  
If Imputation and strong Circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oh that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge?  
Now do I see 'tis true! look here, *Iago*!  
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n! 'Tis gone!  
Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell:  
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne  
To tyrannous Hate! swell, Bosom, with thy Fraught,  
For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,  
Whose Icy Current, and compulsive Course,  
Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on,  
To the *Prapontick* and the *Hellespont*;  
Ev'n so, my bloody Thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,  
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge  
Swallow them up.

Oh you have done an Act,  
That blots the Face, and Blush of Modesty;  
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose  
From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,  
And makes a Blister there: makes Marriage Vows  
As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a Deed!  
Heav'n's Face does glow at it.

Yea, this solidity and compound Mass,  
With tristful Visage, as against the Doom,  
Is Thought-sick at the Act. Thou art as honest  
As Summer-flies are in the Shambles,  
That quicken even with Blowing. O thou Weed  
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,  
That the Sense akes at thee!  
Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book  
Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Commoner,  
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,  
That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,  
Did I but speak thy Deeds.  
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks,  
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,  
And will not hear it.

*Shak. Othel.*

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name,  
Let modest Matrons at thy mention start;  
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,  
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,  
And blots the noble Work.

*Shak. Troil. & Cref.*

Had it pleas'd Heav'n  
To try me with Afflictions: had they rain'd  
All kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare Head,  
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,  
Giv'n to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes,  
I should have found in some place of my Soul  
A Drop of Patience. But alas! to make me  
The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn  
To point his slow and moving Finger at!  
Yet could I bear that too! well, very well!  
But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no Life:  
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,  
Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,  
Or keep it for a Cistern for foul Toads  
To knot and gender in! turn thy Complexion there,

*Patience,*

Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubim,  
I here look grim as Hell.

*Shak. Othel.*

O Plague me, Heav'n, Plague me with all the Woes  
That Man can suffer: Root up my Possessions,  
Ship-wreck my far-sought ballast in the Haven,  
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,  
Let Midnight Wolves howl in my desert Chambers,  
May the Earth yawn! shatter the Frame of Nature!  
Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirl-winds round me move!  
But save me from the Rage of Jealous Love!

*Lee, Cæf. Borg.*

For oh! what damned Minutes tells he o'er,  
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.

*Shak. Othel.*

And Doubts and Fears to Jealousies will turn,  
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn.

*Cong.*

How frail, how Cowardly is Woman's mind!  
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rattling wind;  
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.  
Yet when strong Jealousie enflames the Soul,

The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.

*Lee's Alex.*

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;

Oh smile, and grant one reconciling Kifs:

Ye Gods! she's kind, I'm extasie all o'er!

My Soul's too narrow to contain my Blifs!

Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast!

Sure thou wer't form'd to plague my Rest!

Since both the good and ill you do, alike my Peace destroy.

This kills me with excess of Grief, that with excess of Joy.

*(Walsh.)*

### I G N O R A N C E.

Seeing aright, we see our Woes,

Then what avails it to have Eyes?

From Ignorance our Comfort flows,

The only wretched are the Wise.

*Prior.*

Ignorance, Discord's Parent, by her stood,  
And from her Breast squeez'd Juice, like blackish Blood,  
Her hateful Off-spring's most delicious Food.

A formidable Figure! black as Night!

That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;

Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.

A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her, stay'd,

All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.

Contention, Zeal, inexorable Rage,

And Strife, that wretched Men in Arms engage;

Various Division, Malice, deadly Hate,

That rend a Kingdom, and dissolve a State.

*Blac.*

I M P R E-



## I M P R E C A T I O N S.

Final Destruction seize on all the World,  
 Bend down, ye Heav'ns, and shutting round this Earth,  
 Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion,  
 Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,  
 And all us little Creepers in't, call'd Men,  
 Burn, burn to nothing! but let *Venice* burn  
 Hotter than all the rest: here kindle Hell  
 Ne'er to extinguish, and let Souls hereafter  
 Groan here, in all those Pains which mine feels now, *Otw. Ven.*

Oh that my Arms could both the Poles embrace, *(Pres.)*  
 And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base:  
 That all the crackling Frame might be disjoyn'd,  
 And bury in its Ruin Human-kind. *Blac.*

That I could reach the Axle where the Pins are  
 Which bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,  
 And pluck all into Chaos with my self!  
 VWho would not fall with all the VWorld about him? *Johns.*

Oh that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen,  
 The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend,  
 So now in very Deed I might behold  
 This pond'rous Earth, and all yon Marble Roof,  
 Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:  
 For all the Elements, and all the Powers  
 Cœlestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,  
 Conspire the wreck of outcast *Oedipus*.  
 Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night  
 Shadow the Globe: May the Sun never dawn:  
 The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb:  
 And for an Universal Rout of Nature,  
 Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky  
 May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark,  
 But Gods meet Gods, and jumble in the Dark:  
 That Jars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,  
 VWhich may to Atoms shake the solid VWorld. *Lee. OEdip.*

Curst be the Hour that gave me Birth:  
 Confusion and Disorder seize the World,  
 To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;  
 'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,  
 In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions;  
 In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;  
 Till all things move against the Course of Nature;  
 Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,  
 And the Original of Being lost. *Otw. Orph.*

Loosen'd

Loosen'd Nature  
Leap from its Hinges ; sink the Props of Heav'n,  
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World. *Dryd. All for Love.*

## I M P U D E N C E.

Get that great Gift and Talent Impudence ;  
Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence ;  
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,  
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;  
Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,  
An Ass a Bishop, can vil'f Blockheads rear  
To wear red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair.  
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,  
Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence. *Oldh.*

For he that has but Impudence,  
To all things has a fair Pretence;  
And put among his Wants but Shame,  
To all the World may lay his Claim. *Hud.*

## I N C E S T.

Nature abhors  
To be forc'd back again upon her self,  
And, like a Whirlpool, swallow her own Streams. *Dryd. OEdip.*  
Custom our native Royalty does awe,  
Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law.  
For whosoever the first Lovers were,  
Brother and Sister made the second Pair;  
And doubled by their Love, their Piety. *Dryd. Auren.*

Then is it Sin ? or makes my Mind alone  
Th' imagin'd Sin ? For Nature makes it none.  
What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,  
Made not for any other Beast, but Man ?  
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,  
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride.  
What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,  
Or more salacious Goat to rut their Dam ?  
The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,  
And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd before.  
All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,  
Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,  
Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.  
But Man, a Slave of his own making lives,  
The Fool denies himself what Nature gives.  
Too busy Senates, with an over-Care,  
To make us better than our Kind can bear, *Have*

Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,  
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause:  
 Yet some wise Nations break their cruel Chains,  
 And own no Laws, but those which Love ordains.  
 Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,  
 And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.  
 O that I had been born in such a Clime!  
 Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime.  
 But whether would my impious Fancy stray!  
 Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts, away. *Dryd. Ovid.*

INCONSTANCY. See Constancy. False.

I never yet could see that Face  
 Had not a Dart for me.  
 From fifteen Years to fifty's Space  
 They all victorious be.  
 Colour or Shape, good Limbs, or Face,  
 Goodness or Wit, in all I find;  
 In motion, or in Speech, a Grace,  
 If all fail, still 'tis Woman-kind.  
 If tall, the Name of proper stays;  
 If fair, she's pleasant as the Light;  
 If low, her Prettiness does please;  
 If black, what Lover loves not Night:  
 The fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;  
 The lean, with Love, makes me so too;  
 If straight, her Body's Cupid's Dart,  
 To me; if crooked, 'tis his Bow.  
 Nay, Age it self does me to Rage encline,  
 And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.  
 Him, who loves always one, why should we call  
 More constant, than the Man loves always all?

*Cowl.*

All my past Life is mine no more,  
 The flying Hours are gone,  
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,  
 Whose Images are kept in Store,  
 By Memory alone.  
 Whatever is to come is not;  
 How can it then be mine?  
 The present Moment's all my Lot,  
 And that, as fast as it is got,  
*Philis* is wholly thine.  
 Then talk not of Inconstancy,  
 False Hearts, and broken Vows;  
 If I by Miracle can be

*This*



This live-long Minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

*Reck.*

For as a *Pythagorean* Soul  
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;  
So Love does, and has ever done.  
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,  
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.  
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,  
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first.  
That after burns with Cold as much,  
As Ice in *Greenland* does the Touch.  
Melts in the Furnace of Desire,  
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire:  
And when his Heat of Fancy's over  
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

*Hud.*

Inconstancy's the Plague, that first or last  
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court Disease.

*Dryd.*

#### I N F I R M A R Y.

Immediately a Place  
Before his Eyes appear'd, sick, noisom, dark,  
A Lazar-House it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all Diseas'd, all Maladies.  
Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans; Despair  
Tended the sick, busie from Couch to Couch;  
And over them triumphant Death his Dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho oft invoc'd,  
With Vows, as their chief Good, and final Hope.

*Milt.*

#### I N G R A T I T U D E.

Ingratitude's the Growth of ev'ry Clime.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

And in this thankless World the Givers  
Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers:

'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion,  
Rather to hide than pay the Obligation:

Nay, 'tis much worse than so,

It now an Artifice does grow,

Wrongs and Outrages to do,

Left Men should think we owe.

*Cowl. Pind.*

Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins.

But there's a Fate in Kindness,  
Still to be least return'd, where most 'tis given. *Dryd. Sec. Love*  
So often try'd, and ever found so true,

*Has*

Has giv'n me Trust, and Trust has giv'n me Means  
Once to be false for all

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?

A Master, who reposes Life and Empire

On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant:

That hated Name my Nature most abhors;

More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,

Ev'n with the last Contempt; to serve *Sebastian*!

Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,

Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.

But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part

To fawn and yet betray; I should be his'd,

And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,

Thy Wealth and Honour, all the pure Indulgence

Of him, thou would'st destroy?

And would his Creature; nay, his Friend betray him?

Why then no Bond is left on Human-Kind:

Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue;

Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands,

All must be Rapine, VVars, and Desolation,

VVhen Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Both false and faithless!

Draw near, you well-join'd VVickedness; you Serpents,

VVhom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd,

Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship,

But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, row'd

From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,

And all his VVealth cast o'er. Ingrateful VVoman!

VVho follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,

Hatching her young Ones in my kindly Beams,

Singing her Flatterings to my Morning VWake;

But now my VVinter comes, she spreads her VVings

And seeks the Spring of *Cesar*.

[Said of *Cleopatra* by *Anthony*]

He has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,

And worn it into Vileness.

VVith how secure a Brow, and specious Form

He gilds the secret Villain! sure that Face

Was meant for Honesty: but Heav'n mis-match'd it,

And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,

To make its Work more easy.

See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,

And promises a Lie before he speaks.

(Said of *Dolabella* by *Anthony*.)

Two

Two, two such !

Oh! there's no further Name! two such to me?  
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,  
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life, but you:  
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you  
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no use,  
No Fruit of all but you: a Friend and Mistress  
Was all the World could give: Oh *Cleopatra*!  
Oh *Dolabella*! How could you betray  
This tender Heart, which with an Infant Fondness  
Lay lull'd between your Bosoms, and there slept  
Secure of injur'd Faith, I can forgive  
A Foe; but not a Mistress and a Friend:  
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,  
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd  
Is stab'd by her own Guards.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

### I N N O C E N C E.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,  
The surest Guard is Innocence;  
None knew till Guilt created Fear,  
What Darts, or poyson'd Arrows were.

*Rosc. Hor.*

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,  
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

*Dryd. OEdip.*

Oh that I had my Innocence again,  
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:  
The Fleece, that has been by the Dyer stain'd,  
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd.

*Wall.*

Happy the innocent, whose equal Thoughts,  
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults.

*Wall.*

### I N S E C T S. See Creation.

### I N T E R E S T.

Interest is the most prevailing Cheat;  
The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth,  
They study that, and think they study Truth:  
Where Interest fortifies an Argument,

Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent; (*& Pantb.*)  
For Souls already warp'd, receive an easie bent. (*Dryd. Hind.*)

Int'rest makes all seem Reason, that leads to it. (*Dryd. Sec. Lov.*)

All seek their Ends, and each would other Cheat:

They only seem to hate, and seem to love,  
But Int'rest is the Point on which they move:

Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends agen,  
And in their Turns, are Knaves, and honest Men:

Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold;

'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold. (*Dryd. Amphit.*)

U

J O U S T S.



**JOUSTS and Tournaments. See Battle. Duell. VVa.**

The Challenger with fierce Defie;

His Trumpet sounds, the Challenger makes reply;

With Clangour rings the Field, rebounds the vaulted Sky.

Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,

Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;

They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,

And, spurring, see decrease the middle space:

A Cloud of Smoak envelops either Host,

And all at once the Combatants are lost:

Darkling they joyn adverse, and shock unseen:

Courfers with Courfers, jostling, Men with Men,

As lab'ring in Eclipse a while they stay.

Till the next Blast of VVind restores the Day:

They look anew: the beauteous Form of Fight

Is chang'd, and War appears a grisly Sight.

Two Troops in fair Array one Moment shew'd,

The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd:

Not half the Number in their Seats are found:

But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.

The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,

The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.

The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight,

The glitt'ring Falchions cast a gleaming Light:

Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound:

Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.

The mighty Maces with such haste descend,

They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend.

This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;

Down goes at once the Horse-man and the Horse:

That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,

And, flound'ring, throws the Rider o'er his head.

One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes,

One with a broken Truncheon, deals his Blows.

By Fits they cease: and leaning on the Lance,

Take Breath a while; and to new Fight advance.

Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd

His utmost Force, for each forgot to ward:

The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,

That other backward to the Crupper sent.

Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows

Fall thick and heavy when on Foot they close.

So deep their Falchions bite, that ev'ry stroke

Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds the gave and took.

Born far asunder by the Tides of Men.

Like

Like Adamant and Steel, they meet agen.  
 So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's Blood;  
 A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood,  
 Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the Food.  
 Each claims Possession, neither will obey,  
 But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:  
 They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,  
 The Swains come arm'd between, and both to Distance drive.  
 (Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Behold the noble Youths of Form divine,  
 Upon the Plain advancing in a Line,  
 The Riders grace the Steeds; the Steeds with Glory shine.  
 Thus marching on in Military Pride,  
 Shouts of Applause resound from side to side.  
 Their Casques, adorn'd with Laurel wreaths they wear,  
 Each brandishing aloft a Cornel Spear:  
 Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,  
 Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.  
 Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green;  
 Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen;  
 Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a space between.  
 Th' unfledg'd Commanders, and their Martial Train  
 First make the circuit of the sandy Plain:

Then at th' appointed Sign,  
 Drawn up in beautiful Order, form a Line:  
 The second Signal sounds; the Troop divides  
 In three distinguish'd Parts, with three distinguish'd Guides,  
 Again they close, and once again disjoin,  
 In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line:  
 They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar  
 With harmless Rage, and well-dissembled War.  
 Then in a Round the mingled Bodies run;  
 Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.  
 Broken they break, and rallying they renew  
 In other Forms the military shew.  
 At last, in Order, undiscern'd they join,  
 And march together in a Friendly Line:  
 And, as the Great Labyrinth of old,  
 With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding Fold,  
 Involv'd the weary Feet, without Redress,  
 In a round Error, which deny'd Recess;  
 So fought the Trojan Boys in warlike Play,  
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.  
 Dryd. Virg.

J O Y.

Great Joys, as well as Sorrows, make a stay,  
 They hinder one another in the Crowd,

U 1

And

And none are heard, while all would speak aloud.

When I would declare

How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought.

Joy is in ev'ry Face without a Cloud.

As in the Scene of op'ning Paradise

The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being,

Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other. *Dryd. Don*

Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure rowl

Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul:

He sinks beneath the Pressure of his Joy,

And Joseph's Life does almost his destroy.

A secret Pleasure trickles through my Veins;

It works about the Inlets of my Soul.

Now by Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,

I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel

A latter Spring within my with'ring Limbs,

That shoots me out again.

Be still my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys!

Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,

Thou furious Tempest that has tost my mind,

And leave no thought but *Leonora* there,

What's this I feel of boding in my Soul?

As if this Day were fatal? Be it so!

Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love!

My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:

The Lion, tho' he fees the Toils are set,

Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,

Hunts in the face of Danger all the Day,

At Night, with fullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. *(Span. Dryd.)*

She bids me hope! Oh Heav'ns! she pities me,

And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,

As Light'ning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,

Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou my Heart,

Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joy,

Hence all my Griets, and ev'ry anxious Care,

One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Despair. *Dryd. Span. Dryd.*

Oh you are so Divine, and cause such Fondness,

That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,

To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet:

Such Extasie Life cannot carry long!

The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy

Darts with such Fierceneis on me, Night will follow. *Est. M.*

Know, be it known to the Limits of the World;

Yet farther, let it pass yoo dazling Roof,

The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf

With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy.

Oh for this News let Waters break their Bounds;

Oh for this News let Waters break their Bounds;



Rocks, Valleys, Hills with lightning to ring.

But oh! the Joy, the mighty Extase

Possess'd thy Soul at this Discovery

Speechless and panting at my Feet you lay.

And short-breath'd sighs told what you could not say:

A thousand times my Hands with Kisses press'd

And look'd such Darts as none could e'er resist:

Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine

New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine.

My charm'd Ears ne'er knew

A Sound of so much Rapture, to much Joy:

Not Voices, Instruments, not warbling Birds,

Not Winds, not murm'ring Waters join'd in Consort

Not tuneless Nature, not th' according Spheres,

Utter such Harmony, as when my Selima

With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, I Love.

Oh the dear hour, in which you did resign

When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine

And in a Kiss you said, your heart was mine.

Thro' each returning Year may that Hour be

Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity

Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light

Let him collect the Day to be more bright

Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night!

There's not Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,

But should have smil'd that hour thro' all his Care,

And shook his Chains in transport and rude harmony.

Oh my Soul's Joy!

If after ev'ry Tempest come such Calmness,

May the Winds blow till they have wak'd Death:

And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas

Olympus high, and duck again as low

As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy: for I fear

My Soul has her Content to absolute,

That not another Comfort, like to this,

Succeeds in unknown Fate.

For, as Extreame are short of Ill and Good,

And Tides at highest Mark, regorge the Flood:

So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy

Took a Malicious Pleasure to destroy.

Then into Tears of Joy the Father broke:

Each in his longing Arms by turns he took,

Panted and paus'd, and thus again he spoke.

My Joy stops at my Tongue; and men  
But it has found two Channels here for one,  
And bubbles out above. *Dryd. All for Love.*

**JUNO**

Great Queen of gath'ring Clouds,  
Whose Moisture fills the Floods;  
Great Queen of nuptial Rites,  
Whose Pow'r the Souls unites,  
And fills the Genial Bed with chaste Delights, *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*  
The Majesty of Heav'n, the Sister-Wife of Jove

**JUPITER**

The Pow'r immense, Eternal Energy  
The King of Gods and Men; whose awful Hand  
Disperſes Thunder on the Seas and Land,  
Dispoſing all with absolute Command, *Dryd. Virg.*  
Th' Imperial God,  
Who ſhakes Heav'n's Axle with his awful Nod, *Dryd. Virg.*  
Who roulſ

The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. *Dryd. Virg.*  
The mighty Thund'rer with majeſtick Awe,  
Then ſhook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around,  
And ſcatter'd Tempeſts on the teeming Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

**JUSTICE**

Of all the Virtues, Juſtice is the beſt;  
Valour without it, is a common Peſt;  
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,  
Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd:  
'Tis our Complexion makes us chafte or brave;  
Juſtice from Reaſon, and from Heav'n we have.  
All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;  
That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:  
Juſtice the Queen of Virtues!  
Juſt as the Scale of Heav'n that weighs the Seasons, *Dryd. Don*  
Juſtice, tho' ſhe's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,  
Like Charity, elſe Right and Wrong  
Could never hold it out ſo long, *Thad.*  
Juſtice gives Sentence many times  
On one Man for another's Crimes,  
As lately it happen'd in a Town,  
Where liv'd a Cobler, and but one;

The

That out of Doctrine could cut Use,  
 And mend Mens Lives, as well as Shoes;  
 This precious Brother Hoving! Drove  
 In times of Peace an Indian, above  
 The mighty Tottipotymoy  
 Sent to our Elders in Envy,  
 Complaining sorely of the Breach,  
 Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,  
 Against the Articles in Force  
 Between both Churches, his and ours;  
 For which he crav'd the Saints to send  
 Into his Hands, or hang th' Offender.  
 But they, maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more but him o' th' Trade;  
 (A Man that serv'd entail a double  
 Capacity, to teach and cobbler)  
 Resolv'd to spare him, yet to do  
 The Indian Hogan Hogan too  
 Impartial Justice, in his head did  
 Hang an old Weaver that was bedrid.  
 So Justice, while she wink'd at Crimes,  
 Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

## K I N D N E S S.

Kindness has resistless Charms,  
 All things else but weakly move;  
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.  
 Beauty does the Heart invade,  
 Kindness can alone persuade;  
 It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,  
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

## K I N G. See Emperor. Tyrant. Usurper.

## A Monarch's Crown

Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns,  
 Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleepless Nights;  
 To him who wears the Regal Diadem;  
 When on his Shoulders each Man's Burthen lies:  
 For therein lies the Office of a King,  
 His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,  
 That for the Publick all this Weight he bears.  
 Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,  
 Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run;  
 Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

Luxurious



Luxurious Kings are to their People lost,  
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost,  
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

Some Kings the Name of Conquerors assume,  
Some to be Great, some to be Gods presume,  
But boundless Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust,  
Made Tyrants still, abhor the Name of Just.  
They shun'd the Praise, thus Godlike Virtue gives,  
And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives.

Princes by Disobedience get Command,  
And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand,  
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,  
They meet their Fate in illus'd Happiness.

O polish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!  
That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide  
To many a watchful Night! O Majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost sit,  
Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,  
That scalds with Safety.

A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Cost,  
How wretchedly he rules,

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools!

What's Royalty, but Pow'r to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves, the Sovereigns.

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Pow'r,  
To curb their People: tender Plants must bend,

But when a Government is grown to Strength,  
Like some old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,  
It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,  
And turns to sullen State.

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,  
Which Time wears off, and mellowes into Right.

And Pow'r, which in one Age is Tyranny,  
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession.

All After-Acts are sanctify'd by Pow'r,  
Unbounded Power, and height of Greatness give

To Kings that Lustre, which we think divine.

The Wise who know em, know they are but Men,  
Nay, sometimes weak ones too, the Croud indeed

Who kneel before the Image, not the God,  
Worship the Deity their Hands have made.

He's in Possession! so Diseases are

Should not a lingering Fever be remov'd,  
Because it long has rag'd within my Blood?

Do I rebel, when I would thrust in out?

What? shall I think the World was made for one,  
And Men are born for Kings, as Beasts for Men,

Not

Not for Protection, but to be devour'd;  
 Mark those who boast on arbitrary Pow'r,  
 And you shall find them either for a Youth,  
 Or needy Bankrupts, for sale in their Greatness,  
 And Slaves to some to lord it over the rest.  
 O Baseness! to support a Tyrant Throne,  
 And crush your free-born Brethren of the World!

Those Kings who rule with limited Command,  
 Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.

Pow'r has no Balance: one Side still weighs down,  
 And either hoists the Common wealth or Crown.

Force only can maintain

The Pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.

Soy'reigns, ever jealous of their State,

Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate:

Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,

Revenge, like Bombs rak'd within their Breast

Bursts forth in Flames, whose irresistible Pow'r

Will seize the unwary Wretch, and soon devour.

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,

The Walks of mused Gods, sacred Retreat:

Where none but whom they please approach.

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,

Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;

And like a Temple's innermost recesses,

None enters to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,

Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

## KISSES IN G.

She gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke,

She brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his

At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers.

She printed melting Kisses as she spoke.

Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,

When they give up their Souls too with their Breath.

Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls,

Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.

They pour'd a Storm of Kisses, thick as Fall,

I felt the while a pleasing Kind of Smart.

The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart.

When it was gone, the sense of it did stay.

The sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day.

Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

They kiss'd with such a Raveur

And gave such furious Earnest of their Flame,

That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood

flew

Flew flushing o'er their Faces, *Dryd. Don. Seb.*  
 How I could dwell for ever on those Lips;  
 Oh I could kiss 'em pale with Eagerness!  
 So soft by Heav'n, and such a juicy Sweet  
 That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour, *Dryd. Amphit.*  
 The Nectar of the Gods to them is tasteless, *Dryd. Amphit.*  
 Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,  
 As if like Doves we did engender there;  
 No Bound, nor Rule, my Pleasures shall endure,  
 In Love there's none too much an Epicure.  
 Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul;  
 I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul. *Cowl.*

Then thus we'll lie, and thus we'll kiss,  
 Thus, thus improve the lasting Bliss;  
 There is no Labour here, no Shame;  
 The solid Pleasure's still the same,  
 Never, oh never to be done,  
 Where Love is ever but begun. *Old.*  
 As amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 As Philip and Mary on a Shilling. *Hud.*

# K N I G H T - E R R A N T S

Th' ancient Errant-Knights  
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights;  
 And cut whole Gyants into Fitters,  
 To put them into am'rous Twitters;  
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd;  
 But when their Sides were drub'd so sore,  
 They durst not woo one Combat more,  
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt;  
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt;  
 So Spanish Heroes with their Lances,  
 At once wound Bulls, and Ladies Fancies,  
 And he acquires the noblest Sponse,  
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows. *Hud.*

# L A B Y R I N T H. See Jousts and Tournaments.

The Lark that shuns on leffy Boughs to build  
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field;  
 But if the Promise of a cloudless Day,  
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise, and play;  
 Then strait she shews, 't was not for want of Voice,

Or



Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice;  
Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretch'd  
Tow'rd's Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note she fetch'd. *Wall.*

The wise Example of the heavenly Lark,  
Thy Fellow Poet, *Comely*, mark!  
Above the Clouds let thy proud Mutek sound,  
Thy humble Nest build on the Ground. *Cowl.*

And now the Herald Lark  
Left his Ground-Nest, high to ring to descry  
The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song. *Milt.*

L. A. W. and Lawyer.

Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw  
Into the noisy Markets of the Law,  
The Camp of gown'd War. *Cowl. Virg.*

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the power,  
The Cause is bad, whence'er the Client's poor;  
Those strict-liv'd Men, that seem above our World,  
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold:  
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold.  
And the grave Knight, that nods upon the Laws,  
Wak'd by a Fee, hems and approves the Cause.

You save th' Expence of long litigious Laws,  
Where Suits are travers'd, and, so little won,  
That he who conquers, is but last undone. *Dryd.*

He that with Injury is griev'd,  
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish Chowke,  
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his House,  
Applies himself to Cunning-Men,  
To help him to his Goods agen:  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain. *Hud.*

For Lawyers, lest Bear Defendant,  
And Plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,  
Do stave, and tail, with Writs of Error,  
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,  
To let 'em breath a while, and then  
Cry Whoop, and set 'em on agen.  
Until with subtle Cobweb-Cheats  
They're catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets;  
In which when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more they're tangled;  
And while their Purples can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal Suit. *Hud.*  
'Tis Law that settles all you do, *And*

And marries where you did but woo;  
 That makes the most pernicious Lover  
 A Lady that's as false, recover.  
 For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,  
 And manag'd by the ablest Sages,  
 Who, tho' their Business at the Bar,  
 Be but a kind of Civil War,  
 With which they engage with fiercer Dudgeons,  
 Than ever the *Greeks* did the *Trojans*,  
 They never manage the Contest,  
 T' impair their publick Interest,  
 Or by their Controversies lessen  
 The Dignity of their Profession;  
 For Lawyers have more sober Sense  
 Than t' argue at their own Expence,  
 But make their best Advantages  
 Of others Quarrels, like the *Amis*:  
 And out of foreign Controversies,  
 By aiding both sides fill their Puries,  
 But have no Int'rest in the Cause,  
 For which they engage, and wage the Laws:  
 Nor farther Prospect than their Pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the Day  
 And tho' they abound in all Ages  
 With fundry learned Clerks and Sages,  
 Tho' all their Business be Dispute,  
 With which they canvass every Suit,  
 They've no Disputes about their Art,  
 Nor in Polemicks controversy.  
 While all Professions else are found  
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound,  
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,  
 Philosophers, Mathematicians,  
 The *Galenist* and *Paracelsian*,  
 Condemn the way each other deals in.  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle.  
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,  
 That in their Sleep they talk of Schemes,  
 And Herald's stickle, who got who,  
 So many hundred Years ago.  
 But Lawyers are too wise a Nation  
 T' expose their Trade to Disputation;  
 Or make the busy Rabble Judges  
 Of all their secret Piques and Grudges,  
 In which, whoever wins the Day,  
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.

Besides

Besides, no Mountebanks nor Cheats  
 Dare undertake to do their Feats:  
 VVhen in an other Services,  
 They swarm, like Insects, and increase,  
 For what Bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward Light, a Deed in Law?  
 Or could hold forth by Revelation,  
 An Answer to a Declaration?  
 For those that meddle with their Tools:  
 Will cut their Fingers if they be Fools.

Hud.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras  
 A straw to understand a Cause;  
 VVithout the admirable skill,  
 To wind and manage it at will,  
 To veer, and tack, and steer a Cause,  
 Against the VVether-gage of Laws,  
 And ring the Changes upon Cases,  
 As plain as Notes upon Faces;  
 As you have well instructed me;  
 For which you've earn'd, here 'tis, your Fee,

Hud.

## DAPHNE chang'd into a LAWREL.

Scarce had she finish'd when her Feet she found  
 Benumm'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground.  
 A filmy Rind about her Body grows,  
 Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs:  
 The Nymph is all into a Lawrel gone,  
 The smoothness of her Skin remains alone;  
 Yet Phæbus loves her still, and casting round  
 Her Bole his Arms, some little warmth he found:  
 The Tree still painted in the unfinished part,  
 Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart.  
 He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind;  
 It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd:  
 To whom the God: because thou canst not be  
 My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree.  
 Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown,  
 The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown'd:  
 Thou shalt the Roman Festivals adorn;  
 And, after Poets, be by Victors worn.  
 Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumph grace,  
 VVhen Pomp shall in a long Procession pass:  
 Wreath'd on the Posts before his Palace wait,  
 And be the Guardian of the Palace Gate:  
 Secure from Thunder, and unburn'd by Sove-  
 Unfading, as th' Immortal Powers above.

And



And as the Locks of *Phœbus* are unthorn'd  
So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn;  
The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said;  
And shook the shady Honours of her Head.

Thus *Lawrel* is the sign of *Labours* crown'd  
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground.  
From *Winter* *VVinds* it suffers no Decay;  
For ever fresh and fair, and *every* Month is *May*.  
Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,  
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow,  
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between  
The Fits of falling Snow appears the streaky Green.

The Story of *Phœbus* and *Daphne* apply'd.

*Thirsis*, a Youth of the inspired Train,  
Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
Like *Phæbus* sung the no less am'rous Boy,  
Like *Daphne* she, as lovely and as coy;  
VVith Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,  
VVith Numbers, such as *Phæbus* self might use;  
Such is the Chase when Love and Fancy leads  
O'er Craggy Mountains, and thro' flow'ry Meads,  
Inok'd to testify the Lover's Care,  
Or form some Image of his cruel Fair;  
Urg'd with his Fury, like a wounded Deer,  
O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,  
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,  
VVhom all his Charms could not incline to stay;  
Yet what he sung in his immortal Strain,  
Tho' unsuccessfully was not sung in vain.  
All but the Nymph, that should redress his wrong,  
Attend his Passion and approve his Song.  
Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought Praise,  
He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays.

## LEARNING.

Learning that Cobweb of the Brain,  
A Trade of Knowledge, as replete  
As others are, with Fraud, and Cheat.  
A Cheat that Scholars put upon  
Other Men's Reason and their own.  
A Fort of Error, to inform  
Absurdity and Ignorance.  
That renders all the Avenues  
To Truth, impervious and obscure.

By making plain things in Debate,  
By Art, perplex'd and intricate,  
As if Rules were not in the Schools  
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules,  
This Pagan Heathenish Invention  
Is good for nothing but Contentions:  
For as in Sword and Buckler Fight,  
All Blows do on the Target light,  
So when Men argue, the great part  
O' th' Contest, falls on terms of Art:  
Until the Fustian Stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Books had spoil'd him,  
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession: Dryd. all for Love.

### LETHARGY.

A Sleep, dull as your last, did you arrest,  
And all the Magazines of Life possess'd:  
No more the Blood its circling Course did run:  
But in the Veins, like Ilices, it hung:  
No more the Heart, now void of quick'ning Heat,  
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat;  
Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,  
And a short Death crept cold through ev'ry Limb.

### LETHEE. See Hell.

On the dark Banks where Lethe's lazy Deep  
Does its black Stores and drowfie Treasures keep,  
Rolls his slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves asleep. Blac.

### LEVIATHAN. See Creation.

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign,  
And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main:  
From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,  
And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are born:  
Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly;  
'Tis doubtful which is Sea, and which is Sky. Gar.

### LIBERTY. See Brutus. Freedom.

The Love of Liberty with Life is given,  
And Life it self th' inferiour Gift of Heaven: Dryd. Pal. & Arc.  
'Tis quick'ning Liberty that gives us Breath,  
Her Absence, more than that of Life, is Death. Blac.  
Quoth

Quoth he, th' one half of Man; his Mind  
 Is *Jul Juri*, unconfin'd;  
 And cannot be laid by the Heels;  
 Whate'er the other Moiety feels.  
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,  
 That makes Men Prisoners or Free.  
 But Perturbations that possess  
 The Mind, or Equanimities. ✕  
 The whole World was not half so wide  
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd  
 Because he had but one to subdue;  
 As was a paultry narrow Tub to  
*Diogenes*, who is not said,  
 For ought that ever I could read,  
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and sob,  
 Because h' ad ne'er another Tub.

Hud.

O give me Liberty,  
 For were ev'n Paradise it self a Prison  
 Still I should long to leap the Crystal Walls. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oh Liberty! thou Goddess Heav'nly bright,  
 Profuse of Bliss, and pregnant with Delight;  
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,  
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train.  
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light;  
 And Poverty, looks cheerful in thy Sight.  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,  
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and Pleasure to the day.

Add.

## L I F E.

Oh Life! thou Nothing's younger Brother;  
 So like, that one might take one for the other!  
 What's some body, or no body?  
 In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade;  
 We no such nice Distinction woven see,  
 As 'tis to be, or not to be.  
 Dream of a Shadow! a Reflexion made  
 From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,  
 Is a more solid thing than thou.  
 Thou weak-built *Isthmus*! which do'st proudly rise  
 Up betwixt two Eternities;  
 Yet canst not VVave nor VVind sustain;  
 But broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless Ocean meets again. *Coel.*  
 From the maternal Tomb  
 To the Grave's fruitful Womb,  
 We call here Life; but Life's a Name  
 Which nothing here can truly claim:

This



This wretched Inn, where we scarce stay to bait,

We call our dwelling Place,

We call one Step a Race,

VVe grow at last by Custom to believe

That really we live.

VVilst all these shadows that for things we take,

Are but the empty Dreams which in Death's sleep we make. *Cow!*

When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat,

Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit:

Trust on, and think To-morrow will repay;

To-morrow's falser than the former Day;

Lies more; and while it says we shall be blest

With some new Joy, cuts off what we possess'd:

Strange Couz'nage! none would live past Years again

Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;

And from the Dregs of Life think to receive

What the first sprightly Running could not give.

I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,

Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. *Dryd. Auren.*

For Life can never be sincerely blest,

Heav'n punishes the Bad, and proves the Best. *Dryd. Absal. &*

To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow

Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,

To the last Minute of revolving Time;

And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools

To their eternal Homes.

Life's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,

That frets, and struts his Hour upon a Stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a Tale

Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,

Signifying nothing. *Shak. Macb.*

Life is but Air,

That yields a Passage to the whistling Sword,

And closes when 'tis gone. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Nor love thy Life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st,

Live well; how long or short permit to Heav'n. *Milt.*

They live too long, who Happiness out-live.

For Life and Death are things indifferent;

Each to be chose as either brings Content. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

'Tis not for Nothing that we Life pursue;

It pays our Hopes with something still that's new:

Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before;

Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more. *Dryd. Auren.*

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;

For not to live at Ease, is not to live:

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour

Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.

Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all  
A Name, a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale. *Dryd. Pers.*

Gods! Life's your Gift; then season 't with such Fate,  
That what you meant a Blessing prove no Weight.  
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd  
Of this your Play-thing, made in Haste, the World:  
But grant me Quiet, Liberry, and Peace;  
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease:  
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love:  
Then fix me, and if e'er I wish remove,  
Make me as great, that's wretched, as you can;  
Set me in Pow'r, the wofull'st State of Man;  
To be by Fools mislead, to Knaves a Prey:  
But make Life what I ask, or take 't away. *Orw.*

L I G H T. *See Creation.*

First-born of *Chaos*! who so fair didst come  
From the old *Negro*'s darksom Womb!  
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,  
The melancholy *Moss* put on kind Looks, and smil'd.  
Thou Tide of Glory! which no Rest dost know!  
But ever ebb, and ever flow!  
Hail Active Nature's watchful Life and Health!  
Her Joy, her Ornament and Wealth!  
Hail to thy Husband Heat and thee!  
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom he.  
Say from what golden Quivers of the Sky  
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?  
Swiftnefs and Pow'r by Birth are thine,  
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the VVord Divine!  
Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,  
Thy Race is finish'd when begun.  
Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,  
Dost thy bright VVood of Stars survey:  
And all the Year dost with thee bring  
Of thousand flow'ry Lights thy own nocturnal Spring.  
Thou, *Scythian*-like, dost round thy Lands above,  
The Sun's gilt Tent, for ever move.  
And still as thou in Pomp dost go,  
The shining Pageants of the VVorld attend thy Show.  
Nor amidst all those Triumphs dost thou scorn  
The humble Glow-worms to adorn;  
And with those living Spangles gild  
(O Greatnefs without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.  
*Night*, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,  
And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night:

*Asham'd*

Alham'd and fearful to appear,  
 They skreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere.  
 With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' Alarm  
 Of painted Dreams a busie Swarm.  
 At the first op'ning of thy Eye,  
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atoms fly.  
 The guilty Serpents and obscener Beasts  
 Creep conscious to their secret Rests :  
 Nature to thee does Rev'rence pay,  
 Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy Way.  
 At thy Appearance Grief it self is said  
 To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head ;  
 And cloudy Care has often took  
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.  
 At thy Appearance Fear it self grows bold ;  
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold ;  
 Ev'n Lust, the Master of a harden'd Face,  
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the Place ;  
 To Darknefs's Curtains he retires,  
 In sympathizing Night he rous his smoaky Fires.  
 When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head  
 Out of the Morning's purple Bed,  
 Thy Choire of Birds about thee play,  
 And all thy joyful World salutes the rising Day.  
 All the World's Brav'ry, that delights our Eyes,  
 Is but thy sev'ral Liv'ries.  
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st ;  
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.  
 A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,  
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.  
 The Virgin Lillies in their White,  
 Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.  
 The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands  
 Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands :  
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,  
 Thou cloath'st it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.  
 But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day  
 In th' Empyrean Heav'n does stay ;  
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,  
 From thence first took their Rise, thither at last must flow. *Cowley*  
 Thro' the rude Chaos thus the running Light  
 Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the native Night :  
 Then Day and Darknefs in the Mass were mix'd,  
 Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.  
 Last shone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere,  
 Illumin'd Heav'n and Earth, and roll'd around the Year. *Dryd.*

*(Gym. & Iph.*  
*Mail*



Hail holy Light! Of-spring of Heav'n first born,  
 Or of th' Eternal Co-eternal Beam :  
 Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate !  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal Stream,  
 Whose Fountain who shall tell ? Before the Sun,  
 Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the Voice  
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
 The rising World of Waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the Void and formless Infinite :  
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, tho' long detain'd  
 In that obscure Sojourn ; while in my Flight  
 Thro' utter, and thro' middle Darkness born,  
 With other Notes than to the *Orphean* Lyre  
 I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
 Taught by the Heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Tho hard and rare : Thee I re-visit safe,  
 And feel thy Sov'reign vital Lamp ; but thou  
 Re-visit'st not these Eyes, that roul in vain  
 To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn :  
 So thick a Drop Serene has quench'd their Orbs,  
 Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wonder where the *Muses* haunt,  
 Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,  
 Smit with the Love of sacred Song : but chief  
 Thee, *Sion*, and the flow'ry Brooks beneath,  
 That wash thy hallow'd Feet and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two, equall'd with me in Fate,  
 So were I equall'd with them in Renown,  
 Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Maenides*,  
 And *Phineus* and *Tyresias* Prophets old :  
 Then feed on Thoughts, that voluntary move  
 Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,  
 Or Flocks, or Herds, or humane Face divine :  
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark  
 Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of Man  
 Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal Blank  
 Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and ras'd ;  
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out,  
 So much the rather thou Cœlestial Light

Shine

Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs  
Irradiate, there plant Eyes, all Mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of Things invisible to mortal Sight.

Milt.

L I G H T N I N G. See Storm. Thunder.

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds rush on,  
And strike as Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone :  
For then small Sparks appear, and scatter'd Light  
Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night.  
The Night amaz'd begins to haste away,  
As if those Fires were Beams of coming Day.

Cre. Lucr.

As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,  
The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky,  
Strikes and consumes e'er scarce it does appear,  
And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

As when Tempestuous Storms o'erspread the Skies,  
In whose dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies ;  
The watry Vapours numberless conspire  
To smother and oppress th' imprison'd Fire :  
Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,  
Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Course  
From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,  
Flashing in ruddy streaks along the Skies.

Blac.

The dismal Lightnings all around,  
Some flying thro' the Air, some running on the Ground,  
Some swimming o'er the Waters Face,  
Fill'd with bright Horror ev'ry Place.

Cowl.

The Clouds

Justling, or push'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,  
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart Flame driv'n down  
Kindles the gummy Bark of Firr, or Pine.

Milt.

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,  
No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound ;  
Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeed,  
But scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breed,

Dryd. Hind &amp; Panth.

L I O N. See Creation. Enjoyment. Joy. Paradise. Re-  
treat. Revenge. Twilight.

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds  
A gamefom Goat, that frisks about the Folds ;  
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain ;  
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane,  
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws ;  
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws :  
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er

With unchew'd Morfels, while he churns the Gore. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the gen'rous Lion has in fight  
His equal Match, he rowses for the Fight :  
But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,  
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane,  
And pleas'd with Blood-less Honours of the Day, *(Pant h.*  
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious Prey. *Dryd. Hind &*

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chase,  
He makes a four Retreat, nor mends his Pace ;  
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,  
The Lordly Beast returns with double Pride,  
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,  
His Sides he lashes and erects his Mane.

His Eye-balls flash with Fire,  
Thro' his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus as a Lion when he spies from far  
A Bull, that seems to meditate the War ;  
Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sand ;  
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,  
To rush from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a Lion,  
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,  
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combate ;  
Till caught at length within some hidden Snare,  
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him ;  
And roars, and rowls his fiery Eyes in vain, *(Amb. Stepm.*  
While the surrounding Swains wound him at Pleasure. *Rowe*

L O O K S. or Mien. See Beauty. Eyes.

Deep on his Front engraven,  
Deliberation fat, and publick Care,  
And princely Counsel in his Face yet shone. *Milt.*

Big made he was and tall ; his Port was fierce,  
Erect his Countenance : Manly Majesty  
Sate in his Front, and darted from his eyes,  
Commanding all he view'd. *Dryd. OEdip.*

His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,  
Nor durst the rash Spectators meet his Eyes,  
Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway,  
So fierce they flash'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Ars.*

His grave Rebuke,  
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace  
Invincible. *Milt.*

L O V E. See Absence. Enjoyment.

Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind :  
The softest Refuge Innocence can find : *The*



The safe Director of unguided Youth,  
 Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:  
 The cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down:  
 On which one only Blessing God might raise,  
 In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise:  
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,  
 But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love.

*Reck.*

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Love that does all that's Noble here below:  
 For Love's not always of a vicious Kind;  
 But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind:  
 Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul;  
 And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool:  
 Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts  
 With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.  
 Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhyme,  
 The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime;  
 To Lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,  
 Soften'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:  
 You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,  
 And only dash 'em with a little Love;  
 Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing Hand.

*Dryd. Amphit*

Love's an Heroick Passion, which can find  
 No Room in any base degenerate Mind:  
 It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,  
 To make the Lover worthy his Desire.

*(Gran. p. 2.  
 Dryd. Conq. of.*

Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love:  
 Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,  
 That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,  
 No Smoak of Lust.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

What art thou Love, thou great mysterious Thing?  
 From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?  
 'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' ev'ry part;  
 And hold'st the vast Frame fast that nothing start  
 From the due Place and Office first ordained:  
 By Thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.

*Cowl.*

The Pow'r of Love,  
 In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,  
 Rules unresisted with an awful Nod:  
 By daily Miracles declar'd a God;  
 He blinds the Wife, gives Eye-sight to the Blind:  
 And moulds, and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.

*(Arc.*

*Dryd. Pal. &*

No Law is made for Love:  
 Law is to things which to free Choice relate;  
 Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:  
 Laws are but Positive; Love's Power we see  
 Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.

Each day we break the Bond of human Laws  
 For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.  
 Laws for Defence of civil Rights are plac'd ;  
 Love throws the Fences down, and makes a general Waste.  
 Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall, (*Pal. & Arc.*  
 The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. *Dryd.*

For Love, the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds ;  
 Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds. *Dryd.*

The Faults of Love by Love are justify'd :  
 With unresisted Might the Monarch Reigns,  
 He raises Mountains, and he levels Plains :  
 Kings fight for Kingdoms, Mad-men for Applause, (*Pal. & Arc.*  
 But Love, for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cause. *Dryd.*

Love gives esteem, and then he gives Desert :  
 He either finds Equality, or makes it ;  
 Like Death he knows no difference in Degrees,  
 But plains and levels all. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.*

Love various Minds does variously inspire,  
 He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fires :  
 Like that of Incense on the Altars laid ;  
 But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade.  
 A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows, (*Love.*  
 With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. *Dryd. Tyr.*

So like the Chances are of Love and War,  
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are :  
 In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly :  
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die. *Wall.*

The Fate of Love is such,  
 That still it sees too little or too much. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Proverb holds : That to be wise and Love,  
 Is hardly granted to the Gods above.  
 A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is pass'd,  
 And all are Fools or Lovers, first or last.  
 This both by others and my self I know,  
 For I have serv'd their Sov'reign long ago ;  
 Oft have been caught within the winding Train  
 Of Female Snares ; and felt the Lover's Pain ; (*Pal. & Arc.*  
 And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain. *Dryd.*

Love is the pleasant Frenzy of the Mind,  
 And Frantick Men in their mad Actions show,  
 A Happiness that none but Madmen know. *Dryd.*

Love is that Madness which all Lovers have ;  
 But yet 'tis sweet and pleasant so to rave :  
 'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound ;  
 But Paradise is in th' enchanted Ground .

A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,  
 Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life,  
 To take those Charms away, and set me free,  
 Is but to send me into Misery :

And

And Prudence, of whose Cure so much you boast, (Gran.  
Restores the Pains, which that sweet Folly lost. Dryd. Conq. of

I have no reason left that can assist me,  
And none would have! My Love's a noble Madness,  
Which shews the Cause deserves it. Moderate Sorrow  
Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man:  
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,  
I soar'd at first quite out of Reason's View,  
And now am lost above it. Dryd. all for Love.

In Love what use of Prudence can there be?  
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She!  
One Look of hers my Resolution breaks:  
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;  
And, aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,  
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray. Dryd. State of Inn

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?  
He knows him not his Executioner.  
Oh! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love.  
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,  
And made Perdition pleasing. Dryd. all for Love.

Witness you Powers!  
How much I suffer'd, and how much I strove.  
But mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,  
For Reason shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.  
What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,  
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue. Dryd. Auren.

For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,  
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth downwards. Hud.

*Falling in Love.*

I came, I saw, and was undone!  
Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run:  
A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart;  
A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry part:  
My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear  
The Poyson that was enter'd there. Cowl.

A Change so swift what Heart did ever feel!  
It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,  
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore!  
I've lov'd away my self in one short Hour:  
Already I am gone an Age of Passion.  
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?  
These might perhaps be found in other Men:  
'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me:  
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,  
And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul:  
But when he spoke, what tender Words he said:



So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,  
They melted as they fell.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thus anxious Fears already seiz'd the Queen ;  
She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen :  
The Heroes Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire  
Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.  
His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,  
Improve the Passion, and encrease the Smart.

*Dryd. Virg.*

I am pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,  
As I were stung with some *Tarantula* :  
Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,  
And soften strangely in some new Desire :  
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright ;  
But pale, as Fires when master'd by the Light.  
Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more :  
And now am nothing that I was before.  
I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move ;  
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !  
Tis he ! I feel him now in ev'ry part :  
'Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart ;  
Surveys in State each Corner of my Breast :  
And now I'm all o'er Love !

*Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

He had got a hurt  
On th' Inside, of a deadly Sort,  
By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand  
Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land :  
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right  
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight ;  
The Shaft against a Rib did glance  
And gall'd him in the Purtenance.

*Hud.*

O Love ! O curfed Boy !  
Where art thou that torment'st me thus unseen,  
And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,  
With idle Purpose to inflame her Heart,  
Which is as inaccessible and cold  
As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills,  
Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow ;  
Tho' the hot Sun roul o'er 'em ev'ry day :  
And as his Beams, which only shine above,  
Scorch and consume in Regions round below ;  
So Love, which throws such brightness thro' her Eyes,  
Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.  
My Tyrant, but her flatt'ring Slave thou art,  
A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart. *Roch.*  
That proud Dame, for whom his Soul,  
Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,  
Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,  
That old *Pyg-* (what d' y' call him) *malion.* That

That cut his Mistress out of Stone,  
Had not so hard a hearted one.

*Hud.*

*Love and Old Age.*

Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,  
When kindly VVarmth, and when my springing Youth  
Made it a debt to Nature: Yours, in your declining Age.  
When no more Heat was left, but what you forc'd,  
VVhen all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,  
VVhen it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,  
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire:  
Oh! 'tis meer Dotage in you.

*Dryd. all for Love.*

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,  
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd Hands:  
You importune us with a false Desire;  
VVhich sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire:  
This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring;  
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:  
Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;  
Nice in providing what you cannot want:  
Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain;  
Solicit not your self and her in vain;  
All other Debts may Compensation find  
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

*Dryd. Auren.*

You cannot Love, nor Pleasure take nor give;  
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live;  
On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight;  
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

*Dryd. Auren.*

*Protestations of Love.*

Whilst on *Septimius* panting Breast,  
Meaning nothing less than Rest,  
*Acme* lean'd her loving Head,  
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said:  
My dearest *Acme*! if I be  
Once alive, and love not thee,  
With a Passion far above  
All that e'er was called Love,  
In a *Lybian* Desert may  
I become some Lion's Prey!  
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear  
My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.  
*Acme*, inflam'd with what he said,  
Reard her gently-bending Head;  
And her purple Mouth, with Joy,

*Stretching*

Stretching to the delicious Boy,  
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice,)  
 She kiss'd his drunken rowling Eyes :  
 My little Life! my all! said she,  
 So may we ever Servants be  
 To this best God, and ne'er retain  
 Our hated Liberty again ;  
 So may thy Passion last for me,  
 As I a Passion have for thee,  
 Greater and fiercer much than can  
 Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man,  
 Into my Marrow it is gone,  
 Fix'd and settl'd in the Bone ;  
 It reigns not only in my Heart,  
 But runs like Life, thro' ev'ry Part.

Cowl. Gaf.

For your Love does lie  
 As near and as nigh,  
 Unto my Heart within ;  
 As my Eye to my Nose,  
 My Leg to my Hose,  
 Or my Flesh unto my Skin.

Shak. Locrine.

All constant Lovers shall in future Ages  
 Approve their Truth by *Troilus* : when their Verse,  
 Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,  
 VVant Similes; as Turtles to their Mates,  
 As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,  
 Earth to the Center, Iron to Adamant,  
 At last, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,  
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown the Verse,  
 And sanctify the Numbers.

Prophet may you be!  
 If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love,  
 VVhen Time is old, and has forgot it self  
 In all things else, let it remember me ;  
 And after all Comparisons of Falshood,  
 To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,  
 Let it be said as false as *Cressida*.

Shak. Troil. &amp; Cres.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,  
 To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend ;  
 Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make ;  
 Go bid th' ambitious Flame no more ascend ;  
 And when these false to their old Motions prove,  
 Then will I cease, thee, thee alone to love.

Cowl.

Quoth he, to bid me not to Love,  
 Is to forbid my Pulse to move ;  
 My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,  
 Or, when I'm in a Flit, to hickup :  
 Command me to piss out the Moon,  
 And 'twill as easily be done. Hud.

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That I do love you, O all you Host of Heaven  
 Be Witness! that you are dear to me!  
 Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,  
 Dearer than Life to one that fears to dy;  
 O thou bright Pow'r be Judge whom we adore,  
 Be Witness of my Truth! Be Witness of my Love! *Lee. Mithrid.*

If all my Heart and Soul be'n't thine,  
 May thy dear Body ne'er be mine. *Cowl.*

Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee,  
 And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again. *Shak. Othel.*

My Love's so true,  
 That I can neither hide it where it is,  
 Nor shew it, where 'tis not. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Quoth he, my Faith as Adamantine,  
 As Chains of Destiny, I'll maintain;  
 True as *Apollo* ever spoke,  
 Or Oracle from Heart of Oak:  
 Then shine upon me but benignly,  
 With that one, and that other Pigsneye,  
 The Sun and Day shall sooner part,  
 Than Love or you shake off my Heart. *Hud.*

How I have lov'd,  
 Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,  
 That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,  
 As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.  
 One Day past by, and nothing saw but Love;  
 Another came, and still 'twas only Love,  
 The Suns were wear'd out with looking on,  
 And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day,  
 And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,  
 So eager was I still to see you more. *Dryd. All for Love.*

'Tis she, she only that can make me blest;  
 Empire and Wealth, and all she brings beside,  
 Are but the Train, and Trappings of her Love. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh she is all Softness!

All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,  
 Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heav'n,  
 She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles. *Lee. Alex.*

And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,  
 And fold thy Body in my longing Arms!  
 To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars!  
 To taste thy Lips, and thy dear balmy Breath,  
 While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,  
 'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God. *Lee. Alex.*

The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,  
 Wasted by gentle Winds are not like thee:

From

From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,  
Ambrosial Odours flow ; my ev'ry Faculty  
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure. *Rome. Amb.*

By Heav'n, my *Edith*, *(Stepm.)*

Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee !  
The Sweetness of th' *Arabian* Wind still blowing  
Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,  
In all their Pride and Pleasures, call thee Mistress. *Beau. Roll.*

Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of *Jessamin*,  
Nor Vi'lets Infant-sweets, nor op'ning Buds,  
Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast !  
From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls ;  
He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,  
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God !  
Then he will talk ! Good Gods ! how he will talk !  
Ev'n when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,  
He speaks the kindest Words, and looks such things,  
Vows with such Passion, swears with so much Grace,  
That 'tis a kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.  
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall ;  
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,  
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes. *Lee. Alex.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,  
Since I behold my *Aurengzebe* appear !  
His Name alone afforded me Relief,  
Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.  
I that lov'd Name, did as some God invoke,  
And printed Kisses on it as I spoke. *Dryd. Aurem.*

*Lavinia* ! Oh there's Musick in the Name,  
That soft'ning me to Infant Tenderneis,  
Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life. *Ow. Cai. Mai.*

Oh *Pierre* ! wert thou but she !

How I could pull thee down into my Heart,  
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love,  
Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,  
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing ;  
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,  
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast. *Ow. Ven. Pri.*

Hold off, and let me run into his Arms,  
My Dearest ! my all Love, my Lord, my King,  
You shall not die if that the Soul and Body  
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life !  
Give me thy wonted Kindness, bend me, break me,  
With thy Embraces. *Lee. Alex.*

Love mounts and rous about my stormy Mind,  
Like Fire, that's born by a tempestuous Wind :  
Oh I could stifle you with eager Haste,

Devout

Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste,  
 Rush on you, eat you! wander o'er each part,  
 Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart,  
 Then hold you off and gaze! then with new Rage,  
 Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage  
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow,  
 So lost, so blest, as I but then could know! *Dryd. Aur.*

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,  
 Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart!  
 She is all mine! By Heaven! I feel her here,  
 Panting and warm! the Dearest! oh *Statira!* *Lee. Alex.*

*Semandra* shall be mine! ev'n all *Semandra!*  
 The Thought is Extasie! these Arms shall hold her  
 Fast to my throbbing Breast, these ravish'd Eyes  
 Gaze till they're blind with looking on her Blushes!  
 These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,  
 And follow her with such pursuit of Kisses,  
 That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasures. *Lee.*

Who should be lov'd but you?  
 So lov'd that ev'n my Crown and self are vile  
 When you are by. *(Mithrid.)*

Come to my Arms and be thy *Harry's* Angel;  
 Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown sit easy. *Dryd. Duke*  
 Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your *Cesar,* *(of Guise.)*

This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,  
 This Gewgaw World, and put him cheaply off;  
 I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra!* *Dryd. All for Love.*

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,  
 Tow'rd's *Phæbus* Lodging; such a Charioteer  
 As *Phæton*, would lash you to the West,  
 And bring in cloudy Night immediately.  
 Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night,  
 To sober-suited Matrons all in Black,  
 That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*  
 Leap to these Arms untalk'd of, and unseen:  
 Oh! Give me *Romeo*, and when he shall die,  
 Take him, and cut him out in little Stars,  
 And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,  
 That all the World shall grow in Love with Night,  
 And pay no Worship to the gaudy Sun, *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

But oh! there wants to crown my Happiness,  
 Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,  
 Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights!  
 My dear *Statira!* Oh that heav'nly Beam!  
 Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart!  
 Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,  
 By this time I had been among the Gods;

If



If any Extasie can make a Height,  
Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heavens.

*Lee. Alex.*

Oh thou'rt my Soul it self, Wealth, Friendship, Honour!  
All present Joys, and Earnest of all future  
Are summ'd in thee! Methinks when in thy Arms  
Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more  
Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.

*Osw. Ven. Pres.*

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever,  
She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me  
Ev'n my own Rebel Thoughts with thousand Graces,  
Ten thousand Charms, and new-discover'd Beauties:  
Oh hadst thou seen her when she lately bless'd me,  
What Tears, what Looks, and Languishings she darted!  
Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm:  
And oh! the subtle God has made his Entrance  
Quite thro' my Heart; He shouts and triumphs there,  
And all his Cry is Death or *Bellamira*!  
O Expectation burns me! Heart! how she inflames me!  
Let's talk no more of War; for now my Theme's all Love!  
The War, like Winter, vanishes; 'tis gone,  
And *Bellamira*, with eternal Spring,  
Dress'd in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,  
Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.  
Thus to a glorious Coast, thro' Tempests hurl'd,  
We sail like him, who fought the *Indian* World:  
'Tis more, 'tis Paradise I go to prove;  
And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love!  
I have her in my View, and hark, she talks,  
And see, about like the first Maid she walks,  
Fair as the Day, when first the World began,  
And I am doom'd to be the happy Man!

*Lee's Cas. Borg.*

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires  
Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him:

*Almeyda* now returns with all her Charms:

I feel her as she glides along my Veins,  
And dances in my Blood. So when *Mahomet*  
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell,  
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise;  
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by,  
Passing the cast at him a sidelong Glance,  
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd;  
He took the Hint; embrac'd the flying Fair,  
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

O the killing Joy!

O Ecstasie! my Heart will burst my Breast  
To leap into thy Bosom! but, by Heav'n,  
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,

For

For the dear Rack I have this day endur'd,  
 For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,  
 I'll have so many thousand burning Loves,  
 So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,  
 Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring Eyes;  
 The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,  
 We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day. *Lee's Alex.*

Where am I? Surely Paradise is round me,  
 Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,  
 And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection!  
 To hear thee speak, might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,  
 Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows,  
 But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,  
 Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do:  
 To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh!  
 Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece!  
 Sure framing thee, Heav'n took unusual Care,  
 Like its own Beauty it design'd thee Fair,  
 And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there. *Otm. Orph.*

Who can behold such Beauty, and be silent?  
 Desire first taught us Words: Man when created,  
 At first, alone, long wander'd up and down,  
 Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beasts:  
 But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,  
 Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,  
 Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love. *Otm. Orph.*

Love in your sunny Eyes does basking play;  
 Love walks the pleasant Mazes of your Hair,  
 Love does on both your Lips for ever stray,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there. *Civil*

The Sun shall now no more dispense  
 His own, but your bright Influence;  
 I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,  
 With true-Love's Knots, and Flourishes,  
 That shall infuse eternal Spring,  
 And everlasting Flourishing;  
 Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,  
 And make it brisk *Champaign* become;  
 Where e'er you tread, your Foot shall set  
 The Primrose and the Violet;  
 All Spices, Perfumes and sweet Powders,  
 Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours.  
 Nature her Charter shall renew,  
 And take all Lives of Things from you:  
 The World depend upon your Eye,  
 And, when you frown upon it, die:  
 Only our Loves shall still survive:

New Worlds and Natures to out-live ;  
 And, like to Heralds Moons, remain  
 All Crescent, without Change or Wane.

Hud.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;  
 Sir Knight, you rake your Aim amiss ;  
 For you will find it a hard Chapter,  
 To catch me with poetick Rapture :

In which your Mastery of Art  
 Does shew it self, and not your Heart ;  
 Nor will you raise, in mine, Combustion,  
 By Dint of high heroick Fustian.

She that with Poetry is won,  
 Is but a Desk to write upon :

And what Men say of her, they mean  
 No more than that on which they lean.

Some with *Arabian* Spices strive  
 T' embalm her cruelly alive.

Her Mouth's compar'd t' an Oyster's, with  
 A Row of Pearls in't, 'stead of Teeth ;

Others make Posies of her Cheeks,  
 Where red and whitest Colours mix.

In which the Lilly and the Rose,  
 For *Indian Lake* and *Ceruse* goes.

The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes  
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,

Are but black Patches that she wears,  
 Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars :

By which Astrologers, as well

As those in Heav'n above, can tell

What strange Events they do foreshow  
 Unto her Under-World below.

Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,  
 So loud, it deafens mortal Ears ;

As wise Philosophers have thought,  
 And that's the Cause we hear it not.

This has been done by some, who chose  
 They ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose ;

And in those Garters would have hung  
 Of which melodiously they Sung.

Hud.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover ?

Prithee why so pale ?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner.

Prithee why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't ?

Quit,



Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,

This cannot take her,

If of her self she will not love,

Nothing can make her ;

The Devil take her.

*Scotl.*

Ah ! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love !

Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.

*Dryd. Virg.*

What priestly Rites, alas ! what pious Art

What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart ?

A gentle Fire she feels within her Veins,

Where the soft God secure in Silence reigns :

Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,

From Street to Street the raging Dido roves :

So when the watchful Shepherd from the Blind

Wounds with a random Shot the careless Hind ;

Distracted with her Pain she flies the Woods,

Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods,

With fruitless Care, for still the fatal Dart

Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Anger in hasty VVords or Blows

It self discharges on our Foes ;

And Sorrow too finds some relief

In Tears, which wait upon our Grief :

So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,

Unto its own Redress does move ;

But that alone the VVretch inclines

To what prevents his own Designs ;

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,

Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep :

Postures, which render him despis'd,

VVhere he endeavours to be priz'd.

*Wal.*

But I must rowze my self, and give a stop

To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd :

In Minds resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,

And only conquers where we dare not fight.

But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains

An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Rowze to the Combat,

And thou art sure to conquer : VVars shall restore thee,

The sound of Arms shall wake thy Martial Ardour,

And cure this am'rous Sickness of thy Soul.

Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease :

The idle God of Love supinely dreams

Amidst inglorious Shades and purling Streams ;

In rosy Fetters and fantastick Chains

He binds deluded Maids, and simple Swains :

VVith soft Enjoyments woos them to forget

The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great;  
 But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms  
 To virtuous Acts excite and manly Arms,  
 The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,  
 On silken Wings sublime he cuts the Air, (Tamer. }  
 Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War. (Rowe.)

Yes! I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,  
 If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him:  
 Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;  
 Make the VWorld drunk, and then like *Æolus*,  
 When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,  
 I'll stick my Spear into the reeling Globe,  
 To let it Blood: set *Babylon* in a Blaze, (Lee's Alex.)  
 And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

### LOYALTY. See Subject.

For Loyalty is still the same,  
 Whether it win or lose the Game;  
 True as the Dial to the Sun,  
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon. Hud.

But true and faithful's sure to lose,  
 Which way soever the Game goes;  
 And whether Parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:  
 While Pow'r usurp'd, like stoll'n Delight,  
 Is more bewitching than the Right;  
 And when the Times begin to alter,  
 None rise so high as from the Halter. Hud.

Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide;  
 Wise Men and Gods are on the strongest Side. Seld. Ant. & Cleop.  
 For whom should we esteem above  
 The Men whom Gods do love. Cowl.

### LUST.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,  
 Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n;  
 So Lust, tho' to a radiant Angel joyn'd,  
 Will seat it self in a celestial Bed,  
 And prey on Garbage. Shak. Ham.

### To a Lady playing on the LUTE.

The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,  
 And tell their Joy, for ev'ry Kiss, aloud:  
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so;  
 Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too? Here

Here Love takes Stand, and while she Charms the Ear,  
 Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer:  
 Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,  
 That not an Arrow does Resistance find.  
 Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,  
 And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.  
 So *Nero* once with Harp in Hand survey'd  
 His flaming *Rome*, and as it burn'd, he play'd. *Wall.*

To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,  
 Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found  
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd:  
 Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, had rais'd the Stone,  
 And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town:  
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,  
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build. *Prior.*

## L Y R E.

Awake, awake my Lyre,  
 And tell thy silent Master's humble Tale  
 In Sounds that may prevail.  
 Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire:  
 Tho' so exalted she,  
 And I so lowly be,  
 Tell her such different Notes make all thy Harmony.  
 Hark, how the Strings awake,  
 And tho' the moving Hand approach not near,  
 Themselves with awful Fear,  
 A kind of num'rous Trembling make,  
 Now all thy Forces try:  
 Now all thy Charms apply.  
 Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye.  
 Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure  
 Is useless here, sure thou art only found  
 To cure, but not to wound,  
 And she to wound, but not to cure.  
 Too weak too wilt thou prove  
 My Passion to remove:  
 Physick to other Ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love.  
 Sleep, sleep again my Lyre;  
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
 In Sounds that will prevail,  
 Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire:  
 All thy vain Mirth lay by,  
 Bid thy Strings silently,  
 Sleep, sleep, again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die. *Coml.*



## M A D.

Now see that noble and most Sov'raign Reason,  
Like sweet Bells, jangled out of Tune, and harsh.  
Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend  
Which is the mightier.

She hems, and beats her Breast,  
Spurns enviously at Straws; speaks Things in Doubt,  
That carry but half Sense:

Yet her unshap'd Use of Speech does move  
The Hearers to Collection: they aim at it,  
And her Words up-fit to their own Thoughts;  
Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there should be Thought;  
Tho nothing suit, yet much, unhappily. *Shak. Haml.*

Behold her lying in her Cell,  
her unregarded Locks  
Matted like Furies Tresses; her poor Limbs  
Chain'd to the Ground, and 'stead of those Delights  
Which happy Lovers Taste, her Keeper's Stripes,  
A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish  
Of wretched Sustenance *Osw. Orph.*

Observe the Gallantry of her Distraction;  
Hark how she mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the Gods;  
Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,  
While with her thund'ring Voice she threatens high,  
And ev'ry Accent twangs with smarting Sorrow. *Lee. OEdip.*

He raves: his Words are loose  
As Heaps of Sand; and scatt'ring wide from Sense.  
So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,  
That now the Wind is got into his Head,  
And turns his Brains to Frenzy. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Wild  
As a robb'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods. *Lee. OEdip.*

Wild as Winds,  
That sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

There is a Pleasure sure  
In being mad, which none but Madmen know. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Madmen ought not to be mad,  
But who can help their Frenzy? *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell,  
Name not a Woman, and I shall be well:  
Like a poor Lunatick, that makes his Moan,  
And for a while beguiles his Lookers on;  
He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,  
And vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse:

But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,  
 Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,  
 His Eye-balls rowl, and he is mad again. *Lee. Cas. Borg.*

M A N. See Creation. Philosophy.

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began  
 From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man:  
 Then *Nature's* Hand (fermented as it was)  
 Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;  
 And when the little Man was fully form'd,  
 The breathless *Embryo* with a Spirit warm'd:  
 But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,  
 The Creature pent within the narrow Room.  
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair  
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;  
 Cast on the Margin of the World he lies  
 A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries:  
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd,  
 On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast:  
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground  
 His Legs, and to the rouling Chair is bound.  
 Then walks alone; a Horseman now become  
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room,  
 In time he vaults among his youthful Peers,  
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years,  
 He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,  
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,  
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age:  
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,  
 And, tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.  
 Now Sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,  
 Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands;  
 And, *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,  
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,  
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees. *Dryd. Ovi.*

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,  
 Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat,  
 Secret he feeds, unknowing in his Cell,  
 At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,  
 And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,  
 Then, helpless in his Mother's Lap is laid;  
 He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,  
 Grudges their Life, from whom his Life began.  
 Retchless of Laws, affects to Rule alone,  
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne;  
 First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last,

Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste.  
 Some thus, but thousands more in Flow'r of Age,  
 For few arrive to run the latter Stage. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Man is but Man, inconstant still and various.  
 There's no To-morrow in him like To-day :  
 Perhaps the Atoms, rolling in his Brain,  
 Make him think honestly this present Hour ;  
 The next a Swarm of base ungrateful Thoughts  
 May mount aloft.

Who would trust Chance, since all Men have the Seeds  
 Of Good or Ill, which should work upward first ? *Dryd. Cleom.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,  
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
 And full as craving too, and full as vain :  
 And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,  
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;  
 But like a Mole in Earth, busie and blind,  
 Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward,  
 To the World's open View. *Dryd. all for Love.*

Ah ! what is Man when his own wish prevails !  
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill !  
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will ! *Dryd.*

VVith what unequal Tempers are we fram'd ?  
 One day the Soul, supine with Ease and Fulness,  
 Revels secure, and fondly tells himself,  
 The Hour of Evil can return no more :  
 The next ; the Spirits pall'd, and sick of Riot,  
 Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings :  
 Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,  
 And Bitterness and Anguish. *Rowe. Fair Pen.*

Mankind one Day, serene and free appear,  
 The next, they're cloudy, fullen, and severe.  
 New Passions new Opinions still excite ;  
 And what they like at Noon, despise at Night.  
 They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,  
 And Health, for want of Change grows a Disease.  
 Religion's bright Authority they dare,  
 And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.  
 They counsel others, but themselves deceive,  
 And tho' they're couzen'd still, they still believe. *Gar.*

Mankind upon each others Ruin rise,  
 Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wise. *How. Vest. Vir.*

Were I, [ who to my Cost already am  
 One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man. ]  
 A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share  
 VVhat Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear ;  
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear. }  
 Or



Or any thing, but that vain Animal,  
 VVho is so proud of being rational;  
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
 A sixth to contradict the other five:  
 And before certain Instinct will prefer  
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.  
 Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,  
 Which leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,  
 Pathless, and dang'rous wandering Ways it takes,  
 Thro' Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes:  
 VVhile the misguided Follower climbs with Pain  
 Mountains of Whimseys heap'd in his own Brain;  
 Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down  
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,  
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try  
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,  
 In hopes still to o'ertake th' escaping Light;  
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.  
 Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,  
 VVho was so proud, so witty, and so wise:  
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,  
 And made him venture to be made a VVretch:  
 His VVisdom did his Happiness destroy,  
 Aiming to know that VVorld he should enjoy,  
 And VVit was his vain frivolous Pretence  
 Of pleasing others at his own Expencc.  
 For VVits are treated just like common Whores,  
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.  
 VVomen and Men of VVit are dang'rous Tools,  
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.  
 Those Creatures are the wisest who attain  
 By surest means the Ends at which they aim:  
 If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare  
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee Chair,  
 Tho' one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound,  
*Fowler* in Justice would be wiser found.  
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,  
 But savage Man alone does Man betray!  
 Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food;  
 Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.  
 With Teeth and Glaws by Nature arm'd they hunt  
 Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:  
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,  
 Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays:  
 VVith voluntary Pains works his Distress,  
 Not through Necessity, but VVantonness.  
 For Hunger or for Love, they fight and tear,

VVhile

VVhile wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear;  
 For Fear he Arms, and is of Arms afraid;  
 By Fear to Fear successively betray'd:  
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion came,  
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:  
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,  
 'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure:  
 Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst,  
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.  
 And Honesty's against all common Sense;  
 Men must be Knaves; 'tis in their own Defence:  
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair  
 Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,  
 You'll be undone.  
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,  
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave;  
 Long shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,  
 Who dares be less a Villian than the rest.

Roch.

## MARRIAGE.

To the Nuptial Bower  
 I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heav'n,  
 And happy Constellations on that hour,  
 Shed their selectest Influence: the Earth  
 Gave sign of Gratulation; and each Hill:  
 Joyous the Birds: fresh Gales and gentle Airs  
 VVhisper'd it to the Woods; and from their VVings  
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub;  
 Disporting till the am'rous Bird of Night  
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Star  
 On his Hill-top to light the Bridal Lamp.

Milt.

And *Venus* bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the long laborious Night.  
*Eros* and *Anteros*, on either side,  
 One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;  
 And *Hymen* from above  
 Showr'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian Grove*. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Hail wedded Love! Mysterious Law! true Source  
 Of human Off-spring! sole Propriety  
 In Paradise, of all Things common else!  
 By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Man  
 Among the bestial Herds to range; by thee  
 Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
 Relations dear, and all the Charities  
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known!  
 Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets!  
 Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights

His

His constant Lamp, and waves his purple VVings ;  
 Here reigns and revels ; not in the bought Smile  
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,  
 Casual fruition ; nor in Court Amours  
 Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,  
 Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings  
 To his proud Fair, best quirted with Disdain. *Milt.*

VVhen fix'd to one. Love safe at Anchor rides,  
 And dares the Fury of the VVinds and Tides :  
 But loosing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born,  
 It drives at VVill, to ev'ry VVave a Scorn. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

All VVomen would be of one Piece,  
 The virtuous Matron, and the Miss ;  
 The Nymphs of chaste Diann's Train,  
 The same with those in *Lukener's-Lane*,  
 But for the Difference Marriage makes ;  
 'Twixt VVives and Ladies of the Lakes. *Hud.*

Marriage, thou Curse of Love and Snare of Life !  
 That first debas'd a Mistress to a VVife !  
 Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear,  
 But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near.  
 Love's nauseous Cure ! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please,  
 And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.  
 VVhen Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties ;  
 Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

And Wedlock without Love, some say,  
 Is but a Lock without a Key :  
 It is a kind of Rape to marry,  
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye :  
 For what does make it Ravishment,  
 But being 'gainst the Mind's consent. *Hud.*

A Slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of our own procuring :  
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,  
 But leave him of himself t' apply,  
 So Men are by themselves betray'd  
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their Necks into a Noose,  
 They'd break 'em after to break loose. *Hud.*

With gaudy Plumes and gingling Bells made proud,  
 The youthful Beast sets forth and neighs aloud :  
 A Morning Sun his tinsel'd Harness gilds,  
 And the first Stage a down-hill Green-sword yields :  
 But oh !  
 VVhat rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life,  
 Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,  
 VVhat Pain we tug, that galling Load, a VVife !

All



All Coursers the first Heat with Vigour run,  
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won. *Cong. Old Batch.*

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,  
That carries double in foul Way:  
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,  
It should so suddenly be tir'd.

*Hud.*

For after Matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but half a Lover,  
Deserves for every Minute more  
Than half a Year of Love before.

*Hud.*

Fondness is still th' Effect of new Delight,  
Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day;  
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

*Dryd. Auren.*

Marriage at best is but a Vow,  
Which all Men either break or bow.

*Hud.*

Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife!  
Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,  
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight.  
Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,  
Tho pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd;  
For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,  
Yet, first or last, return again to two:  
He to God's Image, she to his was made;  
So farther from the Fount, the Stream at Random stray'd:  
How could he stand; when, put to double Pain,  
He must a weaker than himself sustain?  
Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone;  
Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.  
Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair,  
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware;  
And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare.

*Dryd.*

#### M A R S.

The God of War, whose unresisted Sway  
The Labours and Events of Arms obey.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus* freezing Flood,  
The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,  
Clasbing his Sword against his brazen Shield,  
Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field.  
Before the Wind his fiery Coursers fly:

Groans the sad Earth, resounds the ratling Sky.  
Wrath, Terrour, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,  
Dire Faces and deform'd, surround the Car,  
Friends of the God, and Followers of the VVar.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Strong God of Arms! whose Iron Scepter sways  
The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,

*And*

And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* wintry Coast,  
 VVhere stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most;  
 There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,  
 The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:  
 Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung  
 From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the strong:  
 And Dis-array, and shameful Rout ensue,  
 And Force is added to the fainting Crew.  
*Venus*, the publick Care of all above,  
 Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:  
 Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms,  
 VVhen yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,  
 Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,  
 VVhen *Vulcan* had thee in his Net inthrall'd;  
 (O envy'd Ignominy! Sweet Disgrace!  
 VVhen ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy Place!)  
 By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,  
 And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.  
 For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,  
 The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perswade!  
 And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair;  
 But caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare.  
 Nought can my Strength avail, unless by thee  
 Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.  
 Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,  
 If ought I have achiev'd, deserve thy Care,  
 If to my utmost Pow'r, with Sword and Shield,  
 I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield;  
 And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field.  
 So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,  
 The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine.  
 Then shall the VVar, and stern Debate, and Strife  
 Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life;  
 And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among,  
 High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung.  
 Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below  
 VVith Arms revers'd the Atchivements of my Foe.  
 And while these Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,  
 VVhile Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,  
 Thy smoking Altar shall be fat with Food  
 Of Incense, and the grateful Steam of Blood:  
 Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine,  
 And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine:  
 This Bush of yellow Beard, this length of Hair;  
 VVhich from my Birth inviolate I bear,  
 Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,  
 Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
Temple

*Temple of MARS.*

In the Dome of mighty *Mars* the red,  
 VVith diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread;  
 This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace,  
 VVas imitative of the first in *Thrace*.  
 For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,  
 And Sov'raign Mansion of the VVarrior God.  
 The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare,  
 VVhere neither Beast nor Human-kind repair.  
 The Fowl that scent afar, the Borders fly,  
 And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.  
 A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,  
 And prickly Shrubs, instead of Trees are found;  
 Or Woods, with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old;  
 Headless the most; and hideous to behold.  
 A ratling Tempest thro' the Branches went,  
 That strip'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.  
 Heav'n froze above severe; the Clouds congeal,  
 And thro' the crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.  
 Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood,  
 Threat'ning from high, and over-look'd the Wood:  
 Beneath the low'ring Brow, and on a Bent  
 The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent.  
 The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare  
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.  
 A straight long Entry to the Temple led,  
 Blind with high Walls; and Horror over head:  
 Whence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Roar,  
 As threaten'd from the Hinge to throw the Door.  
 In, thro' the Door a Northern Light there shone,  
 'Twas all it had, for VVindows there were none.  
 The Gate was Adamant; eternal Frame!  
 VVhich hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian* Quarries came;  
 The Labour of a God! and all along  
 Tough iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.  
 A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there,  
 A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.  
 There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,  
 And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought.  
 And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.  
 There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear,  
 Next stood Hypocrisie, with holy Leer,  
 Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,  
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.  
 Th' assassinating VVife, the Household-Fiend,

And



And, far the blackest there, the Traytor-Friend.  
 On th' other side there stood Destruction bare,  
 Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of VVar.  
 Contest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn,  
 And all with Blood bespread the Holy Lawn.  
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace  
 And bawling Infamy in Language base,  
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place. }  
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,  
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair ;  
 VVith Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay.  
 And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen Soul away.  
 In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sate,  
 And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate :  
 And Madnes laughing in his ireful Mood,  
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft ; and Cries of Blood.  
 There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,  
 And violent Death in thousand Shapes display'd.  
 The City to the Soldiers Rage resign'd ;  
 Successless VVars, and Poverty behind.  
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,  
 And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars.  
 The new-born Babe by Nurses over-laid,  
 And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made.  
 All Ills of Mars's Nature, Flame and Steel ;  
 The gasping Charioteer, beneath the VVheel  
 Of his own Car ; the ruin'd House that falls  
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls.  
 The whole Division that to Mars pertains,  
 All Trades of Death, that deal in Steel for Gains,  
 Were there ; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith :  
 Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe.  
 The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd,  
 With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.  
 There saw I Mars's Ides, the Capitol,  
 The Seer in vain foretelling Caesar's fall ;  
 The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,  
 And *Anthony*, who lost the World for Love.  
 These, and a thousand more the Fane adorn,  
 Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born.  
 All copi'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force  
 Of the red Star, in his revolving Courie.  
 The form of Mars high on a Chariot stood, (Arc.  
 All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God. *Dryd. Pal. &*  
 M A T.

For Thee, sweet Month, the Grove's green Liv'ries wear,  
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year.

For

For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours;  
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:  
 When thy short Reign is past, the feav'rish Sun (Pal. & Arc.  
 The sultry Tropick fears; and moves more slowly on. Dayd.  
 Sprightly May commands our Youth to keep  
 The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sluggard Sleep:  
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,  
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

## Golden M E A N.

Superfluous Poms and Wealth I not desire,  
 But what Content and Decency require. Har. Juv.

Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields,  
 Her living Fountains and her smiling Fields:  
 And then at home what Pleasure is 't to see  
 A little cleanly chearful Family!  
 VVhich if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,  
 Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.  
 Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,  
 No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.  
 Thus let my Life slide silently away,  
 With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

Cowl. Mart.

Let Wood and Rivers be  
 My quiet, tho' inglorious Destiny.  
 In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid.

Cowl. Virg.

Much will always wanting be  
 To him who much desires:

Thrice happy he,  
 To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n  
 With sparing Hand but just enough has giv'n!

Cowl. Hor.

He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,  
 VVould be no Lord, but less a Lord would have,  
 The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,  
 He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small.  
 Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,  
 He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.

Cowl. Mart.

Plain was his Couch, and only rich in Mind;  
 Contentedly he slept as cheaply as he din'd.

Cong. Juv.

His calm and harmless Life,  
 Free from th' Alarms of Fear and Storms of Strife,  
 Does with substantial Blessedness abound,  
 And the soft VVings of Peace cover him round.

Cowl. Virg.

Their VVealth was the Contempt of it, which more  
 They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore.

Cowl.

He's no small Prince, who every Day  
 Thus to himself can say:

Now

Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,  
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk,

This will I do, here will I stay,

Or if my Fancy calleth me away,

My Man and I will presently go ride,

For we have nothing to provide ;

If thou but a short Journey take,

As if thy last thou wert to make,

Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst go,

Nor canst thou stir unless there be

A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee;

And many a Mule, and many a Cart,

What an unwieldy Man thou art !

The *Rhodian Colossus* so

A Journey too might go.

*Caml.*

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,  
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose ;  
For, when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,  
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.

An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,

More clear, untainted Pleasures do afford,

Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings

To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

*Cowl. Hor.*

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find,

To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;

Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State

Drive thence the Cares that round him wait ;

Happy the Man with little blest,

Of what his Father left possess'd ;

No base Desires corrupt his Head,

No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,

A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,

Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,

Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please ;

For me, a little Cell I chuse,

Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse;

Which soft Content does best adorn,

Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn,

*Orw. Hor.*

#### MELANCHOLY. See Grief.

A suddain Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,

And like a heavy Weight

Hangs on their active Springs.

*Dryd. D. of Guise.*

My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,  
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lags along



As if she were a Body in a Body,  
 And not a mounting Substance, made of fire,  
 My senses too are dull and stupify'd,  
 Their Edge rebated: sure some Ill approaches,  
 And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my breast  
 To tell me Fate's at Hand.

This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you;  
 What is it else but Penury of Soul?  
 A lazy Frost, a Numness of the Mind,  
 That Locks up all the Vigour to attempt,  
 By barely crying, 'tis impossible!

It makes a Toy press with prodigious Weight,  
 And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height,  
 For melancholy Men lye down and groan,  
 Press'd with the Burthen of themselves alone.

Crush'd with fantastick Mountains they Despair,  
 Their Heads are grown vast Globes too big to bear.  
 A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,  
 And each weak blast a Storm too fierce to tame.  
 So peevish is the quarrellsome Disease,  
 No prosperous Fortune can procure it ease,  
 Some absent Happiness they still pursue,  
 Dislike the present Good, and long for new.

#### M E M O R Y.

Things which offend when present, and affright,  
 In Memory well painted, move Delight.

Remember thee!

I, thou poor Ghost! while Memory holds a Seat  
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee;  
 Yes, from the Table of my Memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,  
 All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,  
 That Youth and Observation copi'd there;  
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live,  
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser Matter.

Something like

That voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,  
 But Floods of Woes have hurri'd it far off  
 Beyond my ken of Soul.

A confus'd Report

Pass'd thro' my Ears;  
 But full of Hurry, like a Morning Dream,  
 It vanish'd in the Business of the Day.

#### M E R C H A N T. See Money.

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,  
 Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,

Gladly

Gladly for Life the Treasure he would give,  
 And only wishes to escape and live.  
 Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind;  
 But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind, (Fair. Pen.  
 Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest behind. Rowe;

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd,  
 Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,  
 That had by Chance pack'd up his dearest Treasure  
 In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that,  
 Since I must wander further on the Shore,  
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,  
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. Oth. Ven. Pres.

## M E R C U R Y.

Hermes obeys: with golden Pinions binds  
 His flying Feet, and mounts the Western Winds.  
 But first he grasps within his awful Hand,  
 The Mark of Sov'raign Pow'r, his magick Wand:  
 With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves;  
 With this he drives them down the Stygian VVaves:  
 With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,  
 And Eyes, tho clos'd in Death, restores to Light.  
 Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,  
 And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space.  
 Now sees the Top of Atlas as he flies,  
 Where, pois'd upon his VVings, the God descends:  
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring Height  
 Plung'd downward, with precipitated Flight:  
 Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood:  
 As Water-Fowl, who seek their fishy Food.  
 Less and yet less to distant Prospect show,  
 By Turns they dance aloft, and dive below.  
 Like these the Steerage of his VVings he plies,  
 And near the Surface of the Waters flies:  
 Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands;  
 He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on Lybian Lands. Dryd. Virg.

The Herald of the Gods.

His Hat, adorn'd with VVings, disclos'd the God.  
 And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod.  
 Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command

On Argus Head he laid the snaky VVand. Dryd. Pal. & Arg.

## M E R C Y. See Justice.

Off-spring Divine! in Heav'n the most belov'd;  
 By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:  
 Her Looks so moving, such celestial Grace,  
 So mild and sweet an Air dwells on her Face;  
 So tender and engaging all her Charms,  
 That oft th' Almighty's Fury she disarms;

Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests  
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrefts.

Blac.

To Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard;  
VVrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd,  
But when the milder Beams of Mercy play,  
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.  
Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery,  
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly:  
Those but proclaim his Style, and disappear;  
The stiller Sound succeeds; and God is there.

Dryd.

Heav'n has but  
Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights  
To pardon erring Man; sweet Mercy seems  
Its Darling Attribute, which limits Justice;  
As if there were Degrees in Infinite;  
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,  
Than punish to Extent.

Dryd. All for Love.

Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw  
To no Remorse, but rules by Lyons Law;  
And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,  
Rends all alike, the Penitent, and Proud.

Dryd. Pol. &amp; Arc.

But Kings too tame are despicably good.  
For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin,  
Justice must tame, whom Mercy cannot win.

Hal.

Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,  
Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,  
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

Dryd. D. of Guise

### M E T A L S.

Now those profounder Regions they explore,  
VWhere Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore:  
Here fullen to the Sight, at large is spread,  
The dull, unwieldy Mass of lumpish Lead,  
There, glimm'ring in their dawning Beds, are seen,  
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.  
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,  
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Checks.  
The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace,  
Youth, and a blooming Lustre in its Face,  
To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,  
And in the Folds of their Embraces dies.  
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire,  
Their Love's more violent than the Chymists Fire.

Dryd.

MILKY.



## MILKY-WAY.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded plain,  
Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below,  
And Mortals, by the name of Milky, know:  
The Ground work is of Stars, thro' which the Road  
Lies open to the Thunderer's abode.

A broad and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,  
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear  
Seen in the Galaxy, that Milky Way,  
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars.

## MIND. See Fortitude.

My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,  
And stable as the Fabrick of the Soul,  
Propt on it self.

My Mind, not to be chang'd by Place or Time;  
The Mind is its own Place, and in its self  
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n:

Ev'n Time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain,  
The Body, not the Mind, nor can controul  
Th' immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.

Empire o'er the Sea and Main  
Heav'n that gave, can take again;  
But a Mind, that's truly brave,  
Stands despising, Storms arising,  
And can ne'er be made a Slave.

## MISER. See Content.

Like a Miser 'midst his Store,  
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;  
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,  
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind.

At Midnight thus the Usurer steals untrack'd,  
To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,  
And feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon.

## MISTRESS.

You bear the specious Title of a Wife  
To gild your Cause, and draw the pitying World  
To favour it; the World condemns poor me;  
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,  
And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,

And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

[Spoken by Cleopatra.] Dryd. All for Love.

For now the World is grown so wary,  
That few of either Sex dare marry;  
But rather trust on Tick & Amours,  
The Cross and Pile for better or worse;  
A Mode that is held honourable,  
As well as French, and fashionable :

Hud.

M I S T S. See Clouds. Fogs.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky and grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold ;  
Either to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,  
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers.

Mil.

M O N E Y. See Gold.

Money being the common Scale  
Of things by Measure, Weight and Tale,  
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,  
Is both the Ballance and the Weight.

Hud.

For Money is the only Pow'r,  
That all Mankind falls down before.

Hud.

Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune :  
The Soldier does it every day,  
(Eight to the VWeek) for Sixpence pay :  
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,  
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools :  
And Merchants vent'ring thro' the Main,  
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns for Gain.

Hud.

This Money has a Pow'r above  
The Stars and Fates to manage Love :  
VWhose Arrows learned Poets hold,  
That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold.

Hud.

And tho Love 's all the VWorld's Pretence,  
Money 's the Mythologick Sense ;  
The real Substance of the Shadow,  
VWhich all Address and Courtship 's made to.

Hud.

For Money 'tis, that is the great  
Provocative to amorous Heat ;  
'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:  
'Tis Virtue, VVit, and VVorth, and all  
That Men divine and sacred call ;  
For what 's the VVorth of any thing,

But

But so much Money as 'twill bring. *Hud.*

Hence 'tis, no Lover has the Pow'r,  
T' enforce a desperate Amour,  
As he that has two Strings to's Bow,  
And burns for Love and Money too:  
For then he's brave and resolute,  
Disdains to render in his Suit,  
Has all his Flames and Raptures double,  
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble. *Hud.*

And to be plain; 'tis not your Person  
My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;  
But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,  
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches. *Hud.*

For Money, like the Swords of Kings,  
Is the last Reason of all things. *Hud.*

#### M O O N. See Creation.

He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,  
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold:  
Bethou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night,  
And, as he spoke, she rose clad o'er in Light.  
With thousand Stars attending on her Train,  
With her they rise, with her they set again. *Cowl.*

The Moon  
Rising in clouded Majesty, at length  
Unveil'd her peerless Light,  
And o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw.  
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night. *Milt.*

Nor equal Light th' unqual Moon adorns  
Or in her waxing or her waning Horns.  
For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less,  
But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Encrease. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Queen of Night, whose vast Command  
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,  
And over moist and crazy Brains,  
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns. *Hud.*

#### M O R N I N G.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night,  
And Phosphor on the Confines of the Light,  
Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to spring,  
The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing, *(Pal. & Arc.)*  
And flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to sing. *Dryd.*

Now Morn, her Rose steps in th' orient Clime  
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Eastern Pearl. *Milt.*

The



The Rosy-finger'd Morn appears,  
 And from her Mantle shakes her Tears,  
 The Sun arising Mortals cheers,  
 And drives the rising Mists away,  
 In promise of a glorious Day. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws; the Morn,  
 VVak'd by the circling Hours with rolie Hand  
 Unbar'd the Gates of Light. *Milt.*

Now the fair Morn smiles with a purple Ray,  
 Clearing before the Sun the Eastern Way;  
 VVhose Radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,  
 And the new Day does to new Toil invite. *Blac.*

And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,  
 And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,  
 Shot through with Orient Beams; *Milt.*

*Aurora* had but newly chac'd the Night,  
 And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

'Twas just the time, when the new Ebb of Night  
 Did the moist World unveil to humane Sight. *Cowl.*

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes  
 Shoots through the Chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies;  
 The savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,  
 And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauseous Loads, reel home:  
 Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' Azure Waste are spread,  
 And Mifs, from *Inns & Court* boles out, unpaid. *Gar.*

Mean while to re-salute the World with sacred Light  
*Leucorhoe* wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd  
 The Earth. And now the smiling Morn begins  
 Her rolie Progress. *Milt.*

The Morning Lark, the Messenger of Day,  
 Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;  
 And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,  
 That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight.  
 He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,  
 And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews. *(Pal. & Arc. Dryd.)*

Now rose the ruddy Morn from *Tirthon's* Bed,  
 And with the dawns of Day the Skies o'erspread.  
 Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,  
 But added Colours to the World reveal'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn smiles in the Eastern Sky;  
 From robbing silent Graves the Sextons fly:  
 The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns;  
 The Chanter at his early Martins yawns:  
 The V'ilets ope their Buds, Cowslips their Bells,  
 And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells. *Gar.*

The Sun had long since in the Lap,  
 Of *Ther* taken out his Nap;  
 And

And, like a Lobster build, the Morn  
From black to red began to turn.

*Hud.*

Now had *Aurora*, on the Face of Night,  
Pour'd from her golden Urn fresh Streams of Light,  
That fin'd and clear'd the Air, while down to Hell  
The shady Dregs precipitated fell.

*Blac.*

And now the rising Morn with roſie Light  
Adorns the Skies, and purs the Stars to Flight.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The Morn ensuing from the Mountains Height  
Had ſcarcely ſpread the Skies with roſie Light ;  
Th' Ethereal Courſers, bounding from the Sea  
From out their flaming Noſtrils breath'd the Day.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Behold the Morn in ruſſet Mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eaſtern Hill.

*Shak. Rom. &*

Behold what freaks

*(Jul.*

Of Light embroider all the cloudy Eaſt ?

Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day  
Upon the Mountains tops, ſits gaily drefs'd,

While all the Birds bring Muſick to his Levy. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

And now the City Emmets leave their Hive.

And rowzing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.

High Cliffs and Rocks are pleaſing Objects now,

And Nature ſmiles upon the Mountains brow.

The joyful Birds ſalute the Sun's approach,

The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach ;

While from the Car the dropping Gems diſtil,

*(Paris.*

And all the Earth, and all the Heav'ns do ſmile. *Lee Maſſacre of*

It is methinks a Morning full of Fate :

It riſes ſlowly as her ſullen Care

Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung at it :

She is not Roſie-finger'd, but ſwoll'n black,

Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood,

And her ſick Head is bound about with Clouds,

As if ſhe threaten'd Night e'er Noon of Day.

*Joh. Catiline.*

The Morning riſes black, the low'ring Sun

Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on,

The Face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet Deep.

*Lee. Alex.*

Wiſh'd Morning's up, and now upon the Plains

And diſtant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,

The happy Shepherds leave their homely Huts,

And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day :

The luſty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip

Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,

With much Content and Appetite he eats ;

To follow in the Field his daily Toil,

And drefs the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.

The Beaſts, that under the warm Hedges ſlept,

*And*

And weather'd out the cold bleak Night; are up; I now us of  
 And looking tow'rd's the Neighb'ring Pastures praise  
 Their Voice, and bid their fellow-Brutes good-morrow.  
 The chearful Birds, too, on the Tops of Trees, and  
 Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes  
 Salute and welcome up the rising Sun.

Orw. Orph.

Parent of Day ! whose beauteous Beams of Light  
 Spring from the darksome Womb of Night,  
 And 'midst their native Horrors show,  
 Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow,  
 Not Heav'n's fair Bow can equall thee,  
 In all its gawdy Drapery :  
 Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day,  
 Rival of Shade ! Eternal Spring of Light !  
 From thy bright unexhausted Womb,  
 The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.  
 Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,  
 But spite of Time thou'rt ever young.  
 Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin Light,  
 Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from human Sight.  
 At thy approach Nature erects her Head ;  
 The smiling Universe is glad ;  
 The drowsie Earth and Seas awake,  
 And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take ;  
 When thy more chearful Rays appear,  
 Ev'n Guilt and VVomen cease to fear ;  
 Horror, Despair, and all the Sonsof Night,  
 Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.  
 Thou risest in the fragrant East  
 Like the fair Phoenix from her balmy Nest ;  
 But yet thy fading Glories soon decay ;  
 Thine's but a momentary Stay ;  
 Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,  
 Born down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light :  
 Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,  
 They're fram'd too exquisite to last :  
 Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State ;  
 Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Tald.

T O - M O R R O W V. See Drinking.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,  
 That is not ours, which is to come ;  
 The present Moment's all our store,  
 The next should Heav'n allow,  
 Then this will be no more :



So all our Life is but one Instant Now  
 Look on each day you've past,  
 To be a mighty Treasure won,  
 And lay each Minute out in Haste,  
 We're sure to live too fast,  
 And cannot live too soon.

To-morrow and her Works defie,  
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,  
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,  
 To put them out of Fortune's Power,  
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,  
 Whate'er thou get'st To-Day is Gain.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
 He who can call To-Day his own!  
 He, who secure within, can say,

To-Morrow, do thy worst; for I have liv'd To-Day.  
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
 The Joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate are mine:  
 Not Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r;  
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.

The hoary Fool who many Days  
 Has struggled with continu'd Sorrow,  
 Renews his hopes, and blindly lays  
 The desp'rate Bett upon To-Morrow:  
 To-Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,  
 This Day like all the former fled,  
 Yet on he runs to seek Delight  
 To-Morrow, till To-Night he's dead.

The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.  
 Unhappy he, who does this Work adjourn;  
 And till To-Morrow would the search delay;  
 His lazy Morrow will be like To-Day.

Yesterday was once To-Morrow:  
 That Yesterday is gone and nothing gain'd,  
 And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd.  
 For thou hast more To-Morrow's yet to ask,  
 And wilt be ever to begin thy Task,  
 Thou like the hindmost Chariot-wheels art Curst,  
 Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

Our Yesterday's To-Morrow now is gone,  
 And still a new To-Morrow does come on;  
 We by To-Morrows draw up all our Store;  
 Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

To-Morrow I will live the Fool does say;  
 To-Day it self's too late; the Vile liv'd Yesterday.  
 Life for Delays and Doubts no time does give;  
 None ever yet made too much haste to live.

Cowl. Mart.  
 M O U N.

MOUNTAIN. *See Creation.*

His proud Head the airy Mountains hides  
 Among the Clouds; his Shoulders and his Sides  
 A shady Mantle cloaths: his curled Brows  
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows;  
 While Winds and Storms his lofty Fore-head beat,  
 The common Fate of all that's high and great. *Denn.*

Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood  
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood:  
 Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on,  
 No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

Like *Erix*, or like *Arbos* great he shows,  
 Or Father *Appennine*, when white with Snows,  
 His Head divine, obscure in Clouds he hides;  
 And shakes the founding Forest on his sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,  
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents born,  
 Or sapp'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,  
 Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruine shoots,  
 Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep;  
 Down sink at once the Shepherd and the Sheep;  
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether Ground; (bound *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and stunn'd from Earth re-

Not with less Ruin than the *Bain* Mole,  
 Rais'd on the Seas, the Surges to controul,  
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky VVall;  
 Prone to the Deep the stones disjointed fall  
 Of the vast Pile: the scatter'd Ocean flies,  
 Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise. *Dryd. Virg.*

## MURRAIN.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,  
 A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise.  
 During th' autumnal Heats th' Infection grew,  
 Tame Cattel, and the Beasts of Nature flew:  
 Pois'ning the standing Lakes, and Pools impure,  
 Nor was the goodful Grass in Fields secure,  
 Strange Death! for when the thirfty Fire had drunk  
 Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk,  
 When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then,  
 A waterish Humour swell'd and ooz'd agen;  
 Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,  
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better Use.  
 The Victim Ox, that was for Altars prest,  
 Trimm'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands dress'd, *Spald.*

Sunk of himself, without the God's Command,  
 Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand:  
 Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,  
 Th' inspected Entrails could no Fates foretell:  
 Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise,  
 But Clouds of mould'ring Smoak forbad the Sacrifice.  
 Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,  
 Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.  
 The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,  
 And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack.  
 The fawning Dog runs mad: the wheasing Swine  
 VVith Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.  
 The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,  
 The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood:  
 He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears  
 A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears:  
 Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.  
 Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease;  
 But in Time's Process, when his Pains increase,  
 He rous his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,  
 VVith patient Sobbing, and with manly Moans:  
 He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs supply'd,  
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring Side:  
 To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succeeds,  
 And roapy Gore he from his Nostrils bleeds.  
 Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth  
 In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.  
 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,  
 (Studious of Tillage and the crooked Plough,)  
 Falls down, and dies; and dying spews a Flood  
 Of foamy Madness mix'd with clotted Blood.  
 The Clown, who, cursing Providence, repines;  
 His mournful fellow from the Yoke disjoins;  
 VVith many a groan forsakes his fruitless Care,  
 And in th' unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.  
 The pining Steer, no shades of lofty VVoods,  
 Nor Flow'ry Meads can ease, nor chrystal Floods  
 Roul'd from the Rocks: his flabby Flanks decrease,  
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace:  
 His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,  
 And his unweildy Neck hangs drooping down.  
 The nightly Wolf that round th' Enclosure prowld,  
 To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold.  
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe,  
 And flying Stag among the Greyhounds go;  
 And round the Dwellings roam of Man their fiercer Foe.  
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,

Like



Like shipwreck'd Carcasses, are driv'n aground:  
 And mighty *Phoca*, never seen before  
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore:  
 The Viper dead within her Hole is found;  
 Defenceless was the Shelter of the Ground:  
 The VVater-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,  
 VVith starving Scales lies poison'd in his Bed:  
 To Birds their native Heav'n's contagious prove,  
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above,  
 The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around  
 VVith Lowings, and with dying Bleats resound:  
 At length, Fate strikes an universal Blow,  
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go:  
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall, and heap'd on high,  
 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lie.

*Dryd. Virg.*

From poysonous Stars a mortal Influence came,  
 (The mingled Malice of their Flame)  
 A skilful Angel did th' Ingredients take,  
 And with just Hands the sad Composure make;  
 And over all the Land did the full Vial shake:  
 Thirst; Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,  
 And pining Pains, and shiv'ring Sweats,  
 On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall:  
 The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plough,  
 And the crown'd Victims, to the Altars led,  
 Sink, and prevent the lifed Blow.  
 The gen'rous Horse from the full Manger turns his Head,  
 Does his lov'd Floods, and Pastures scorn,  
 Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,  
 Nor can his lifeless Nostrils please,  
 VVith the once ravishing Smell of all his dappled Mistresses.  
 The starving Sheep refuse to feed,  
 They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air;  
 The faithful Dogs lie gasping by them there:  
 Th' astonish'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed.

(*Cont.*)

#### MUSE.

Go, the rich Chariot instantly prepare;  
 The Queen, my Muse, will take the Air:  
 Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace,  
 Put in the nimble-footed VVit,  
 Smooth'd pac'd Eloquence joyn with it:  
 Setund Memory with young Invention place,  
 Harness all the winged Race:  
 Let the Postilion Nature mount,  
 The Coach-man Art be set,

And

And let the airy Foot-men, running all beside,  
 Make a long Row of goodly Pride;  
 Figures, Conceits, Raptures and Sentences,  
 In a well-worded Dress;  
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and artful Lies,  
 In all their gawdy Liveries,  
 Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling Throne,  
 And bid put on;  
 For long, tho' cheerful is the Way,  
 And Life, Alas! allows but one ill Winter's Day,  
 Where never Foot of Man, nor Hoof of Beast  
 The Passage press'd;  
 Where never Fish did fly,  
 And, with short silver Wings, cut the low liquid Skie;  
 Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er  
 Row thro' the trackless Ocean of the Air.  
 Where never yet did pry  
 The busie Morning's curious Eye,  
 The Wheels of thy bold Coach pass quick and free,  
 And all 's an open Road to thee;  
 Whatever God did say,  
 Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted Way.  
 Nay, ev'n beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,  
 Thou hast ten thousand Worlds too of thy own;  
 Thou speak'st, Great Queen, in the same Style as He;  
 And a new World leaps forth, when thou say'st *Let it be*.  
 Thou fathom'st the deep Gulph of Ages past;  
 And canst pluck up with Ease,  
 The Years which thou dost please,  
 Like shipwreck'd Treasures, by rude Tempests cast  
 Long since into the Sea,  
 Brought up again to Light, and publick Use by thee.  
 Nor dost thou only dive so low,  
 But fly,  
 VVith an unweari'd VVing, the other way as high,  
 VVhere Fates among the Stars do grow,  
 There into the close Nets of Time dost peep,  
 And there with piercing Eye,  
 Thro' the firm Shell, and the thick VVhite dost spy  
 Times to come a forming lye,  
 Close in their sacred Secundine asleep;  
 Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,  
 VVhich o'er them yet does brooding set,  
 They Life and Motion get;  
 And ripe at last with vigorous Might  
 Break thro' the Shell, and take their everlasting Flight,  
 And sure we may.

The same too of the present say,  
If past and future Times do thee obey :

Thou stop'st this Current, and dost make  
The running River settle, like a Lake ;  
Thy certain Hand holds fast this slipp'ry Snake.

The Fruit which does so quickly waste,  
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,  
Thou comfitest in Sweets to make it last.

This shining Piece of Ice,  
Which melts so soon away,  
With the Sun's Ray ;  
Thy Verse does solidate and chrySTALLize,  
Till it a lasting Mirrour be :  
Nay, thy immortal Rhyme  
Makes this one short Point of Time  
To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity.

Cowl.

*Invocations of the Muses.*

Now e'er we venture to unfold  
Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned Poets use,  
Invoke th' Assistance of some Muse ;  
We think 'tis no great matter which ;  
They're all alike ; yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our Purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Hud

Queen of all harmonious Things !  
Dancing Words, and speaking Strings ;  
What God, what Hero wilt thou sing ;

What happy Man to equal Glories bring ?

Begin, begin thy noble Choice ;

(Cowl. Pind.

And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.

Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inspire,  
And fill his Soul with thy celestial Fire.

Dryd. Virg.

And now the mighty Labour is begun,  
Ye Muses, open all your *Helicon* :

For well you know, and can record alone,

(Virg.

What Fame to future Times conveys but darkly down.

Dryd.

O Muses ever fair, and ever young,

Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.

For you in singing martial Facts excel ;

You best remember, and alone can tell.

Dryd. Virg.

Descend from Heav'n, *Urania* ! by that Name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine

Following, above th' *Olympian Hill* I soar ;

Above the Flight of *Pegasus* Wing ;

The



The Meaning, not the Name I call; for thou  
 Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly-born,  
 Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom, thy Sister; and with her didst play  
 In Presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy Celestial Song: Up-led by thee  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
 An earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,  
 Thy Temp'ring: with like safety guided down  
 Return me to my native Element;  
 Left from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, tho' from a lower Cline)  
 Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall,  
 Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn,  
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
 Within the visible diurnal Sphere;  
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil Days,  
 On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues;  
 In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,  
 And Solitude: yet not alone, while thou  
 Visit'st my Slumbers nightly; or when Morn  
 Purples the East, still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit Audience find, tho' few:  
 But drive far off the barbarous Dissonance  
 Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race  
 Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
 In *Rhodope*; where Woods and Rocks had Ears  
 To Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd  
 Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty Dream.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,  
 Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Pickars*,  
 And force them, tho' it were in Spight  
 Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;  
 Who, as we find in sullen Writs,  
 And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,  
 With Vanity, Opinion, Want,  
 The Wonder of the Ignorant,  
 The Praises of the Author, pen'd  
 By himself, or Wit-ensuring Friend,  
 The Itch of Picture in the Front,  
 With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon's,

All that is left o' th' forked Hill,  
 To make Men scribble without Skill;  
 Canst make a Poet spight of Fate,  
 And teach all People to translate;  
 Tho' out of Languages in which  
 They understand no Part of Speech;  
 Assist me but this once I implore,  
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

**MUSICK.** See Lute. Lyre. Poetry. Singing.

Tell me, O Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell  
 The Mystick Pow'rs, that in blest Numbers dwell.)  
 At first a various uniform'd Hint we find  
 Rise in some God-like Poet's fertile Mind,  
 Till all the Parts and Words their Places take;  
 And with just Marches Verse and Musick make.  
 Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay;  
 So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay:  
 Th' ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,  
 And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,  
 Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought  
 By the eternal Mind's Poetick Thought:  
 Water and Air he for the Tenor chose,  
 Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose:  
 To th' active Moon a quick brisk Stroke he gave,  
 To Saturn's String a Touch more soft and grave:  
 The Motions strait, and round, and swift, and slow,  
 And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,  
 Did in such artful Figures smoothly fall,  
 As made this decent measur'd Dance of All.  
 And this is Musick.

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

This universal Frame began

From Harmony to Harmony

Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,

The Diapason closing full in Man.

But Man may justly tuneful Strains admire,

His Soul is Musick, and his Breast a Lyre.

A Lyre, which while its various Notes agree,

Enjoys the Sweet of its own Harmony.

In us rough Hatred with soft Love is joyn'd,

And sprightly Hope, with grov'ling Fear combin'd,

To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.

What ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,

Is Musick, tho a various Drefs it wear.

Cowl.

Dryd.

Beauty

Beauty is Musick too, tho in Disguise,  
 Too fine to touch the Ear, it strikes the Eyes,  
 And thro' 'em to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.  
 'Tis Musick heavenly, such as in a Sphere,  
 We only can admire, but cannot hear.  
 Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below,  
 By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,  
 And stubborn Crowds are chang'd, we know not how.

Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,  
 Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;  
 Musick, the mighty Artist, Man can rule,  
 As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,  
 As much as Man can those mean Arts controul.

Dryd.

If Musick be the Food of Love, play on:  
 That Strain again: it had a dying Fall:  
 Oh! it came o'er my Ear like a sweet Wind,  
 That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,  
 Stealing and giving Odour.

Shut.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,  
 To soften Rocks, and bend a knotted Oak;  
 I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,  
 And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd  
 By magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound. *Congr. Mourn. Bride.*

Let there be Musick! let the Master touch  
 The sprightly String, and softly breathing Flute;  
 Till Harmony rowze ev'ry gentle Passion!  
 Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,  
 And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet.  
 Begin! ev'n Age it self is cheer'd with Musick,  
 It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,  
 Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport. *Rome. Fair. Pen.*

'Twas at the royal Feast for Persia won,

By Philip's War-like Son;

Aloft in awful State

The God-like Hero sate,

On his imperial Throne.

His valiant Peers were plac'd around,  
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,  
 (So should Desert in Arms be crown'd.)

The lovely *Thais* by his Side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride

In Flow'r of Youth and Beauties Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair,

None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

*Timotheus*, plac'd on high

Amid the tuneful Quire

A 2 2

With



With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre,  
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,  
 And heav'nly Joy inspire.  
 The Song began from *Jove*  
 Who left his blisful Seats above,  
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love)  
**A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God,**  
 Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,  
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,  
 And while he sought her snowy Breast,  
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,  
**And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World.**  
 The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,  
 A present Deity, they shout around,  
**A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.**  
 With ravish'd Ears  
 The Monarch hears,  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the Spheres.  
**The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musician sung,**  
 Of *Bacchus* ever fair, and ever young:  
 The jolly God in Triumph comes:  
 Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums.  
**Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes! he comes!**  
*Bacchus* ever fair and young  
 Drinking Joys did first ordain,  
*Bacchus* Blessings are a Treasure,  
 Drinking is the Soldiers Pleasure;  
 Rich the Treasure,  
 Sweet the Pleasure,  
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.  
 Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain,  
 Fought all his Battels o'er again,  
**And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the slain.**  
 The Master saw the Madness rise,  
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes,  
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft Pity to infuse,  
 He sung *Darius* great and good,  
 By too severe a Fate  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high Estate,  
 And weltring in his Blood.  
 Deserted in his utmost Need,

By those his former Bounty fed,  
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.  
 With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fare,  
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul,  
 The various Turns of Chance below,  
 And now and then a Sigh he stole,  
 And Tears began to flow.  
 The mighty Master smil'd to see  
 That Love was in the next Degree;  
 'Twas but a Kindred Sound to move;  
 For Pity melts the Soul to Love.  
 Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures:  
 War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,  
 Honour but an empty Bubble:  
 Never ending, still beginning:  
 Fighting still, and still destroying:  
 If the World be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying!  
 Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee;  
 Take the Good the Gods provide thee.  
 The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause,  
 So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.  
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gaz'd on the Fair,  
 VVho caus'd his Care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.  
 Now strike the golden Lyre again,  
 A lowder yet, and yet a lowder Strain,  
 Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder:  
 Hark, hark the horrid Sound  
 Has rais'd up his Head,  
 As awak'd from the Dead;  
 And amaz'd, he stares round.  
 Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,  
 See the *Furies* arise!  
 See the Snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their Hair,  
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly Band,  
 Each a Torch in his Hand!  
 Those are *Grecians* Ghosts, that in Battel were slain.

And unbury'd remain  
 Inglorious on the Plain,  
 Give the Vengeance due  
 To the valiant Crew:  
 Behold how they toss their Torches on high  
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,  
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile-Gods.  
 The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,  
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy,  
*Thais* led the Way,  
 To light him to his Prey,  
 And like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.  
 Thus long ago,  
 E'er heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While Organs yet were mute,  
*Timotheus* to his breathing Flute,  
 And sounding Lyre,  
 Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.  
 Thus *David's* Lyre did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,  
 And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul.  
 His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,  
 And Savage Beasts stand by as tame as they.  
 Rivers, whose Waves roul'd down aloud before  
 Mute as their Fish, would listen to'ards the shore.

Dryd.

Cowl.

## M Y R R H A.

Mean-while the \* mis-begotten Infant grows,  
 And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws  
 The swelling Rind, with unavailing strife  
 To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.  
 The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,  
 Writhes here and there, to break the Bark, in vain;  
 And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,  
 But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid.  
 The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,  
 And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.  
 The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood  
 Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood.  
 Then reach'd her Midwife-hand to speed the Throws,  
 And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.  
 The Bark divides, the living Load to free,  
 And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.

\* The Poets feign that *Myrrha* was got with Child by her Father, and deliver'd after she was chang'd into a Tree.



## N A T U R E and A R T. See Painting.

Let *Art* use Method, and good Husbandry ;  
*Art* lives on *Nature's* Alms, is weak and poor ;  
*Nature* her self has unexhausted Store ;  
 Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,  
 That no vulgar Eye can trace ;  
*Art* instead of mounting high,  
 About her humble Food does hov'ring fly :  
 Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noise does Love ;  
 While *Nature*, like the Sacred Bird of *Jove*,  
 Now bears loud Thunder, and anon with silent Joy,  
 The beauteous *Phrygian* Boy :  
 Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying Prey ;  
 And sometimes basks in th' open flames of Day.  
 And sometimes too he throwds  
 His soaring Wings among the Clouds.

Cowl.

## N E C R O M A N C E R. See Witch.

Him have I seen (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,  
 Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood  
 In sudden Ice ; and where most swift it flows,  
 In Chrystal Nets, the wondring Fishes close ;  
 Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Streams enlarge,  
 And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge :  
 In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd VVall,  
 He would the Ghost of slaughter'd Soldiers call ;  
 Who flow, to wounded Bodies did repair,  
 And loath to enter, shiver'd in the Air ;  
 These his dread Wand did to short Life compell,  
 And forc'd the Fates of Battel to foretel.  
 In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw  
 VVhere in a Square he did a Circle draw :  
 Four Angles, made by that Circumference,  
 Bore holy VVords inscrib'd of mystick Sense,  
 VVhen first a hollow VVind began to blow,  
 The Sky grew black, and belli'd down more low,  
 Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,  
 VVhich offer'd us by fits and snatch'd the Day.  
 'Midst this was heard the shrill and tender Cry  
 Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly ;  
 Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,  
 Till to the magick Circle they were bound.  
 Let the dark Mysteries of Hell begin.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.  
 Lee OEdip.

Chuse the darkeſt Part o' th' Grove,  
 Such as Ghoſts at Noon-day love.  
 Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh  
 VVhere the Bones of *Laius* lie;  
 Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,  
 VVill th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.  
 Is the Sacrifice made fit?  
 Draw her backward to the Pit:  
 Draw the barren Heifer back:  
 Barren let her be, and black.  
 Cut the curled Hair that grows  
 Full between her Horns and Brows:  
 Pou'r in the Blood, and Blood-like VVine  
 To *Mother-Earth*, and *Proſerpine*.  
 Mingle Milk into the Stream,  
 Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the team.  
 Snatch a Brand from Fun'ral Pile,  
 Toſs it in to make 'em boil,  
 And turn your Faces from the Sun.  
 Anſwer me, if all be done.

Dryd. *OEdip.*

## N E P T U N E.

His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joyns.  
 Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,  
 And to the looſen'd Reins permits the Laws.  
 High on the VVaves his azure Car he guides,  
 Its Axles thunder, and the Sea ſubſides,  
 And the ſmooth Ocean roulſ her ſilent Tides.  
 The Tempeſts fly before their Father's Face,  
 Trains of inferior Gods his Triumph grace;  
 And Monster-VVhales before their Maſter play,  
 And Quires of *Triton's* croud the watry VVay.  
 The martial Pow'rs in equal Troops divide  
 To Right and Left; the God's the better ſide  
 Incloſe, and on the worſe the Nymphs and *Nereids* ride.  
 VVhen thus the Father of the Flood appears,  
 And o'er the Seas his Sov'reign Trident rears,  
 Their Fury falls; he ſkims the liquid Plains,  
 High on his Chariot, and with looſen'd Reins  
 Maſteſtick moves along, and awful Peace maintains.

Dryd. *Virg.*

(Virg.)

Dryd.)

## N I G H T.

Darkneſs now roſe, and brought in low'ring Night,  
 Her ſhadowy Off-ſpring, unſubſtantial both,

Privation

Privation meer of Light, and absent Day. *Milt.*  
 And now from end to end  
 Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th' Horizon round. *Milt.*  
 Now Night advancing draws her sable Train  
 Along the Air, and shades th' ethereal Plain. *Blac.*  
 Soon as with gentle Sighs the Ev'ning Breeze  
 Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees :  
 And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,  
 Whilst winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds. *Gar.*  
 Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,  
 And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,  
 And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Now dewy Night  
 New decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,  
 Light, sprinkled o'er with *Cynthia's* silver Rays ;  
 Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,  
 And Sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light, *Blac.*  
 Mean while the rapid Heav'ns roul'd down the Light  
 And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 'Twas at an Hour when busie Nature lay  
 Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day :  
 When gloomy Shades, and dusky Atoms spread  
 A Darkness o'er the universal Bed,  
 And all the gawdy Beams of Light were fled. *Dor.*  
 And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,  
 And dusky Shades her silent State attend :  
 While pale-fac'd *Cynthia* with her starry Train  
 Dart down their trembling Lustre on the Main :  
 The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,  
 And Sleep's soft Hands their drowsie Eyelids close. *Blac.*  
 When the still Night, with peaceful Poppies crown'd,  
 Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground ;  
 And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,  
 While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme :  
 The Surges gently dash against the Shore,  
 Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-slaves the Oar ;  
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes. *Gar.*  
 'Tis Night ; the Season when the Happy take  
 Repose, and only Vvretches are awake :  
 Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,  
 Haunt ruin'd Buildings, and unwholsome Grounds ;  
 Or at the Curtains of the restless wait,  
 To frighten 'em with some sad Tale of Fate. *Orw. Don Carl.*  
 The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,  
 Put down, some say, by Ladies Eyes ;  
 The



The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,  
 That hides her Face by Day from Sight :  
 (Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,  
 That's both her Lustre, and her Shade)  
 And in the Night as freely shone,  
 As if her Rays had been her own :  
 For Darkness is the proper Sphere,  
 VVhere all false Glories use t' appear :  
 The twinkling Stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre :  
 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,  
 By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.  
 For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,  
 To rest the Body and the Mind.

Hud.

## Midnight.

The Night proceeding on with silent Pace,  
 Stood in her Noon, and view'd with equal Face  
 Her steepy Rise and her declining Race.

Dryd. Virg. }

The Steeds of Night had travel'd half the Sky.

Dryd. Virg. }

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault.

Milt. }

It was the Time when the still Moon

Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Cowl. }

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,  
 And the perpetual Motion standing still,  
 So much the from her Work appears to cease,  
 And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace :  
 All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd,  
 The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,  
 And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep :  
 The feeling Air's at Rest, and feels no Noise,  
 Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,  
 Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon them.

Osw. Orph. }

'Twas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star  
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere ;  
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd  
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;  
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light  
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night :  
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,  
 And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep :  
 No whisp'ring *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,  
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below ;  
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purld,  
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowzy World.

Dorſ.  
'Twas }

'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs  
Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares. *Dr. Virg.*  
Dogs cease to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,  
And roul themselves asleep upon the Shore. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close  
Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose;  
The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods,  
Nor murm'ring Tides disturb the gentle Floods:  
The Stars, in silent Order, mov'd around,  
And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground.  
The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,  
Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,  
Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, securely lay;  
Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies  
So fast, as if she never were to rise:  
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees,  
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:  
Lean VVolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon,  
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;  
Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,  
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie:  
The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,  
Nor to the Windows of the dying cleave:  
The Owls forget to scream, no Midnight Sound  
Calls drowsie Echo from the hollow Ground.  
In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie;  
The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink and seem to die. *Lee. Theod.*

All things were hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead;  
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie Head:  
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,  
And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew sweat;  
Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All things were hush'd, as when the Drawers tread  
Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head:  
The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,  
As 't were the Socket, not the Candle, burns:  
The little Foot-boy snores upon the Stair;  
And greasie Cook-Maid sweats in Elbow-Chair;  
No Coach nor Link was heard. *Ratcl.*

#### NIGHTINGALE. *See Creation. Light.*

The Night-warbling Bird  
Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song. *Milt.*  
She all Night long her am'rous Descant sings  
Trills her thick warbled Notes the Summer long. *Milt.*  
So,

So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,  
 The Mother Nightingale laments alone :  
 Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence  
 By Stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.  
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,  
 And melancholy Musick fills the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*

### NOBILITY of BLOOD.

#### Nobility of Blood,

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good :  
 The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind  
 Is fill'd with in-born Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind :  
 The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid,  
 And took his Earth but from an humble Maid.  
 Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,  
 Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow ?  
 We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,  
 Our true Nobility from him derive.  
 Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,  
 And vast Estates, to mighty Titles ty'd,  
 Did not your Honour, but their own advance ;  
 For Virtue comes not by Inheritance :  
 If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,  
 What are you else but of a Bastard Kind :  
 Do as your great Progenitors have done,  
 And by your Virtue prove your self their Son. *Dryd. Wife of*  
*(Bath's Tale.*

Virtue alone is true Nobility :  
 Let your own Acts immortalize your Name ;  
 'Tis poor relying on another's Fame :  
 For take the Pillar but away, and all  
 The Superstructure must in Ruins fall :  
 As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd,  
 From the Embraces of the Elm the lov'd. *Step. Fuv.*

Search we the secret Springs,  
 And backward trace the Principle of Things ;  
 There shall we find that when the World began,  
 One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man ;  
 One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd ;  
 And kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood.  
 The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the Frame  
 With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same.  
 The Faculries of Intellect, and Will,  
 Dispers'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill :  
 Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.  
 Thus born alike, from Virtue first began  
 The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man,

He



He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood;  
 But that, which made him Noble, made him Good.  
 VVarm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame;  
 He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame;  
 The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name;  
 This Law, tho' Custom now diverts the Course,  
 As Nature's Institute is yet in Force:  
 Uncancell'd, tho' diffus'd: and he, whose Mind  
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind:  
 Tho' poor in Fortune, of Celestial Race:  
 And he commits the Crime, who calls him base. *Dryd. Sig. & Guif.*

Ev'n Mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,  
 And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return:  
 All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance;  
 For Fortune can depress, and can advance.  
 But true Nobility is of the Mind, *(Guif.)*  
 Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd. *Dryd. Sig. &*

Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,  
 Urge not thus your haughty Birth.  
 The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies  
 Not in your Race, but in your Eyes:  
 The Sap which at the Root is bred  
 In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread.  
 But Virtues which in Parents shine,  
 Make not like Progress thro' the Line.  
 'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth  
 The hidden Seeds of native Worth:  
 They blow those Sparks, and make 'em rise  
 Into such Flames, as touch the Skies.  
 To the old Heroes hence was given  
 A Pedigree, that reach'd to Heaven.  
 Of mortal Seed they were not held,  
 Who other Mortals so excell'd:  
 And Beauty too in such Excess  
 As yours, *Zelinda*, claims no less.  
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn  
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.  
 I can describe the shady Grove,  
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,  
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,  
 Caught with her Spouses Shape and Name.  
 Thy matchless Form will Credit bring  
 To all the Wonders I shall sing.

*Wall.*

## N O O N.

The fiery Sun has finish'd half his Race.  
 The southing Sun inflames the Day,

*Dryd. Virg.*

And

And the dry Herbage thirsts for Dew's in vain ;  
 And Sheep, in Shades avoid the parching Plain. *Dryd. Virg.*

The full blazing Sun  
 Does now sit high in his meridian Tow'r.  
 Shoots down direct his fervid Rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost Womb. *Milt.*

At Noon of Day  
 The Sun with sultry Beams began to play.  
 Not *Syrius* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,  
 When with his poy's'nous Breath he blasts the Sky.  
 Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, their Beauty fled,  
 And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head,  
 And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed.  
 The Ladies gasp'd and scarcely could respire,  
 The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.  
 The fainty Knights were scorch'd. *Dryd. The Flower and the Leaf.*

### NOTHING.

Nothing, thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade!  
 Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,  
 And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.  
 E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not ;  
 When Primitive Nothing Something strait begot :  
 Then all proceeded from the great united—What?  
 Something, the general Attribute of all,  
 Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,  
 Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.  
 Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'rs command,  
 And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand,  
 Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.  
 Matter, the wicked'st Offspring of thy Race,  
 By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,  
 And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.  
 With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join ;  
 Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,  
 To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruine all thy Line.  
 But Turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,  
 And brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign ;  
 And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.  
 Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,  
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries  
 Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in Private lies.  
 Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,  
 Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,  
 And to be Part of thee, the Wicked wisely pray,

Great

Great Negative ! how vainly would the Wise  
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,  
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.  
 Is, or is not ! the two great Ends of Fate ;  
 And true or false, the Subject of Debate,  
 That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate ;  
 When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,  
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,  
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.  
 Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,  
 For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,  
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like thee,  
 look wise.

*French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,*  
*Hybernian Learning, Scotch Civility,*  
*Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit,* are mainly seen in thee.  
 The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,  
 King's Promises, Whores Vows, to they they tend,  
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

*Rock.*

### NOVELTY.

All Novelties must this Success expect,  
 When good, our Envy ; and when bad, Neglect. *Gar.*  
 Actions of the last Age, are like Almanacks of the last Year.  
 And when remote in Time, like Objects  
 Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatness.  
 And what is new, finds better Acceptation,  
 Than what is good and great. *Denh.*

O A K. See Fighting at Sea. Trees.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,  
 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees :  
 Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,  
 Supreme in State ; and in three more decays. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Tree of Jove,  
 That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,  
 Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,  
 And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound :  
 High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,  
 So low the Roots to Hell's Dominions tend :  
 Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows  
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows,  
 For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,  
 And Lives of mortal Men contend with his in vain.  
 Full in the midst of his own Strength he stands,  
 Stretching his brawny Arms and lofty Hands, *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

As



As a tall Oak, that young and verdant stood  
 Above the Grove, it self a nobler Wood :  
 His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,  
 Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.  
 Young murm'ring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,  
 And gath'ring Clouds frown round his lofty Head :  
 Outrageous Thunder, stormy VVinds, and Rain  
 Discharge their Fury on his Head in vain :  
 Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above  
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.  
 But then his Strength worn by destructive Age,  
 He can no more his angry Foes engage :  
 He spreads to Heav'n his naked wither'd Arms,  
 As Aid imploring from invading Harms :  
 From his dishonour'd Head the lightest Storm  
 Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform ;  
 He rocks with every VVind, while on the Ground  
 Dry Leaves and broken Arms lie scatter'd round.

Blac.

As when the VVinds their airy Quarrel try,  
 Justling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,  
 This way and that the Mountain Oak they bend,  
 His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend :  
 VVith Leaves and falling Mast they spread the Ground,  
 The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound :  
 Unmov'd, the royal Plant their Fury mocks,  
 Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks.  
 For as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,  
 So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus* Banks adorn,  
 Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unthorn ;  
 And over-press'd with Nature's heavy Load,  
 Dance to the whistling VVinds, and at each other nod.

Dryd. Virg.

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine  
 Does in soft VVreaths, and am'rous Foldings twine,  
 Easy and slight appears : the VVinds from far  
 Summon their noisy Forces to the VVar :  
 But tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,  
 His hidden Strength out-braves the loudest Storm ;  
 Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field ;  
 Showing stout Minds when unprovok'd are mild.

Hol.

So when a noble Oak, that long has stood  
 High in the Air, the Beauty of the VVood,  
 Is shock'd by stormy VVinds, he either way  
 Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.  
 His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighb'ring Ground, ;  
 And make a heaving Earthquake all around,

Yet

Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defies:  
His Roots still keep the Earth, his Head the Skies.

## O A T H.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;  
Too feeble Implements to bind.  
And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,  
Know little of their Privilege:  
For, if the Devil, to serve his Turn,  
Can tell Truth; why the Saints should scorn,  
When it serves theirs, to Swear and Lie,  
I think there's little reason why.

We're not commanded to forbear  
Indefinitely at all to swear;  
But to swear idly, and in vain,  
Without Self-Interest or Gain:  
For breaking of an Oath, and lying,  
Is but a kind of Self-denying.

Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,  
To keep the Just and Good in awe:  
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,  
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold.

If Oaths can do a Man no Good,  
In his own Business, why they should  
In other Matters do him Hurt,  
I think there's little reason for't,

He that imposes an Oath, makes it,  
Not he that for Convenience takes it:  
Then how can any Man be said,  
To break an Oath he never made.

## O B S T I N A T E.

So sullenly addicted still  
To's only Principle, his VVill,  
That whatso'er it chanc'd to prove,  
No force of Argument could move:  
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Holborn  
Could render half a Grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' Opportunity t' harangue;  
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear Delight to wrangle:  
In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,  
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd;  
But still his Tongue ran on, the less  
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease,

And with its everlasting Clack,  
 Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack,  
 No sooner could a Hint appear,  
 But up he started to pickeer;  
 And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,  
 When he engag'd in Controversy:  
 Not by the force of carnal Reason,  
 But indefatigable Teazing;  
 VVith Volleys of eternal Babble,  
 And Clamour more unanswerable,  
 For tho' his Topicks, frail and weak,  
 Could ne'er amount above a Freak,  
 He still maintain'd em, like his Faults,  
 Against the desperat'st Assaults;  
 And back'd their feeble Want of Sense,  
 VVith greater Heat and Confidence.  
 As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
 The more they're Cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater:  
 And still the skittisher and looser,  
 His Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.  
 For Fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay:  
 And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Hud.

Hud.

Hud.

OE D I P U S Tearing out his Eyes.

Thrice he struck,  
 With all his Force, his hollow groaning Breast,  
 And thus with Out-cries to himself complain'd;  
 But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well!  
 These Bubbles of the shallow'st, emptiest Sorrow,  
 Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain  
 For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on:  
 Yet these thou think'st are ample Satisfaction,  
 For bloodiest Murther, and for burning Lust!  
 No Parricide! if thou must weep, weep Blood,  
 VVeep Eyes instead of Tears! O by the Gods!  
 'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my VVoices.  
 VVith that he smil'd revengefully, and leap'd  
 Upon the Floor; thence gazing on the Skies,  
 His Eye-balls fiery-red with glowing Vengeance,  
 Gods! I accuse you not, tho' I no more  
 VVill view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,  
 The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,

I fin



I find your dazling Beings. Take, he cry'd,  
 Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal Fare-well View :  
 Then with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,  
 With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,  
 He snatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs,  
 The Balls of Light, and dash'd 'em on the Ground. *See. OEdip.*

**O L D A G E.** *See Death. Dying of Old Age. Youth.*

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow  
 To distant Fate, by easie Journeys go.  
 Gently they lay them down, as Ev'ning Sheep  
 On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.  
 So noiseless would I live, such Death to find;  
 Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,  
 But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,  
 And dying, nothing to my self would owe.  
 Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste  
 Of less'ning Joys, I by degrees would waste.  
 Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd Decay,  
 And steal my self from Life, and melt away. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

How happy is the Ev'ning Tide of Life!  
 When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions; trifling out  
 The feeble Remnant of our silly Days  
 In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with:  
 Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares,  
 That tofs the thoughtful, active, busy Mind. *Orw. Cai. Mar.*

The Soul, with nobler Resolutions deck'd,  
 The Body stooping, does her self erect.  
 Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,  
 Conceal that Happiness, which Age descries.  
 The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made.  
 Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal Home.  
 Leaving the old, both VVorlds at once they view,  
 That stand upon the Threshold of the new. *Wall.*

*Inconveniencies of Old Age.*

Give! grant me Length of Life, and Years good store,  
 Heap on my bending Back; I ask no more:  
 Both sick, and healthful, old and young conspire  
 In this one, silly, mischievous Desire.  
 Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call!  
 'Tis a long, nasty, darksome Hospital!  
 A ropy Chain of Rheums! a Visage rough,

Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.  
 A Stich-fall'n Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw,  
 Such Wrinkles as a skilful hand would draw  
 For an old Grandame Ape, when with a Grace  
 She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern Face.

*Dryd. Juv.*

In Youth Distinctions infinite abound :  
 No Shape, no Feature just alike is found :  
 The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong.  
 But the same Foulness does to Age belong :  
 The self-same Palsie both in Limb and Tongue.  
 The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain,  
 And Gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.

*Dryd. Juv.*

These are th' Effects of doating Age,  
 Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution ;  
 The second Nonage of a Soul more wise,  
 But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,  
 Peeping by fits, and giving feeble Light.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Now my chill'd Blood is curdl'd in my Veins,  
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.

*Dryd. Virg.*

I am left behind,  
 To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate assign'd :  
 Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life!  
 The gloomy Eve of endless Night.

*Dryd.*

Propp'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Mien,  
 Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene ;  
 Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks she draws,  
 Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws :  
 Hoary her Hair.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As in a green old Age his Hair just griez'd.

Time has plow'd that face with many Furrows. *Dryd. OEdip.*

His blear-Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,  
 His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Decrepid Bodies, worn to Ruin,  
 Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,  
 And to let drop the Soul.

*Dryd. Mar. a-la-Mode.*

VWhen my Blood was warm,  
 This languish'd Frame when better Spirits fed, *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 E'er Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-snow'd my Head.

Oft am I by the Women told ;  
 Poor *Anacreon!* thou grow'st old :  
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all!  
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!  
 VWhether I grow old or no,  
 By th' Effects, I do not know :  
 This I know without being told,  
 'Tis time to live, if I grow old :

'Tis

'Tis time short Pleasures now to take,  
Of little Life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last Stake.

*Cowl. Anacr.* }

### OPPRESSION.

It is not hard for one that feels no wrong,  
For patient Duty to imploy his Tongue.  
Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts  
All Reason, and all sense of Duty wrests.  
The Gods are safe, when under Wrongs we groan,  
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.  
Shall Princes then, who are but God's of Clay,  
Think they may safely with our Honour play?

*Wall.*

### O V V L.

The boding Bird,  
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles, and hallow'd Urns,  
And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,  
VVhere Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings.

*Dryd. Virg.*

With boding Note  
The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat ;  
Or on a Chimney's-Top, or Turrets Height,  
VVith Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.

*(Virg.)*

*Dryd.*

As an Owl, that in a Barn,  
Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little Beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the Wretch.

*Hud.*

### P A I N.

What avail  
Valour or Strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the Hands  
Of mightiest Men ? Sense of Pleasure we may well  
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest Life ;  
But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst  
Of Evils ; and, excessive, overturns  
All Patience.

*Milt.*

### P A I N T E R and P A I N T I N G.

Rare Artisan ! whose Pensil moves  
Not our Delights alone, but Loves :

B b 3

From



From thy Shop of Beauty, we  
 Slaves return, that enter'd free.  
 Strange that thy Hand should not inspire  
 The Beauty only, but the Fire;  
 Not the Form alone and Grace,  
 But Act and Power of a Face.  
 The heedless Lover does not know  
 Whose Eyes they are that wound him so:  
 But confounded with thy Art  
 Inquires her Name, that has his Heart. *(dyke. Waller to Van-*

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,  
 (And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind)  
 True, she was dumb: for Nature gaz'd so long,  
 Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue:  
 But smiling said, she still shall gain the Prize,  
 I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes:  
 Such are thy Pictures, *Knieller*! Such thy Skill,  
 That Nature seems obedient to thy VVill!  
 Comes out, and meets thy Pensil in the Draught,  
 Lives there, and wants but VVords to speak her Thought.  
 At least thy Pictures look a Voice; and we  
 Imagine Sounds, *deceiv'd* to that Degree,  
 We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.  
 Shadows are but Privations of the Light,  
 Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight,  
 VVith us approach, retire, arise, and fall,  
 Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all:  
 Such are thy Pieces! imitating Life  
 So near, they almost conquer'd in the Strife;  
 And from their animated Canvas came  
 Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame.  
*Prometheus*, were he here, would cast away  
 His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay;  
 And, either would thy noble Work inspire,  
 Or think it warm enough without his Fire.  
 But vulgar Hands may vulgar likeness raise.  
 This is the least Attendant on thy Praise:  
 From hence the Rudiments of Art began,  
 A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man:  
 Perhaps the Shadow, taken on a Wall,  
 Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original:  
 E'er Canvass yet was strain'd; before the Grace  
 Of blended Colours found their Use and Place,  
 Or *Cypress* Tablets first receiv'd a Face.  
 By slow degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,  
 As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd:  
*Greece* added Posture, Shades, and perspective,

And

And then the Mimick Piece began to live.  
 Yet Perspective was lame : no Distance true :  
 But all came forward in one common View :  
 No Point of Light was known ; no Bounds of Art ;  
 When Light was there it knew not to depart,  
 But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;  
 Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.  
 Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron Sleep,  
 A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep.  
 At length, in *Raphael's* Age at once they rise,  
 Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.  
 Thence rose the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line,  
 One colour'd best, and one did best design.  
*Raphael's*, like *Homer's* was the nobler Part,  
 But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.  
 Thy Genius gives thee both : where true Design,  
 Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours joyn.  
 Likeness is ever there, but still the best ;  
 Like proper Thoughts, in lofty Language dress'd :  
 VVhere Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,  
 Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.  
 Of various Parts a perfect whole is Wrought ;  
 Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.  
 Our Arts are Sisters, tho not Twins in Birth,  
 For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth,  
 By the first Pair.  
 But oh ! the Painter Muse, tho last in Place,  
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.  
*Apelles* Art an *Alexander* found ;  
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound :  
 But *Homer* was with barren Lawrel crown'd.  
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I ;  
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.  
 Thou paint'st as we describe ; improving still,  
 VVhen on wild Nature we engraft our Skill :  
 But not creating Beauties at our VVill.  
 But Poets are confin'd in narrower Space,  
 To speak the Language of their native Place,  
 The Painter wisely stretches his Command ;  
 Thy Pensil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.  
 But we, vvho Life bestovv, our selves must live,  
 Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give.  
 And they, vvho pay the Taxes, bear the Rule ;  
 Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to dravv a Fool ;  
 But so his Follies in thy Postures sink ;  
 The senseless Ideot seems at least to think.  
 Rich in thy self, and of thy self divine,

All Pilgrims come to offer at thy Shrine :  
 A graceful Truth thy Pensil can command,  
 The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand ;  
 Likeness appears in ev'ry Lineament :  
 But Likeness in thy VVork is eloquent.  
 Tho Nature there her true resemblance bears,  
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.  
 So vvarm thy Work, so glovvs the gen'rous Frame,  
 Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.  
 More cannot be by mortal Art express'd ;  
 But venerable Age shall add the rest.  
 For Time shall vvith his ready Pensil stand,  
 Re-touch your Figures vvith his rip'ning Hand,  
 Mellovv your Colours, and imbrovvn the Teint,  
 Add ev'ry Grace vvhich Time alone can grant :  
 To future Ages shall your Fame convey,  
 And give more Beauties than he takes avay.  
 Men thought, so much a Flame by Art vvas shovvn,  
 The Picture's self vvould fall in Ashes dovv.  
 The Painter vvho so long had vex'd his Cloth,  
 Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,  
 His desp'rate Pensil at the Work did dart :  
 His Anger reach'd that Rage, vvhich pass'd his Art.  
 Chance finish'd that vvhich Art could not begin.  
 And he fate smiling, hovv his Dog did grin.

Dryd.

Cowl.

Marv.

*Prometheus* ill Painted.

How wretched doth *Prometheus* State appear,  
 While he his second Misery suffers here.  
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,  
 He blame great *Jove's*, less than the Painter's hands.  
 It would the Vultures Cruelty out-go,  
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.  
 Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow,  
 The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Cowl.

Under a *Ladies* Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy  
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy* ?  
 But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,  
 The amorous Shepherd had not dar'd to seek,  
 Or hope for Pity : but with silent Moan,  
 And better Fate had perished alone.

Wall.

Womens



*Womens Painting.*

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,  
 T' intrap th' unwary Mariner :  
 So VVomen, to surprize us spread  
 The borrow'd Flags of VVhite and Red.  
 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues  
 In Tow'rs, and Curls and Periwigs,  
 VVith greater Art and Cunning rear'd,  
 Than *Philip Nye's* thanksgiving Beard.  
 Prepos't'rously t' entice and gain  
 Those to adore them, they disdain.

*Hud.*

Quoth she, if you're impos'd upon,  
 Tis by your own Temptation done.  
 That with your Ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the Slight :  
 For when we find you're still more taken  
 VVith false Attracts of your own making ;  
 Swear that 's a Rose, and that 's a Stone,  
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on :  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly dawb in Rhyme :  
 You force us in our own Defences  
 To copy Beams and Influences.  
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,  
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces.  
 And in Compliance to your VVit,  
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit.  
 Which when they're nobly done and well,  
 The simple natural excel.  
 How fair and sweet the planted Rose,  
 Beyond the wild in Hedges, grows :  
 For without Art the noblest Seeds  
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to VVeeds.  
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond !  
 Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without Care :  
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,  
 VVould be but one great VVilderness ;  
 And Mankind but a savage Herd,  
 For all that Nature has confer'd ;  
 This does but rough-hew and design,  
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

*Hud.*

P A R A-

## P A R A D I S E.

So on he fares, and to the Borders comes  
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her Enclosure green,  
 As with a rural Mound, the Champain Head  
 Of a steep Wilderness; whose hairy Sides,  
 With Thicket over-grown, Grotesque and wild,  
 Access deny'd: and over-head up-grew  
 Insuperable Height of loftiest Shade,  
 Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm,  
 A Sylvan Scene: and as the Ranks ascend  
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,  
 Of stateliest View; and higher than their Tops  
 The verdurous Vall of Paradise up-sprung:  
 And higher than that Vall a circling Row  
 Of goodliest Trees, loaden with fairest Fruit,  
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue,  
 Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd.  
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,  
 Than on fair Ev'ning Cloud, or humid Bow,  
 When God has show'rd the Earth: so lovely seem'd  
 That Landscape: and of pure, now purer Air  
 Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires  
 Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive  
 All Sadness, but Despair: Now gentle Gales,  
 Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense  
 Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy Spoils. As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambick*; Off at Sea North-East Winds blow  
*Sabea* Odours from the spicy Shore  
 Of *Arabie* the Blest, with such Delay  
 Well-pleas'd, they slack their Course; and many a League  
 Chear'd with the grateful Smell old *Ocean* smiles.  
 So entertain'd those od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

## Garden of E D E N.

A blissful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,  
 And flowing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balm;  
 A Wilderness of Sweets! for Nature here,  
 VVanton'd as in her Prime; and play'd at Will  
 Her Virgin Fancies; pouring forth more Sweet,  
 Wild above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss!  
 Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow

All Trees of noblest Kind for Sight, Smell, Taste,  
 And all amidst them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent, blooming *Ambrosial* Fruit  
 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life,  
 Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by.  
 Southward thro' *Eden* went a River large,  
 Nor chang'd his Course, but thro' the shaggy Hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; and thence thro' *Vejas*  
 Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirst up-drawn,  
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a Rill  
 Water'd the Garden: thence united fell  
 Down the steep Glade, and met the nether Flood;

But Oh! what Art can tell

How from that Saphir Fount, the crisped Brook,  
 Rolling on Orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,  
 With many Error, under pendant Shades,  
 Ran Nectar; visiting each Plant, and fed  
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise: which not nice Art  
 In Beds, and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain;  
 Both where the Morning Sun first warmly smote  
 The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade  
 Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place  
 A happy rural Seat of various View.  
 Groves, whose rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm;  
 Others, whose Fruit, burnish'd with golden Kind,  
 Hung amiable; *Hesperian* Fables true,  
 If true, here only, and of delicious Taste:  
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
 Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd;  
 Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap  
 Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store;  
 Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn the Rose;  
 Another side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves  
 Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine  
 Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant. Mean while murmur'ing Waters fall  
 Down the slope Hill, dispers'd, or in a Lake,  
 That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,  
 Her Chrystal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.  
 The Birds their Choir apply: *Airs*, vernal *Airs*,  
 Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune  
 The trembling Leaves, while universal *Pan*,  
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,  
 Led on th' eternal Spring.



*Adam and Eve in Paradise.*

His large fair Front, and Eye sublime declar'd  
 Absolute Rule, his Hyacinthin Locks  
 Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.  
 She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waste  
 Her unadorned golden Tresses wore  
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,  
 As the Vine curls her Tendrils:  
 Under a Tuft of Shade that on the Green  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh Fountain Side  
 They sat them down.

There to their Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they fate recline  
 On the soft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.  
 The savoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,  
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming Stream.

About them frisking play'd  
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wild, and of all Chase  
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forest or Den:  
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw  
 Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tygres, Ounces, Pards,  
 Gambol'd before 'em: th' unweildy Elephant,  
 To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe Proboscis: close the Serpent fly,  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian Twine  
 His breed'd Train, and of his fatal Guile  
 Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with Pasture, gazing fate.

*Milt.*

## P A R D O N.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong;  
 But they ne'r pardon, who have done the Wrong. *(of Gran. Dryd. Cong.*

The Laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no Sense of Love or Hate,  
 That have no Passions of their own,  
 Nor Pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on Criminals, as strict.  
 But to have Power to forgive  
 Is Empire and Prerogative:  
 And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,  
 To grant a Pardon, than condemn.

*Hud.*

P A R T.

## P A R T I N G.

Parting is worse than Death; 'tis Death of Love!  
The Soul and Body part not with such pain,  
As I from you.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Now I would speak the last Farewel, but cannot;  
It would be still Farewel, a thousand Times;  
And multipl'd in Echoes still Farewel.  
I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.  
And be thou silent too, my lost *Sebastian*!  
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Part;  
Thy Image sticks so close,  
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.  
A last Farewel!

For since a last must come, the rest are vain, *(of Gran.*  
Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain. *Dryd. Conq.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we must part,  
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go;  
And th' other should not weep: But oh!  
How many Deaths are in that Word, Depart! *Dryd. All for Love.*

Death is Parting:

'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body.  
But this is somewhat more! My Joy, my Comfort,  
All that was left in Life fleets after thee:  
My aching Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties.  
So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,  
And leaves the Traveller in pathless Woods  
Benighted and forlorn: thus with sad Eyes  
Westward he turns to mark the Lights Decay,  
Till having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,  
Cheerless in Darkness he pursues his Way.

*Rowe. Tamerl. }*

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,  
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn  
Is near to succour Hunger; eats his Fill  
Before his painful March.

So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes  
Before we part: for I have far to go,  
If Death be far, and never must return.

*Dryd. All for Love.*

There's such sweet Pain in Parting,  
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,  
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

*Otw. Caius Marim.*

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more?  
Only to wish another and another,  
A longer Struggling with the Pangs of Death.  
Oh! those that do not know what Parting is,

Can

Can never learn to die.

When I but think this Sight may be our last,  
If *Jove* could set me in the Place of *Atlas*,  
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,  
He could not press me more.

Oh ! let me go, that I may know my Grief :  
Grief is but ghest'd, while thou art standing by :  
But I too soon shall know what Absence is ;  
Why 'tis to be no more ; another Name for Death ?  
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North,  
And I, methinks, stand on some icy Cliff,  
To watch the last low Circles that he makes,  
Till he sink down from Heav'n ! O only *Cressida* !  
If thou depart from me I cannot live.

I have not Soul enough to last for Grief,  
But thou shalt hear what Grief has done with me ;  
If I could live to hear it, I were false :

But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing  
Assaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind ;  
I trust my Heart with thee, and carry with me  
Only an empty Casket.

Then I will live that I may keep that Treasure ;  
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go  
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle Hawk,  
When, whistled off, she mounts into the Wind.

Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,  
Tho' Winds and Tempests beat their aged Feet,  
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know,  
But scorn the threatening Rack that rous below. *Shak. & Dryd.*

Thus the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,  
Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid,  
Will talk and rave, and with the Nurses strive,  
And fond it still as if it were alive :

Knows it must go, y'er struggles with the Crowd,  
And shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the Shroud. *Lee. L. I. Brut.*

#### P A S S I O N S.

They sat them down to weep, nor only Tears  
Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within,  
Began to rise ; high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
Their inward State of Mind, calm Region once,  
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent ;  
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now  
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath,

Usurping



Usurping over Sov'raign Reason, claim'd  
Superiour Sway.

*Milt.*

Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought,  
Despair and secret Shame, and conscious Thought  
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,  
Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast. *Dryd. Virg.*

Stupid he sate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,  
And various Cares revolving in his Mind.  
Rage boiling from the Bottom of his Breast,  
And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd;  
And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought;  
And Love, by Jealousy to Madness wrought.  
By slow Degrees his Reason drove away  
The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*

Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge  
Have kindled up a VVildfire in my Breast,  
I am all a Civil VVar within.

And, like a Vessel, struggling in a Storm,  
Require more Hands than one to steer me upright. *Dryd.*

Thus while he spoke, each Passion dimm'd his Face,  
Thrice chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envy, and Despair,  
VVhich marr'd his Visage. *Milt.*

Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. *Lee. Alex.*

## P A T I E N C E.

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeles Fear,  
But in brave Minds, a Scorn of what they bear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Come what come may,

Patience and Time run thro' the roughest Day. *Shak. Macb.*

Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief,  
VVhich they themselves not feel; but tasting it  
Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before  
VVould give instructful Med'cine unto Rage,  
Fetter strong Madness in a silken Thread,  
Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with VVords:  
Thus it is all Mens Office to speak Patience  
To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow,  
But no Man's Virtue, nor Sufficiency  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself.

Men's Griefs cry louder than Advertisement;  
And there was never yet Philosopher  
That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,  
However they have writ the Stile of Gods,  
And made a Pish at Chance and Sufferance.

*Shak. Much ado a-  
(bout nothing.*

P E A C E.

## P E A C E. See VVar.

Our Armour now may rust, our idle Scimitars  
 Hang by our Sides for Ornament not Use :  
 Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums ;  
 And all the noisy Trades of VVar no more  
 Shall wake the peaceful Morn.  
 Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name  
 Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Again the Hinds may sing and plow,  
 And fear no Harm but from the VVeather now :  
 Again may Tradesmen love their Pain,  
 By knowing now for whom they gain :  
 The Armour now may be hung up to Sight;  
 And only in the Halls the Children fright.

*Cowl.*

## P E A C O C K. See Creation.

## P E R S E C U T I O N.

A Fury crawl'd from out her Cell,  
 The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.  
 Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,  
 And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hisling rung.  
 Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,  
 Like subterranean Damps, gave present Death.  
 Flames worse than Hell's shot from her bloody Eyes,  
 And Fire and Sword eternally she cries.  
 No certain Shape, no Feature regular,  
 No Limbs distinct in th' odious Fiend appear.  
 Her squallid, bloated Belly did arise,  
 Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size.  
 Distended vastly by a mighty Flood  
 Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant Martyrs Blood.  
 Part stood out prominent, but Part fell down,  
 And in a swagging Heap lay wall'wing on the Ground.  
 Horror, till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd,  
 So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.  
 Envy and Hate, and Malice blush'd to see,  
 Themselves eclips'd by such Deformity.  
 Her sev'rish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,  
 Not of the impious, but the just and Good ;  
 'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,  
 Nor can th' exhausted VVorld her VVrath assuage.  
 To subdue th' unconquerable Mind,

*Blac,*

To

To make one Reason have the same Effect  
 Upon all Apprehensions; to force this  
 Or this Man, just to think, as thou and I do;  
 Impossible! unless Souls were alike  
 In all, which differ like human Faces.

Rowe. Tamerl.

# PHILOSOPHER and PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man! alone thrice happy he,  
 Who can through gross Effects their Causes see:  
 Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledg springs,  
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things:

But does his walk of Virtue calmly go,  
 Thro' all th' Alarms of Death and Hell below. *Cowl. Virg.*

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move  
 With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyss above:

And penetrate with his interior Light  
 Those upper Depths, which Nature hides from Sight.

And what he had observ'd and learnt from thence,  
 Lov'd in familiar Language to dispense.

The Crowd with silent Admiration stand  
 And heard him as they heard their God's Command;

When he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,  
 The World's Original and Nature's Cause:

And what was God: and why the fleecy Snows  
 In silence fell, and rattling Winds arose.

What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence begun  
 The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun.

If Thunder was the Voice of angry Jove,  
 Or Clouds with Nitre pregnant burst above. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Some few, whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led  
 From Cause to Cause to Nature's secret Head:

And found that one first Principle must be,  
 But What, or Who, that Universal He;

Whether some Soul, encompassing this Ball;  
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all:

Or various Atoms interfering Dance  
 Leapt into Form, the noble Work of Chance:

Or this great All was from Eternity,  
 Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himself could see,

And *Epicurus* guess'd as well as He.

As blindly grop'd they for a future State,  
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.

But least of all could their endeavours find  
 What most concern'd the good of human-Kind;

For Happiness was never to be found,



But vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.

One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd;

This, ev'ry little Accident destroy'd :

The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil;

A thorny, or at best a barren Soil:

In Pleasure some their Glutton Souls would steep,

But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,

And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.

Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roul,

Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.

In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,

How can the less the greater comprehend ?

Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?

(*Rel. Lucii.*

For what could fathom God, were more than he.

*Dryd.*

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from Shore,

The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar :

Not that another's Pain is our Delight,

But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.

'Tis pleasant also to behold from far,

The moving Legions mingled in the War :

But much more sweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide,

To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,

And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd.

From thence to look below on Human Kind,

Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :

O wretched Man ! in what a Mist of Life,

Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,

He spends his little Span ; and overfeeds

His cramm'd Desires, with more than Nature needs :

For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,

And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;

Which Minds unmix'd with Cares, and Fears, obtain ;

A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.

But just as Children are surpriz'd with Dread,

And tremble in the Dark, so riper Years

Ev'n in broad Day-light are possess'd with Fears :

And shake at Shadows, fanciful and vain

As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.

These Bug-bears of the Mind, this inward Hell,

No Rays of outward Sun-shine can dispell ;

But Nature and right-Reason must display

(*Lucr.*

Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to Day. *Dryd.*

Oh ! if the foolish Race of Man, who find

A weight of Cares still pressing on their Mind,

Could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,

And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breast ;

Sure they would change their Course ; nor live as now,

*Uncer-*

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.  
 Uneasie both in Country, and in Town,  
 They search a Place to lay their Burthen down.  
 One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,  
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load ;  
 But straight returns : for he's as restless there,  
 And finds there's no Relief in open Air.  
 Another to his *Villa* would retire ;  
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;  
 No sooner enter'd at his Country Door,  
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore ;  
 Or seeks the City, which he left before.  
 Thus every Man o'er-works his weary Will,  
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;  
 The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still  
 No prospect of Repose, nor hope of Ease ;  
 The VVretch is ignorant of his Disease ;  
 Which known, wou'd all his fruitless Trouble spare ;  
 For he wou'd know the VVorld not worth his Care.  
 Then would he search more deeply for the Cause ;  
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws. *Dryd. Lucr.*

*Natural Philosophy. See Country-Life.*

In all her Mazes Nature's Face they view'd,  
 And as she disappear'd, they still pursu'd :  
 They find her dubious now, and then as plain ;  
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain :  
 Now she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife  
 Of infant Atoms, kindling into Life :  
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,  
 And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes.  
 And how the viscous seeks a closer Tone,  
 By just Degrees to harden into Bone ;  
 VVhilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn ;  
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return.  
 How Lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise,  
 And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes :  
 While from each Sluice a briny Torrent pours,  
 T' extinguish sev'rish Heats with ambient Show'rs.  
 VVhence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim ;  
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame ;  
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain  
 The greatest Pleasure, and the greatest Pain.  
 VVhy bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,  
 And Floods of Chyle in silver Currents run.  
 How the dim speck of Entiry began

T' extend its recent Form, and stretch to Man.  
 To how minute an Origin we owe  
 Young *Ammon*, *Cæsar*; and the great *Nassau*.  
 VVhy paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim;  
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame.  
 VVhy Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,  
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.  
 All Ice, why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia*, Fire.  
 Why S—rages to survive Desire.  
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th' *Olympicks* shown,  
 Whence Tropes to F—ch, or Impudence to S—n.  
 VVhy *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe:  
 VVhy Me—n muddy, M—gue why clear.  
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,  
 How Body acts upon impassive Mind.  
 How Fumes of Wine, the thinking Part can fire,  
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire.  
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,  
 And how the Passions in the Features are.  
 How Touch and Harmony arise between  
 Corporeal Substances, and Things unseen.  
 VVith mighty Truths mysterious to descry,  
 VVhich in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

Gar.

His noble Verse through Nature's Secrets leads.  
 He sung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,  
 VVhile foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain.  
 VVhy the great Waters her slight Horns obey;  
 Her changing Horns not constanter than they.  
 He sung how grievously Comets hang in Air;  
 Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair:  
 VVhy Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud,  
 VVhat Motions vex it till it roar so loud;  
 How Lambent Fires become so wond'rous tame,  
 And bear such shining Winter in their Flame.  
 VVhat radiant Pencil draws the wat'ry Bow;  
 VVhat ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow.  
 What Palsie of the Earth here shakes fix'd Hills  
 From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers spills.

Cowl.

How in the Moon such change of Shapes is found,  
 The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound:  
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease  
 Dares trouble the fair Centre's antient Ease:  
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:  
 Varieties too regular for Chance!  
 What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,  
 And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.  
 Then sung the Bard, how the light Vapours rise

Cowl. Virg.

From



From the warm Earth, and cloud the smiling Skies.  
 He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy Flight,  
 Fall scatter'd down, in pearly Dew by Night ;  
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Streams  
 On the reflected Points of bounding Beams,  
 Till, chill'd with Cold, they shade th' ethereal Plain,  
 Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain.  
 How some, whose Parts a slight Contexture show,  
 Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.  
 How Part is strung in silken Threads, and clings  
 Entangled in the Grass, in glewy Strings :  
 How others, stamp'd to Stones, with rushing Sound,  
 Fall from their chrystal Quarries to the Ground.  
 How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly  
 In harmless Fires by Night about the Sky.  
 How some on Winds blow with impetuous Force,  
 And carry Ruin where they bend their Course.  
 VVhile some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,  
 To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.  
 How some, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,  
 Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,  
 That cracks as if the Axis of the World  
 VVas broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards

He was a shrewd Philosopher,  
 And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over.  
 Whatever Sceptick could enquire for  
 For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.  
 He could reduce all things to Acts,  
 And knew their Nature by Abstracts :  
 Where Entiry and Quiddity,  
 The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly.  
 Where Truth in Person does appear ;  
 Like Words congeal'd in northern Air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As Metaphysick Wit can fly.

### P H O E N I X.

Thus all receive their Birth from other things,  
 But from himself the Phoenix only springs :  
 Self-born, begotten of the Parent Flame,  
 In which he burn'd, another and the same :  
 Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,  
 But the sweet Essence of Amomum drains :  
 And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,  
 While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.  
 He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)

His Nest on oaken Boughs begins to build,  
 Or trembling Tops of Palm; and first he draws  
 The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,  
 Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile  
 Is form'd, and rises round: then with the Spoil  
 Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and stems of Nard,  
 For softness strew'd beneath, his funeral Bed is rear'd.  
 Funeral and bridal both; and all around  
 The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.  
 On this incumbent, till ethereal Flame  
 First catches, then consumes the costly Frame;  
 Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies:  
 He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.  
 An Infant Phoenix from the former springs,  
 His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings  
 Shakes off his Parent Dust, his Method he pursues,  
 And the same Lease of Life, on the same Terms renews.  
 When grown to Manhood he begins to reign,  
 And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,  
 He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore  
 His Father's royal Sepulchre before,  
 And his own Cradle: This, with pious Care  
 Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,  
 Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,  
 And decently lays down his Burthen in the Porch. *Dryd. Ovid.*

### PHYSICK.

Physick can but mend our crasie State,  
 Patch an old Building, not a new create.  
 The first Physicians by Debauch were made;  
 Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.  
 The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend:  
 God never made his Work for Man to mend.

*Dryd*

### PITY.

As softest Metals are not slow to melt,  
 So Pity soonest runs in gentlest Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Pity on fresh Objects only stays  
 But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays. *Dryd. Ind. Esp.*  
 The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan:  
 Trees bent their Heads to hear him sing his Wrongs,  
 Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning  
 (Tongues. *Dryd. Virg.*)

### PLAGUE.

## P L A G U E.

The rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,  
 And blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year.  
 The Trees devouring Caterpillars burn,  
 Parch'd was the Grass, and blited was the Corn :  
 Nor scape the Beasts, for *Sirius* from on high,  
 VVith pestilential Heats infects the Sky.

Dryd. *Virg.*

The raw Damps

VVith flaggy VVings fly heavily about,  
 Scatt'ring their pestilential Colds and Rheums,  
 Thro' all the lasie Air : Hence Murraings follow  
 On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.  
 At last the Malady  
 Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog  
 Dy'd at his Master's Feet : and next his Master :  
 For all those Plagues, which Earth and Air had brooded,  
 First on inferiour Creatures try'd their Force :  
 And last they seiz'd on Man.  
 And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,  
 And ev'ry Dart took place : All was so sudden,  
 That scarce a first man fell : One but began  
 To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too.  
 A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,  
 Drop'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan ?  
 A Troop of Ghosts took Flight together there,  
 Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more  
 For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes :  
 With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd,  
 And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements  
 More than she hides in Graves :  
 Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen  
 The nuptial Torch do common Offices  
 Of Marriage and of Death. Cast round your Eyes,  
 Where late the Streets were so thick sown with Men,  
 Like *Cadmus* Brood, they jostled for their Passage ;  
 Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em,  
 Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways.

Dryd. *OEdip.*O'er *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,

A mortal Influence came,  
 Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam.  
 Who all the Stores of Poyson sent,  
 Threat'ing at once a gen'ral Doom,  
 Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant  
 In future Ages to be Innocent.

Those *Africk* Desarts straight were double Desarts grown,  
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone.



The rav'nous Beasts then first began,  
 To pity their old Enemy Man,  
 And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have  
 Nor stay'd the cruel Evil there : (done :  
 Plagues presently forsake  
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make ;  
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,  
 Driv'n by a mighty Wind ;  
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on ;  
 And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan :  
 Thence it did *Persia* over-run :  
 In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt :  
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt :  
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,  
 Their God increas'd their Pain :  
 They look'd up to their God no more,  
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before.  
 Glutt'd with Ruins of the *East*,  
 She took her Wings, and down to *Athens* past :  
 Just Plague! which dost no Parties take,  
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack :  
 Without the Walls the *Spartan* Army fate,  
 The *Spartan* Army came too late,  
 For now there was no farther Work for Fate.  
 They saw the City open lay ;  
 An easy and a bootless Prey ;  
 They saw the Rampires empty stand,  
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unman'd ;  
 No need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,  
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do.  
 They now might unresisted enter there,  
 Did they not the very Air,  
 More than th' *Athenians* fear ;  
 The Air it self to them was Wall, and Bulwarks too.  
 The Air no more was vital now,  
 But did a mortal Poyson grow.  
 The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,  
 Serv'd only now to fire each Part ;  
 What should refresh, increas'd the Smart.  
 And now their very Breath,  
 The chiefest Sign of Life, became the Cause of Death.  
 Upon the Head first, the Disease,  
 As a bold Conqu'ror does seize ;  
 Blood started thro' each Eye,  
 The Redness of that Sky  
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.  
 The Tongue did flow all o'er  
 With clotted Filth and Gore :

Hoarseness

Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill ;  
 And stop't the Passages of Speech and Life:  
 Too cruel and imperious Ill !  
 Which not content to kill,  
 With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,  
 Dost take from Men the very Power to complain.  
 Then down it went into the Breast,  
 There all the Seats and Shops of Life possess'd :  
 Such noisom Smells from thence did come,  
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb.

No Food would there abide,  
 Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemies Side ;  
 The very Meat new Poysons to the Plague supply'd.

Next, to the Heart the Fires came,  
 The tainted Blood its Course began,  
 And carry'd Death where e'er it ran :  
 That which before was Nature's noblest Art,  
 The Circulation from the Heart,

Was more destruetful now ;  
 And Nature speedier did undo :  
 The Belly felt at last its Share,  
 And all the subtle Labyrinths there  
 Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear.

Here sev'n Days it rul'd and sway'd,  
 And oft'ner kill'd because it Death so long delay'd.  
 But if thro' Strength and Heat of Age,  
 The Body overcame its Rage,  
 The vanquish'd Evil took from them  
 Who conquer'd it, some Part, some Limb,  
 Some all their Lives before forgot,  
 Their Minds were but one darker Blot :  
 Those various Pictures in the Head,  
 And all the num'rous Shapes were fled.

They pass'd the *Lethæ* Lake, altho' they did not dye.

Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,  
 Those petty Tyrants fled ;  
 And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their Head.

Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,  
 Gout, Cholick, and Consumption,  
 And all the milder Generation,  
 By which Mankind is by Degrees undone.

Were quickly routed out and gone.  
 Physicians now, could nought prevail,  
 No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r ;  
 None of *Apollo's* Art could cure :

But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.  
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,

And

And drank it dry at its Return :  
 Again they drew, again they drank :  
 They drank, and found they flam'd the more,  
 And only added to the burning Store.  
 So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,  
     They like some Burthen bear  
     The lightest Covering of Air :  
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear ;  
     The Pain and the Disease did now,  
     Unwillingly reduce Men to  
     That Nakedness once more,  
 Which perfect Health, and Innocence caus'd before.  
 Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,  
     No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,  
 Their wandring and affrighted Minds possess'd.  
     Upon their Souls, and Eyes,  
     Hell, and eternal Horror lies.  
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray,  
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breath,  
 Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sister unto Death.  
     Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,  
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Flesh away.  
     In vain she call'd ; they came not nigh,  
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy :  
     \* *Whom Tyrant Hunger press'd,*  
*And forc'd to taste ; he prov'd a wretched Guest ;*  
*The Price was Life : it was a costly Feast.*  
     Here lies a Mother and her Child,  
     Th' Infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd.  
     But freight by its own Food was kill'd.  
     There Parents hugg'd their Children last,  
     Here parting Lovers last embrac'd,  
     But yet not parting neither ;  
 They both expir'd, and went away together.  
     Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,  
     And gain a twofold Liberty :  
     Here others, poison'd by the Scent,  
     Which from corrupted Bodies went,  
 Quickly return the Death they did receive,  
     And Death to others give.  
 And ev'n after Death they all are Murth'ers here.  
     Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,  
     He, tho' Death's Servant, is not freed.  
     The Learned too as fast as others die,  
     They from Corruption are not free,  
 Are mortal, tho' they give an Immortality.

\* *These three Lines are in Creech's Lucretius.*



They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,  
 What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,  
 All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.  
 And tho' besides they shunn'd it every where,  
 They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.

There was no Number now of Death,  
 The Sisters scarce stood still to breathe,  
 But weary'd quite with cutting single Threads  
 Began at once to part whole Looms ;  
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms ;

But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,  
 Hell forth its Magazines of Lust did call,  
 Into the upper World it went ;  
 Such Guilt, such Wickedness,  
 Such Irreligion did increase,  
 That the few Good, which did survive,  
 Were angry with the Plague for suff'ring them to live,  
 More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.

Some robb'd the very Dead,  
 Tho' sure to be infested e'er they fled.  
 Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,  
 Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,  
 Tho' such Examples of their Pow'r appear'd.

Virtue was now esteem'd an empty Name,  
 And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame.  
 For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,  
 They thought the Punishment already o'er,  
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.  
 [ *Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.* ]

# P L A Y E R.

Is it not monstrous, that this Player here,  
 But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,  
 Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,  
 That from her Working all his Visage warm'd,  
 Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,  
 A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting,  
 With Forms to his Conceit? and all for nothing!  
 For *Hecuba*! What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,  
 That he should weep for her? what would he do  
 Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion  
 That I have? he would drown the Stage with Tears,  
 And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech:  
 Make mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,  
 Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed

The

The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.

*Shak. Haml.*

Like a Player,

Bellowing his Passion till he break the string,

And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience. *Shak. Troil & Cress.*

### P L E A S U R E.

Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,  
But sent by Heav'n upon hard Usury :  
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,  
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with Gall  
By some Left-handed God.

*Dryd. OEdip.*

The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile ;  
The Crocodile infests the fertile Nile.  
Lions and Tygers on the *Lybian* Plain,  
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swain.  
Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,  
They fear their Ruine midst of their Delight.

*Dorf.*

Delights, those beautiful Illusions play  
Around us, and when grasp'd, they glide away :  
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,  
But like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretell.  
Pure unmix'd Pleasures on us never flow'd,  
But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.

*Blac.*

And frequent Use does the Delight exclude :  
Pleasure's a Toil when constantly pursu'd.

*Cong. Juv.*

### P O E T A S T E R.

He Rhimes appropriate could make,  
To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack :  
When Terms begin and end, could tell,  
With their Returns, in Doggerel.  
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts.  
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,  
And when be temp'rate, if they will.  
When use, and when abstain from Vice,  
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.  
In Lyricks he would write an Ode on  
His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden.  
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,  
It puff'd him with Poetick Rapture.  
His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Croud,  
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,  
That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,  
Like *Orpheus* look'd among the Beasts.

A Carman's Horse could not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to Poetry.  
 Each Window like a Pill'ry appears,  
 With Heads thrust thro', nail'd by the Ears :  
 All Trades run in as to the Sight  
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight  
 The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse  
 Breeds Bus'ness for Heroick Verse,  
 Which none does hear, but would have hung,  
 T' have been the Theme of such a Song. *Hud.*

POETRY and POETS. *See* Musick, River, Style,  
 Verse.

Sometimes of humble rural things,  
 Thy Muse in middle Air with vary'd Numbers sings ;  
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight  
 To Heav'n sublimely wings.  
 But first takes time with Majesty to rise,  
 Then without Pride divinely great,  
 She mounts her native Skies,  
 And Goddess-like retains her State,  
 When down again she flies.  
 Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,  
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.  
 Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,  
 But still descending, Dignity maintains,  
 As much a God upon our humble Plains,  
 As when he tow'ring re-ascends to Heav'n.  
 But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,  
 With such a Majesty, to such a Height,  
 As can alone suffice to prove  
 That she descends from mighty *Jove* ;  
 Gods ! how thy thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine !  
 Immortal Vigour animates each Line ;  
 Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,  
 Each has Magnificence of Sound,  
 And Harmony divine.  
 Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,  
 With shining Pomp advance,  
 And to their own celestial Sounds  
 Majestically dance.  
 Or with eternal Symphony they roll,  
 Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,  
 And each inform'd by the prodigious Force,  
 Of an Empyrean Soul. *Dennis to Dryd.*  
 In your Lines let Energy be found,

And



And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound:  
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.  
 Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncooth appear,  
 None please the Fancy who offend the Ear.  
 In Sense and Numbers if you would excell,  
 Read *Wicherly*, consider *Dryden* well.

In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine,  
 In th' other *Syrens* warble in each Line.  
 If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,  
 The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,  
 And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.  
 As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,  
*Pan* quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains,  
 And *Philomel*, in Notes, like his, complains.

VWhen *Stepney* paints the God-like Acts of Kings,  
 Or what *Apollo* dictates *Prior* sings,  
 The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,  
 And silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

*Sedley* has that prevailing gentle Art,  
 That can with a resistless Charm impart,  
 The loofest VVishes to the chastest Heart:  
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire  
 Between declining Virtue and Desire,  
 That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,  
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

Such were the Numbers, which could call  
 The Stones into the *Theban* VVall.

As there is Musick uninform'd by Art  
 In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart  
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,  
 VVho better taught at home, yet please us less:  
 So, in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,  
 VVhich shames Composure, and its Art excels,  
 Singing no more can your soft Numbers grace,  
 Than Paint add Charms unto a beauteous Face.  
 Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,  
 Their even Calmness does suppose them deep,  
 Such is your Muse.

So firm a Strength, and yetwithal so sweet,  
 Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet. *Dryd. to Sir Rob. Howard.*

The Colours there so artfully are laid,  
 They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade. *(Hallifax. Stepn: to Lord*

Not fierce, but awful, is his manly Page;  
 Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage. *Dryd. Pers.*

VVith conceal'd Design  
 Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers joyn.  
 And with a sly insinuating Grace,

Laugh'd

Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face,  
 Would raise a Blush, where secret Vice he found,  
 And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.  
 VVith seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd,  
 And made the desperate Passes when he smil'd. *Dryd. Pers.*

*Pindar's unnavigable Song*

Like a swoll'n Flood from some steep Mountain pours along ;

The Ocean meets with such a Voice,  
 From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.

So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll

Down his impetuous *Dithyrambick* Tide :

VVhich in no Channel deigns t' abide.

VVhich neither Banks nor Dike's controll.

VVhether th' Immortal Gods he sings

In no less immortal Strain,

Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,  
 Who in his Numbers still survive and Reign.

VVhether at *Pisa's* Race he please

To carve in polish'd Verse the Conq'ruors Images :

VVhether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong

Be crowned in his Nimble, Artful, Vig'rous Song ;

Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate,

In VVords worth dying for he celebrate.

He bids him live, and grow in Fame,

Among the Stars he sticks his Name :

The Grave can but the dross of him Devour ;

So small is Death's, so great the Poet's Power.

Lo! how th' obsequious VVind, and swelling Air

The *Theban* Swan does upwards bear

Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,

And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way.

While alas! my tim'rous Muse

Unambitious Tracks pursues ;

Does with weak unballast'd Wings,

About the mossy Brooks and Springs,

About the Trees new-blossom'd Heads,

About the Gardens painted Beds,

Like the laborious Bee,

For little drops of Honey flee,

And there with humble Sweets content her Industry. *Coml.*

Mean as I am, yet have the *Muses* made

Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade :

I could have once sung down a Summer's Sun,

But now the Chime of Poetry is done.

My Voice grows hoarse, I feel the Notes decay ;

For Cares and Time

Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhyme. *Dryd. Virg.*

## POPULACE,

The Vulgar, a scarce-animatèd Clod,  
 Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God. *Dryd. Aurel.*  
 That hor-mouth'd Beast, that bears against the Curb :  
 Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,  
 But harder by Usurpers. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Almighty Crowd ! thou shorten'st all Dispute,  
 Pow'r is thy Essence, VVit thy Attribute :  
 Nor Faith, nor Reason makes thee at a stay,  
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths in thy Pindarick Way. *Dryd.*

Base mongril Souls ! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,  
 And they will worry Royalty to Death :  
 But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em ;  
 They'l run, and yelp, and clap their Tails, *(of Guise.*  
 Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy. *Dryd. D.*

Diffentious Rogues,  
 That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,  
 Make your selves Scabs.  
 That like not Peace nor War ; the one affrights you,  
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Gratefulness,  
 Deserves your Hate : Your Affections are  
 A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that  
 Which would encrease his Evil. He that depends  
 Upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead. *Shak. Coriol.*

The Scum.  
 That rises upmost when the Nation boils. *Dryd. Don Seb.*  
 The Rabble gather round the Man of News,  
 And listen with their Mouths.

Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it,  
 And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night  
 Than at the Mid-day-Sun : A drowzy Horror  
 Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake :  
 All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night Alarm,  
 The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,  
 T' imboss their Hives in Clusters ; all ask News,  
 Their busie Captain runs the weary Round,  
 To whisper Orders, and commanding Silence,  
 Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

The Commonwealth is sick of her own Choice,  
 Her over-greedy Love has surfeited :  
 A Habitation giddy and unsure  
 Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.  
 O thou fond Many ! with what loud Applause  
 Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbrook,* *Before*



Before he was what thou wouldst have him be ;  
 But being trimm'd up in thy own Desires;  
 Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,  
 That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.  
 So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge  
 Thy glutton Boloim of the Royal *Richard*,  
 And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomit up,  
 And howl'st to find it: what Trust is in these Times?  
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,  
 Are now become enamour'd on his Grave :  
 Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,  
 When thro' proud *London* he came sighing on,  
 After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook*,  
 Cry'st now, O Earth ! yield us that King again,  
 And take thou this.

*Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.*

The Genius of your Moors is Mutiny ;  
 They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness.  
 Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,  
 Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd ;  
 Wise to themselves and Fools to all the World :  
 Restless in Change, and perjurd to a Proverb.  
 They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense ;  
 A good luxurious palatable Faith ;  
 Thus Vice and Godliness, preposterous Pair,  
 Ride Cheek by Jowl ! but Churchmen hold the Reins :  
 And whene'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,  
 They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,  
 And whose the Subjects are.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

By Heav'n, 'twas never well since sawcy Priests  
 Grew to be Masters of the listning Herd,  
 And into Mitres cleft the Regal Crown.

*Shak. Troil. & Cress.*

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,  
 When such as these unmake or make a King !

*Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Observe the Mounting Billows of the Main,  
 Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm :  
 Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return  
 Into their quiet first created Calm :

Such is the Rage of busie blust'ring Crowds,  
 Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great :  
 Cut off the Causes, and th' Effects will cease,  
 And all the moving Madness fall in Peace.

*Dryd. Cleon.*

I have no Taste

Of popular Applause, the noisie Praise  
 Of giddy Crowds; as changeable as Winds ;  
 Still vehement, and still without a Cause :  
 Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide  
 Of swoln Success, but veering with its Ebb,

D d

ff

It leaves the Channel dry.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

As when in Tumults rise th' ignoble Crowd,  
Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud ;  
And Stones and Brands in ratling Volleys fly,  
And all the rustick Arms that Fury can supply ;  
If then some grave and pious Man appear,  
They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear ;  
He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,  
And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,  
With Noise say nothing, and in Parts divide.

*Dryd. Virg.*

In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

The People, like a headlong Torrent go,  
And ev'ry Dam they break, or overflow :  
But unoppos'd they either lose their Force,  
Or wind in Volumes to their former Course. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Their Fright to no persuasions will give Ear,  
There's a deaf madness in a Peoples Fear. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

## POPULAR.

Th' admiring Crowd are dazled with Surprise,

And on his goodly Person feed their Eyes :

His Joy conceal'd, he sets himself to shew,

On each side bowing popularly low :

His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames,

And with familiar Ease repeats their Names.

Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,

He glides unfelt into their secret Hearts,

Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star,

And Shouts of Joy salute him from afar.

Each House receives him as a Guardian-God,

And consecrates the place of his abode. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,

And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours,

The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,

And with their eager Joy make Triumph flow. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Desire,

Their cloudy Pillar, and their Guardian Fire :

Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand

Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :

Whose dawning Day in ev'ry distant Age

Has exercis'd the sacred Prophet's Rage ;

The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviners Theme,

The young Mens Vision, and the old Mens Dream,

Thee Saviour, thee the Nations Vows confess ;

And, never satisfy'd with seeing, blest.

Swift

Swift, unbespoken Poms thy Steps proclaim, (*& Achit.*)  
And stamm'ring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name. *Dryd. Abs.*

All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights  
Are spectacled to see him. Your prarling Nurse  
Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,  
While she chats him. The Kitchin Malkin pins  
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reaky Neck,  
Clambring the Walls to eye him:  
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are smother'd up,  
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd:  
I have seen the dumb Men throng to see him,  
And the blind to hear him speak. The Nobles bended  
As to *Jove's* Statue; and the Commons made  
A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts. *Shak. Coriol.*

### P O Y S O N.

Observe in this small Phial certain Death,  
It holds a Poyson of such deadly Force,  
Should *Æsculapius* drink it, in five hours,  
For then it works, the God himself were mortal:  
It drew it from *Nonacris* horrid Spring:

It scatters Pains,

All sorts, and through all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,  
Even with Extremity of Frost it burns:

It drives the distracted Soul about her House,  
Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,  
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling. *Lee Alex.*

*Alex.* Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded Reins:  
Draw it out:

Oh! I am shot, a forked burning Arrow  
Sticks cross my Shoulders, the sad Venom flies  
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.

What a change of Torments I endure?  
A Bolt of Ice runs hissing through my Bowels,

As sure the Arm of Death;  
O'er me, for I freeze, my Teeth chatter,

And my Knees knock together.

*Perd.* Heav'n bless the King!

*Alex.* Ha! who talks of Heav'n?

In all Hell, I burn, I burn again.

My vital Spirits are all parch'd, burnt up,

And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes. *Lee Alex.*

Nothing in vain the God's create;

This Bough was made to hasten Fate.

'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,

That Nature first made Poysons grow:



For hopeless Wretches, such as I,  
 Kindly providing Means to die.  
 As Mothers do their Children keep,  
 So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep :  
 The Indispos'd she does invite  
 To go to Bed before 'tis Night.  
 Dead I shall be, as when unborn ;  
 And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.  
 Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free  
 From Passion and from Injury.  
 The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,  
 In Triumph led, her Changes feel :  
 And Conquerors kept Poysons by,  
 Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow.  
 But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough. *Wall.*

Quick shootings through my Limbs, and pricking Pains,  
 Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,  
 Shiv'rings of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,  
 Within my little World make medley War,  
 Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,  
 As momentary Victors quit their Ground :  
 Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life  
 Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

# PREDESTINATION And FREE WILL.

*See Fate.*

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute,  
 Some hold Predestination absolute :  
 Some Clerks maintain that Heav'n at first foresees,  
 And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.  
 If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will ;  
 And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill :  
 For what he first foresaw he must ordain,  
 Or its Eternal Prescience may be vain.  
 As bad for us as Prescience had not been :  
 For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.  
 And who says that, let the blaspheming Man  
 Say worse, ev'n of the Devil, if he can.  
 For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just  
 To punish Man, who sins because he must ?  
 Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,  
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed ?  
 I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,  
 As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :  
 If Prescience can determine Actions so,

That we must do, because he did foreknow :  
 Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,  
 Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity.  
 This strict Necessity they simple call,  
 Another sort there is conditional.  
 The first so binds the Will, that Things foreknown,  
 By Spontaneity not Choice are done.  
 Thus Galley-slaves tug willing at their Oar,  
 Content to work in prospect of the Shore ;  
 But would not work at all, if not constrain'd before. }  
 The other does not Liberty restrain ;  
 But Man may either act, or may refrain :  
 Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,  
 And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.  
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,  
 And Prescience only held the second Place.  
 If he could make such Agents wholly free,  
 I'll not dispute, the Point's too high for me :  
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can sound,  
 Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?  
 He made us to his Image, all agree,  
 That Image is the Soul, and that must be, }  
 Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.  
 But whether it were better Man had been  
 By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin, (the Fox.  
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock. Dryd. The Cock and  
 The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will,  
 Will to do what ? But what Heav'n first decreed :  
 Our Actions then are neither Good nor Ill,  
 Since from eternal Causes they proceed,  
 Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,  
 Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate,  
 Like Ships on Stormy Seas without a Guide,  
 Tost by the Winds, and driven by the Tide. Dryd. Span. Fry.  
 Hard State of Life ! since Heav'n foreknows my Will,  
 Why am I not ty'd up from doing ill ?  
 Why am I trusted with my self at large ?  
 When he's more able to sustain the Charge.  
 Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,  
 'Twould shew more Grace my Frailty to confine.  
 For knowing the Success, to leave me free,  
 Excuses him, and yet supports not me. Dryd. State of Inn.

## P R I E S T.

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train :  
 A awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.

His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,  
 And Charity it self was in his Face.  
 Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor;  
 As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador.  
 Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,  
 And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.  
 Nothing reserv'd, or fullen was to see;  
 But sweet Regards, and pleasing Sanctity:  
 Mild was his Accent; but his Action free.  
 With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd;  
 Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.  
 He bore his great Commission in his Look:  
 But sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all he spoke.  
 He taught the Gospel, rather than the Law;  
 And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.  
 For Fear but freezes Minds; but Love, like Heat,  
 Exhales the Soul sublime to seek her native Seat.  
 The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took;  
 But never su'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.  
 Yet of his little he had some to spare,  
 To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare.  
 And still he was at hand, without Request,  
 To serve the Sick, to Succour the Distress'd.  
 He duly watch'd his Flock, both Night and Day;  
 And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey,  
 But hungry sent the wily Fox away.  
 The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,  
 Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd:  
 His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought.  
 (A living Sermon of the Truths he taught)  
 Thus all might see the Doctrine which they heard:  
 For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,  
 The Gold of Heav'n who bear the God impress'd:  
 If they be foul, on whom the People trust,  
 Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.  
 With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,  
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd:  
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,  
 Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easie to be poor.

Quoth *Ralpho*, you mistake the Matter,  
 For in all Scruples of this Nature,  
 No Man includes himself, nor turns  
 The Point upon his own Concerns.  
 As no Man of his own self catches  
 The Itch, or amorous French Aches;  
 So no Man does himself convince

Dryd.

BY



By his own Doctrine of his Sins.

And 'tis not what we do, but say,

In Love and Preaching that must sway.

*Hud.*

Priesthood that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n:

Priesthood that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,

And forces us to pay for our own Cozenage:

Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,

Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,

And keeps the best for private Luxury. *Dryd. Troil. & Cress.*

The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray

For happy Omens, we their Price must pay:

In vain at Shrines th' ungiving Suppliant stands:

In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands.

Fat Off'rings are the Priesthood's only Care;

They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r:

Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,

And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

*Dryd. Cleom.*

For Gain has wonderful Effects,

T' improve the Factory of Sects;

The Rule of Faith in all Professions,

And Great Diana of th' Ephesians.

*Hud.*

For Priests of all Religions are the same:

Of whatsoe'er Descent their Godhead be,

Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedigree;

In his Defence his Servants are as bold,

As if he had been born of beaten Gold.

For 'tis their Duty, all the Learned think,

*(& Achit.*

T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink. *Dryd. Abs.*

I tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise,

They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels:

Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet;

The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,

Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

If we must pray,

Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,

Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice,

And not a Grey-beard forging Priest come there,

To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,

And with their Dotage mad the gaping World.

*Lee. OEdip.*

Why seek we Truth from Priests?

The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,

The Tradesmens Oaths, and Mourning of an Heir,

Are Truths to what Priests tell:

Oh why has Priesthood Privilege to lie,

And yet to be believ'd?

*Lee. OEdip.*

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?

Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?

D d 4

Were

Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,  
To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases?  
The Province of the Soul is large enough  
To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,  
And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch  
Be damn'd by your Neglect.

Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Employments,  
Abhorrent to your Function, and your Breeding?  
Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,  
Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys;  
What wonder is it if you know not Men?  
Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,  
And humble as your Discipline requires:  
But when let loose from thence to live at large,  
Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:  
Then Luxury succeeds, and set agog  
With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,  
You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast;  
Of all your College Virtues, nothing now  
But your original Ignorance remains.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,  
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face:  
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,  
When big they strut behind a double Chin?  
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,  
Aspiring to be venerably dull.  
No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,  
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance.  
But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,  
So wither green, and blossom in Decay.  
Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,  
'Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,  
And leave to tatter'd Crape, the Drudgery of Pray'r.

*Gar.*

But bloated with Ambition, Pride and Avarice,  
You swell to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms.  
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,  
And let this little hanging Ball alone;  
For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,  
And you, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe.

*Dryd. Don. Seb.*

Your Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,  
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.  
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,  
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,  
And living taught, and dying left behind.  
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,  
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born:  
They who contend for Place and high Degree,

*Are*

Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebedee*.

*Dryd.*

Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,  
Are silly, woful, awkward Politicians:  
They make lame Mischief, tho' they meant it well.  
Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,  
But Seams are courfly bungled up and seen.

*Dryd. Den Seb.*

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,  
That Grace is founded in Dominion.  
Great Piety consists in Pride;  
To rule is to be sanctify'd.  
To domineer and to controul  
Both o'er the Body, and the Soul,  
Is the most perfect Discipline  
Of Church Rule, and by Right Divine.  
*Bel* and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were  
More moderate than these by far.  
For they, poor Knaves were glad to cheat,  
To get their Wives and Children Meat.  
But these will not be fobb'd off so,  
They must have Wealth and Power too;  
Or else with Blood and Desolation,  
They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.  
Sure these themselves from Primitive  
And Heathen Priesthood do derive:  
When Butchers were the only Clerks,  
Elders and Presbyters of Kerks:  
Whose Directory was to kill,  
And some believe that 'tis so still.  
The only Difference is, that then  
They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.  
For then to sacrifice a Bullock,  
Or now and then a Child to *Molock*,  
They count a vile Abomination,  
But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

*Hud.*

### P R O M I S E.

Promises once made are past Debate;  
And Truth's of more Necessity than Fate.

*Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

It is no Scandal nor Aspersion,  
Upon a great and noble Person,  
To say, he nat'rally abhorr'd  
Th' old fashion'd Trick to keep his Word:  
Tho' 'tis Perfidiousness, and Shame,  
In meaner Men to do the same:  
For to be able to forget,  
Is found more useful to the Great,

Than



Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,  
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise. *Hud.*

PROTEUS.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode,  
The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God :  
High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,  
His Azure Car, and finny Coursers guides.

*Proteus* his Name.

Him, not alone the River Gods adore,  
But aged *Nereus* harkens to his Lore.  
With sure Foresight, and with unerring Doom  
He sees what is, and was, and is to come.  
This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep  
His scaly Flocks, that graze the watry Deep.  
When weary with his Toil and scorch'd with heat,  
The Wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat,  
With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him fast ;  
For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought,  
Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.  
The slipp'ry God will try to loose his Hold,  
And various Forms assume to cheat thy Sight,  
And with vain Images of Beasts affright.  
With foamy Tusks will seem a bristly Boar,  
Or imitate the Lion's angry roar ;  
Break out in crackling Flames to shun thy snares,  
Or hiss a Dragon, or a Tyger stares.  
Or with a Wile thy Caution to betray,  
In fleeting Screams attempt to slide away.  
Will weary all his Miracles of Lies,  
Till having shifted ev'ry Form to 'scape,  
Convinc'd of Conquest he resumes his Shape.

*Proteus's Cave.*

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies  
A large recess, conceal'd from human Eyes :  
Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,  
In form of War their watry Ranks divide,  
And there, like Centries set, without the Mouth abide.  
A Station safe for Ships, when Tempests roar,  
A silent Harbour, and a cover'd shore.  
Secure within resides the various God,  
And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode.  
His finny Flock about their Shepherd play,  
And rousing round him spirt the bitter Sea!

Unwieldily

Unwieldily they wallow first in Ooze,  
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.  
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,  
 Takes of his muster'd Flocks a just account :  
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom,  
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning home ;  
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,  
 Provoke the prowling Wolf to nightly War. *Dryd. Virg.*

## P R O V I D E N C E.

The holy Pow'r that cloaths the senseless Earth  
 With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs and verdant Grass,  
 Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation,  
 Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

P R U D E N C E. *See Wisdom.*

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,  
 And with Age purchas'd, art too dearly bought :  
 We're past the use of Wit for which we toil :  
 Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil. *Dryd. Auren.*

## P T G M T.

So when the *Pygmys* marshall'd on the Plains,  
 Wage puny War against th' invading Cranes,  
 The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,  
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air ;  
 But soon as e'er th' imperial Bird of *Jove*,  
 Stoops on his sounding Pinions from above :  
 Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,  
 And the *Strymonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds. *Gar.*

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield  
 The *Pygmy* takes, and strait attends the Field ;  
 And not one Warriour is a Foot in height :  
 The Fight's soon o'er ; the Cranes descend, and bear  
 The sprawling Warriours through the liquid Air. *Grav. Jasn.*

## Q U I E T.

In Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,  
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide :  
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,  
 That does not wish for Quiet here.  
 For Quiet, Friend ! the Soldier fights,  
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,

For

For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,  
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Orw. Hor.

### R A C E.

To their appointed Base the Rival Runners went,  
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,  
And starting all at once, the Barrier leave.  
Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,  
And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy View :  
Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd,  
Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haste ;  
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,  
Came *Salius*, and *Euryalus* behind ;  
Then *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,  
Step after step, and almost side by side :  
His shoulders pressing, and in longer Space  
Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.  
Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,  
When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,  
Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,  
Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly slain.  
The careless Victor had not mark'd his way,  
But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,  
His Heels flew up, and on the grassie Floor  
He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore,  
Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,  
Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity,  
He strove th' immediate Rival's Hope to cross,  
And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose ;  
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain,  
*Euryalus* springs out the Prize to gain,  
And leaves the Crowd : applauding Peals attend  
The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend. *Dryd. Vir.*

### R A G E. See Anger.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls.  
Like narrow Brooks, that rise with suddain showr's,  
It swells in Haste, and falls agen as soon.  
Still as it ebbs the softer Thoughts flow in,  
And the Deceiver Love supplies its place. *Rowe. Fair Pen.*  
His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,  
Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire. *Dryd.*  
Restless his Feet, distracted was his Walk,  
Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk ;

Mad



Mad as the vanquish'd Bull when forc'd to yield  
His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom move,  
Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above  
The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love.

*Dryd. Cleom.*

At first her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,  
But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud:

Mad as the Priestess of the Delphick God,  
Enthusiastick Passion swell'd her Breast,  
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form.

*Rowe. Fair Pen.*

Patience! Oh I've none!

Go bid the moving Plains of Sand stand still,  
And stir not when the stormy South blows high:  
From top to bottom thou hast tost my Soul,  
And now 'tis in the madness of the Whirl,  
Requir'st a sudden Stop.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

Madness! Confusion! let the Storm come on:  
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,  
Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it;  
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises.

*Rowe Fair Pen.*

Away! be gone! and give a Whirlwind room!

Or I will blow you up like Dust! Avaunt!

Madness but meanly represents my Toil!

Eternal Discord,

Fury, Revenge, Disdain, and Indignation

Tear my swollen Breast; make way for Fire and Tempest:

My Brain is burst; Debate and Reason quench'd.

The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart

Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the Winds,

Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

*Lee's Alex.*

Rage has no bounds in slighted Womankind.

*Dryd. Cleom.*

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force;

But give it way a while, and let it waste:

The rising Deluge is not stopp'd with Dams,

Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hopes of Harvest:

But wisely manag'd, its divided strength

Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.

And when its Force is spent and unsupply'd,

The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,

And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford. *Shak. Troil. & Cres.*

## RAINBOW.

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air  
Hangs Ev'ning Clouds, his sable Canvass, where  
His Pencil, dipt in heav'nly Colours, made  
Of intercepted Sun-beams, mix'd with Shade

Of

Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,  
Paints his fair Rainbow, charming to the Sight.

*Blac.*

R A P E.

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find;  
And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind:  
It is Resistance that enflames Desire,  
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire:  
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease,  
He languishes, and does not care to please:  
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard,  
With so much Care, to make Possession hard.

*Dryd. Auren.*

'Tis nobler, like a Lyon, to invade  
VWhere Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,  
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,  
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.  
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,  
I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots,  
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame.

*Rock. Val.*

To what a height did Infant *Rome*  
By ravishing of VWomen come?  
VWhen Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,  
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd.  
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd:  
Nor took the pains t' address and sue;  
Nor plaid the Masquerade to wooe.  
Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,  
Nor juggl'd about Settlements:  
Did need no Licence, nor no Priest,  
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist;  
Nor Lawyers to joyn Land and Money,  
In th' holy State of Matrimony;  
Nor would endure to stay until  
They'd got the very Bride's Good-will:  
But took a wife, and shorter course  
To win the Ladies, down-right Force:  
And when they had 'em at their pleasure,  
They talk'd of Love and Flames at leisure:  
For which the Dames, in Contemplation  
Of that best way of Application,  
Prov'd nobler VVives than e'er were known,  
By Suit or Treaty to be won:  
And such as all Posterity,  
Could never equal, or come nigh.  
Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*; soft Fire,

*They*

They say, does make sweet Malt ; Good Squire :

The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make  
Are false, and built upon Mistake.

*Hud.*

Force never yet a generous Breast did gain,  
We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.

Constraint in all things makes the Pleasure less,  
Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness. *Dryd. Mourn.*

## R E A S O N. *See Man.*

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars

To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,

Is Reason to the Soul : and as on high,

Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky,

Not light us here : so Reasons glimm'ring Ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,

But guide us upward to a better Day.

And as those nightly Tapers disappear,

When Days bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,

So pale grows Reason at Religion's Sight ;

So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural Light. *Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

For Reason is a Guide we must resign

When the Authority is Divine.

*Cowl.*

Reason, the Power to ghes at right and wrong !  
The twinkling Lamp

Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns ; *(Bride.*

Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. *Cong. Mourn.*

Reason was given to curb our Headstrong Will,

And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill ;

Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last ;

But stays to cure it when the worst is past :

Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone ;

But Youth is strong enough to walk alone. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Our Passions gone, and Reason in her Throne,

Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done :

After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,

The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.

*Wall.*

Oh why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,

To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense ?

'Tis overpois'd, and kick'd up in the Air ;

While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there :

Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away,

And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway :

Oh no ! our Reason was not vainly lent,

Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent :

If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,

An easy King deserves no better Fate.

*Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

RELIGION.



## RELIGION.

The common Cry is ever Religion's Test ;  
 The Turk's is at *Constantinople* best ;  
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;  
 And our own Worship only true at home :  
 And true but for the time ; 'tis hard to know  
 How long we please it shall continue so.  
 This Side to day, and that to morrow burns ;  
 So all are God's A'mighty in their turns.

Dryd.

Turning of Religion's made  
 The means to turn and wind a Trade,  
 And tho' some change it for a worse,  
 They put themselves into a Course.  
 For all Religions flock together  
 Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather.  
 Hence 'tis Hypocrisie as well,  
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as Zeal :  
 As Persecution or Promotion  
 Do equally advance Devotion.

Hud.

To prove Religion true  
 If either Wit or Suff'rings could suffice,  
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise ;  
 And yet, ev'n they, by Education sway'd,  
 In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

All Faiths are to their own Believers just,  
 For none believe, because they will, but must. Dryd. Tyr. Love  
 By Education most have been misled,  
 So they believe, because they so were bred.  
 The Priest continues what the Nurse began,  
 And thus the Child imposes on the Man. Dryd. Hind and Panth.

Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
 Sun-shine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,  
 On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths,  
 And (tho by several Names and Titles worship'd)  
 Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praise ;  
 Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
 One best, one greatest, only Lord of All.

Rowe Tamerl.

All under various Names adore and love  
 One Power Immense, which ever rules above. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

## REPENTANCE.

These Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition,  
 And Penitence. Is it become an Art then ?  
 A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-men

Can

Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't.

I have more real Anguish in my Heart,

Than all their Pedant Discipline e'er knew.

*Rowe Fair Pen.*

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid,

As to express my Guilt.

*Dryd. all for Love.*

Some Solitary Cloister will I chuse,

And there with holy Virgins live immur'd :

Course my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep;

Broke by the Melancholy Midnight Bell

There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life;

To lengthen out the payment of my Tears :

Fasting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer,

Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice ev'ry hour;

Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the last shall say,

Now let her dye, for she has griev'd enough.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Let that Night,

That guilty Night be blotted from the Year ;

Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know't.

Let it be dark and desolate : no Stars

To glitter o'er it : Let it wish for Light,

Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn :

For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame.

*Rowe Fair Pen.*

This fatal Form, that drew on my undoing,

Fasting and Tears and Hardship shall destroy ;

Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,

Nor ought that may continue hated Life.

Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,

Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my Cave,

On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,

Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,

At length her Tears has wash'd her Stains away.

At length 'tis time her Punishment shou'd cease;

Dye then poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace. *Rowe Fair Pen.*

Let VVretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,

Bow with the VVeight, and groan beneath the Burthen,

Creep with the Remnant of the Strength I've left,

Before the Footstool of the Heav'n they've injur'd. *Otw. Ven Pres.*

Oh my Offence is rank ! it smells to Heav'n ;

It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,

A Brother's Murther ! Pray, I cannot,

Tho' Inclination be as strong as VVill,

My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent,

And like a Man, to double purpose bound,

I stand in Pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect : What if this cursed Hand

Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,

Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n,  
 To wash it white as Snow? whereto serves Mercy,  
 But to confront the Visage of Offence?  
 And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,  
 To be forestalled e'er we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:  
 My Fault is past! But oh what Form of Prayer,  
 Can serve my Turn? Forgive me my foul Murther!

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murther!  
 My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.  
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?

*Shak. Haml.*

No! while our former Flames remain within,  
 Repentance is but want of Power to sin.

*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

In the corrupted Currents of this VVorld,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice:  
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self  
 Buys out the Law: but 'tis not so above.  
 There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies  
 In its true Nature; and we our selves compell'd  
 Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,  
 To give in Evidence: what then? what rests?  
 Try what Repentance can! what can it not?  
 Yet what can it, when one cannot Repent?  
 Oh wretched State! Oh Bosom black as Death!  
 Oh limed Soul! that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd: Help, Angels! make Essay!  
 Bow stubborn Knees; and Heart with strings of Steel,  
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe;  
 All may be well.

*Shak. Haml.*

For true Repentance never comes too late;  
 As soon as born, she makes her self a Shrowd,  
 The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud;  
 And swift as Thought her Airy Journey takes,  
 Her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trembling strikes,  
 The Stars do with Amazement on her Look,  
 She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,  
 That Angels start from Bliss, and give a Groan.

*Lee Mas. of Paris.*

So cheers some Pious Saint a dying Sinner,  
 VVho trembled at the thoughts of pains to come,  
 VVith Heav'n's forgiveness, and the Loves of Mercy:  
 At length the tumult of his Soul appeas'd,  
 And ev'ry Doubt, and anxious Scruple eas'd;  
 Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road,  
 The Peace, his holy Comforter bestow'd,  
 Guides and protects him like a Guardian God.

*Rome Tamerl. 3*

R E-



## R E P U T A T I O N.

Good Name in Man or Woman,  
 Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls :  
 Who steals my Pusse, steals trash : 'tis something, nothing ;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been Slave to thousands.  
 But he that filches from me my good Name,  
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

*Shak. Orhel.*

## R E S U R R E C T I O N.

Th' Arch-Angel's Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground :  
 The startled Dead awaken at the sound :  
 The Grave resigns her antient Spoils, and all  
 Death's Adamantine Prisons burst and fall :  
 The Souls that did their forc'd departure mourn,  
 To the same Bodies with swift Flight return.  
 The crowding Atoms re-unite apace,  
 All without Tumult know, and take their Place.  
 Th' assembled Bones leap quick into their Frame,  
 And the warm Blood renews a brighther Flame.  
 The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Heats,  
 While its old task the beating Heart repeats.  
 The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,  
 Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.  
 The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around  
 The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.  
 Hard-twisted Nerves new-brace, and faster bind  
 The close-knit Joynts, no more to be disjoyn'd.  
 Strong new-spun threads immortal Muscles make,  
 That justly fix'd, their ancient Figure take.  
 Brisk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart  
 Thro' their known Channels thence to ev'ry Part.  
 The Men now draw their long forgotten Breath,  
 And striving, break th' unweildy Chains of Death.  
 Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave resorts,  
 And rifles Death's inhospitable Courts.  
 Its Vigour, through those dark Dominions spread,  
 From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.  
 Now ripe Conceptions through the Earth abound,  
 And new-sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.  
 The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb  
 Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.  
 Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,  
 And all that Prophets or Apostles louder spake,

*Blat.**And*

And all the Creatures plain conspiring Voice  
 Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake;  
 This mightier Sound shall make,  
 VVhen dead arise;  
 And open Tombs, and open eyes,  
 To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years,  
 This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.  
 Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come  
 Back to their ancient home;  
 Some from Birds, from Fishes some,  
 Some from Earth, and some from Seas,  
 Some from Beasts, and some from Trees,  
 Some descend from Clouds on high,  
 Some from Metals upward fly,  
 And where th' attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,  
 Meet, salute, and joyn their Hands;  
 As dispers'd Souldiers at the Trumpet's Call,  
 Haste to their Colours all;  
 Unhappy most, like tortur'd Men,  
 Their Joynts new-set, to be new-rack'd agen.  
 To Mountains they for shelter pray,  
 The Mountains shake, and run about, no less confus'd than they. (Cow!)

## R E T R E A T.

Encompass'd with a VVood of Spears around,  
 The Lordly Lion still maintains his ground:  
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,  
 Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane;  
 He loses, while in vain he presses on,  
 Nor will his Courage let him dare to run;  
 So *Turnus* fares: And, unresolv'd of Flight,  
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from Fight.  
 Disdains to yield,  
 And with slow paces measures back the Field,  
 And inches to the Walls.

Dryd. Virg.

## R E V E N G E.

Exalted *Socrates*! Divinely brave!  
 Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave;  
 He drank the poys'nous Draught,  
 With Mind serene, and could not wish to see  
 His vile Accuser drink as deep as he.  
 Too noble for Revenge! which still we find  
 The weakest frailty of a feeble Mind.  
 Degenerous Passion, and for Man too base,

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It seats its Empire in the Female Race:  
There rages, and to make its blow secure,  
Puts Flatt'ry on until its aim be sure.

*Cre. Fur.*

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains,  
He meditates Revenge who least complains.  
And like a Lyon, slumb'ring in his way,  
Or sleep dissembling while he waits his Prey,  
His fearless Foes within his distance draws,  
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his Paws;  
Till at the last, his time for Fury found  
He shoots with suddain Vengeance from the ground:  
The prostrate Vulgar passes o'er and spares,  
But with a Lordly Rage his Hunters tears. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Revenge is but a frailty Incident  
To craz'd and sickly Minds; the poor Content  
Of little Souls, unable to surmount  
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

*Oldh.*

Now I will do it; now he is praying,  
And now I'll do it, and so he goes to Heav'n!  
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd.  
A Villain kills my Father, and for that  
His foul Son do this same Villain send  
To Heav'n! O this is Hire and Sallary, not Revenge.  
He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,  
With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as May;  
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heav'n?  
But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,  
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd  
To take him in the purging of his Soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his Passage?  
No! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent,  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,  
Or in th' incestuous Pleasure of his Bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some Act  
That has no Relish of Salvation in it,  
Then trip him that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,  
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black  
As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as swift  
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,  
Will sweep to my Revenge.

*Shak. Haml.*

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

A Base Revenge is Vengeance on my self.

Revenge, at first tho' sweet,  
Bitter e'er long back on itself recoils.

*Milt.*

#### R H E T O R I C I A N.

For Rhetorick, he could not ope  
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:



And when he happen'd to break off  
 I'th' middle of his Speech, or cough,  
 H' had hard words ready to shew why,  
 And tell what Rules he did it by.  
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.  
 For all a Rhetorician's Rules,  
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

Hud.

## R H Y M E.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses, (Hud.  
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.  
 And those who write in Rhyme, still make  
 The one Verse for the other's sake;  
 For one for Sense, and one for Rhyme,  
 I think's sufficient at one time.

Hud.

## R I C H E S.

Greatness of Mind, and Fortune too,  
 Both their several Parts must do,  
 In the noble Chace of Fame;  
 This without that is blind, that without this is lame.  
 Nor is fair Virtue's Picture seen aright,  
 But in Fortune's golden Light.  
 Riches alone are of uncertain Date;  
 And on short Man long cannot wait.  
 The Virtuous make of them the best;  
 And put them out to Fame for Interest:  
 With a frail Good they wisely buy  
 The solid Purchase of Eternity.  
 'Tis Madness sure Treasures to hoard,  
 And make them useless as in Mines remain,  
 To lose th' occasion Fortune does afford,  
 Fame and publick Love to gain.  
 Of all the Vows the first and chief Request,  
 Of each, is to be richer than the rest:  
 And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,  
 He dreads no Poyson in his homely Bowl:  
 Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine  
 Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.  
 The fearful Passenger, who travels late,  
 Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry Plate;  
 Shakes at the Moon-shine shadow of a Rush,  
 And sees a Red-coat rise from ev'ry Bush.  
 The Beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the Place

Cowl. Pind.

Cowl. Pind.

Beset

Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.

*Dryd. Juv.*

Fond Men, by Passions wilfully betray'd,  
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made :  
Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,  
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare ;  
And having all, all to our selves refuse,  
Oppress'd with Blessings, which we fear to lose ;  
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,  
If our Abundance makes us wish for more.

*Rosc.*

### A R I D I N G.

First, he that led the Cavalcade,  
Wore a Sow-gelder's Flagellet :  
On which he blew as strong a Lever,  
As well-feed Lawyer on his Breviate,  
When over one anothers Heads,  
They charge, three Ranks at once, like *Swedes*.  
Next Pans, and Kettles of all Keys,  
From Trebles down to double Base;  
And after them upon a Nag,  
That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,  
A Cornet rode, and on a Staff,  
A Smock display'd did proudly wave :  
Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,  
With snuffling broken-winded Tones,  
Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,  
Look filthier than that from Gut;  
And make a viler noise than Swine,  
In windy Weather when they whine.  
Next one upon a pair of Panniers,  
Full fraught with that which for good Manners  
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,  
Which he dispens'd among the Swains :  
Then, mounted on a horned Horse,  
One bore a Gauntlet, and gilt Spurs,  
Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword,  
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.  
Next after on a raw-bon'd Sreed,  
The Cong'ror's Standard-bearer rid,  
And bore aloft before the Champion,  
A Petticoat display'd and Rampant.  
Next whom the *Amazon* Triumphant  
Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't,  
Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,  
The Warriour whilom overcome;  
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,

E c 4

Which

VVhich, as he rode, she made him twist off :  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder  
 Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.  
 Before the Dame, and round about,  
 March'd VVhiffles and Staffiers on Foot,  
 VVith Lacqueys, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,  
 In fit and proper Equipages ;  
 Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links,  
 Before the proud Virago-minx :  
 That was both Madam, and a Don,  
 Like *Nero's Sporus*, or Pope *Joan* :  
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout  
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous shout.

Hud.

But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder  
 On such Sights with judicious VVonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His Animadversions for his Heart :  
 Quoth he, in all my Life till now  
 I ne'er saw so prophane a Show :  
 It is a Paganish Invention,  
 Which Heathen Writers often mention ;  
 And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,  
 I warrant him, and understood him ;  
 With all the *Grecian Speeds* and *Stows*,  
 That best describe those ancient Shôws.

Hud

## R I V A L S.

O Love ! thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain ;  
 And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign ;  
 Tyrants, and Thou, all Fellowship disdain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear ;  
 All precious things are still preserv'd with fear. *Dryd. Auren.*  
 Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth  
 Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth. *Sed. Ant. & Cle.*  
 Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,  
 Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd ;  
 Now Friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,  
 But when they met they made a surly stand ;  
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,  
 And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
*Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love !  
*Roxana* clasps my Monarch in her Arms !  
 Doats on my Conq'ror, my dear Lord, my King !  
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses !  
 She grasps him all ! She, the curs'd happy she !  
 By Heav'n, I cannot bear it : 'tis too much !

I'll



I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.  
 I will have Remedy, I will, I will,  
 Or grow distracted: Madness may throw off  
 This mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion. *Lee. Alex.*

My Life! my Soul! my All! *Octavia* has him!  
 O fatal Name to *Gleopatra's* Love!  
 My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers. *Dryd. all for Love.*

Methinks I see her yonder! O the Torment!  
 Busie for Bliss, and full of Expectation;  
 She adorns her Head, and gives her Eyes new lustre,  
 Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks,  
 Steps to the Door, and listens for his coming;  
 Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes:  
 Then lays the Pillow easie for his Head,  
 Warms it with sighs, and moulds it with her kisses.  
 Oh I am lost! torn with Imagination!  
 Kill me; *Cassander*, kill me instantly,  
 That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils. *Lee. Alex.*

#### R I V E R. See Creation. Garden of Eden.

*Thames*, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons  
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;  
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,  
 Like mortal Life, to meet Eternity.  
 Tho' with those Streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;  
 His genuine, and less guilty Wealth t' explore,  
 Search not his Bottom but survey his Shore:  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing Spring;  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like Mothers, who their Infants overlay;  
 Nor with a suddain and impetuous Wave,  
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave.  
 No unexpected Inundations spoil  
 The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil.  
 But, God-like, his unweari'd Bounty flows,  
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.  
 Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,  
 But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;  
 When he to boast, or to dispense his Stores,  
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,  
 Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs,  
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.  
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream  
 My great Example, as it is my Theam!

Tho'

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;  
 Strong, without Rage; without o'erflowing, full.  
 Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,  
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost:  
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,  
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

Denh.

The fair *Medvaga* that with wanton Pride  
 Forms Silver Mazes with her crooked Tide.

Blac.

Its wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,  
 Still forming Reedy Islands as it goes.

Blac.

The fair *Neella* rousls her noble Tide,  
 And o'er the Meads unfolds her Silver Pride.

Blac.

Fair *Liger*, the *Armorick* Region's Pride,  
 Does through the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,  
 And rolls his Silver Volumes by its side.

Blac. }

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timarvus* raves;  
 And thro' nine Channels disembogues his Waves.

Dryd. Virg.

And *Lycus* swallow'd up, is seen no more,  
 But far from thence knocks out another Door.

Thus *Erasinus* Dives, and blind in Earth  
 Runs on, and gropes his way to second Birth:

Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his locks  
 Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.

Dryd. Ovid.

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,  
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands:

And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown,  
 And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

(Ovid.

Dryd.

There *Po* first issues from his dark abodes,  
 And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.  
 Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,  
 And his grim Face a Bull's resemblance bears.

With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,  
 And fattens, as he runs, the fruitful Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took its Course;  
 With Whirlpool dimpled, and with downward Force  
 That drove the Sand along, he took his way,  
 And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.

About him, and above, and round the Wood,  
 The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,  
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side.

To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.

Dryd. Virg.

When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,  
 Or Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains,  
 The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks secure  
 Their greedy hopes: and this he can endure;  
 But if with Bays and Dams, they strive to force  
 His Channel to a new, or narrow Course.

No longer then within his Banks he dwells,

First

First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:  
 Stronger and fiercer by Restraint, he roars ;  
 And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores. *Denh.*

Thus rising in his Might, the King of Floods  
 Rush'd through the Forests, tore the lofty Woods ;  
 And rousing onward with a sweepy Sway,  
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away. *Dryd. Virg.*

## R O C K.

A pointed Flinty Rock, all bare and black,  
 Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's back :  
 Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,  
 Here built their Nests, and hither wing'd their Flight.  
 The leaning Head hung threatening o'er the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,  
 There stands a Rock : the raging Billows roar  
 Above his Head in Storms, but when 'tis clear,  
 Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his foot appear.  
 In Peace below the gentle Waters run ;  
 The Cormorants above lie basking in the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Rock that braves  
 The raging Tempest, and the rising Waves :  
 Propp'd on himself he stands, his solid sides  
 Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the sounding Tides. *Dryd. Virg.*

See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky ;  
 About whose Feet such heaps of Rubbish lie ;  
 Such Indigested Ruin : black and bare,  
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,  
 To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,  
 From his proud Summit looking down, disdains  
 Their empty Monarch, and unmov'd remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

## R O S E.

Go, lovely Rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her Time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd ;  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In Desarts, where no Men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.  
 Then die, that she

The



The common Fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee :  
 How small a part of Time they share,  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Wall.

## R O W I N G.

Four Gallies first which equal Rowers bear,  
 Advancing in the Wat'ry Lifts appear.  
 Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar,  
 Three Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore:  
 Benath their sturdy Stroaks the Billows roar.  
 The common Crew, with Wreath of Poplar Boughs  
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.  
 Besmear'd with Oyl their naked Shoulders shine,  
 All take their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.  
 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast,  
 Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.  
 The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,  
 At once they start, advancing in a Line ;  
 With Shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies ;  
 Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise,  
 Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.  
 Exact in Time with equal Stroaks they Row ;  
 At once the brushing Oars, and brazen Prow,  
 Dash up the Sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below.  
 Not fiery Coursers, in a Chariot Race,  
 Invade the Field with half so swift a pace ;  
 Not the fierce Driver with more Fury lends  
 The sounding Lash, and e'er the Stroke descends,  
 Low to the Wheel his pliant Body bends.  
*Gyas* out-strip'd the rest, and sprung before :  
*Cleanthus*, better Mann'd, pursu'd him fast,  
 But his o'er-masted Galley check'd his Haste.  
 The *Centaur* and the *Delphin* brush the Brine,  
 With equal Oars advancing in a Line.  
 And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,  
 And now the speedy *Dolphin* gets ahead :  
 Now Board to Board the Rival Vessels Row :  
 The Billows lave the Sky, and Ocean groans below.  
 They reach'd the Mark; Proud *Gyas* and his Train,  
 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.  
 But Steering round he charg'd his Pilot stand  
 More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand.  
 Let others bear to Sea : the Pilot heard,  
 But secret Shelves too cautiously he fear'd,  
 And, fearing, sought the Deep, and still aloof he Steer'd.

With

With louder Cries the Captain calls again ;  
 Bear to the Rocky Shoar, and shun the Main.  
 He spake, and speaking, at his Stern he saw  
 The bold *Cleanthus* near the Shelvings draw ;  
 Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* stood,  
 And in a closer Compass plough'd the Flood.  
 He pass'd the Mark, and wheeling got before ;  
*Gyas* blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore,  
 Then seiz'd the Helm himself; his fellows cheer'd,  
 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly Steer'd.  
 The following *Centaur*, and the *Dolphin's* Crew,  
 Their vanish'd Hopes of Victory renew ;  
 While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race  
 To reach the Mark, *Sergesthus* takes the Place,  
*Mnestheus* pursues, and while around they wind,  
 Comes up, not half his Gally's length behind.  
 Th' Exert their Vigour ; tug the lab'ring Oar.  
 Stretch to their Strokes.  
 Now one and all they tug amain, they row  
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen Prow.  
 The Sea beneath 'em sinks, their lab'ring Sides  
 Are swell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.  
 Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd success ;  
*Sergesthus*, eager with his Beak to press  
 Betwixt the Rival Galley and the Rock,  
 Shuts up th' unweildy *Centaur* in the Lock.  
 The Vessel Struck, and with the dreadful shock,  
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke ;  
 The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,  
 And anxious for themselves renounce the Prize.  
 With Iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,  
 And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.  
 The Crew of *Mnestheus* with elated Minds  
 Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds,  
 They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid way  
 In larger Compass on the roomy Sea :  
*Sergesthus* in the *Centaur* soon he Rais'd,  
 Wedg'd in the Rocky Shoales, and sticking fast,  
 In vain the Victor lie with Cries implores,  
 And practises to row with shatter'd Oars.  
 Then *Mnestheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies ;  
 The Ship without a Pilot yields the Prize :  
 Unvanquish'd *Scylla* now alone remains  
 Her he pursues, and all his Vigour strains.  
 Resol'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace ;  
 All obstinate to die, or gain the Race.

Rais'd with Success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran;  
 (For they can conquer, who believe they can)  
 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies;  
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize.  
 But old *Portunus*, with his breadth of Hand,  
 Push'd on, and sped the *Scylla* to the Land:  
 Swift as a Shaft, or winged Wind she flies,  
 And, darting to the Port, obtains the Prize,

Dryd. Virg.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current stem,  
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream;  
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,  
 Then down the Flood, with headlong Haste they drive.

(Virg.

Dryd.

## R U M O U R.

Rumour is a Pipe,  
 Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures,  
 And of so easie and so plain a Stop,  
 That the blind Monster with uncounted Heads,  
 The still discordant wav'ring Multitude  
 Can play upon't.

Shak. Hen. 4.

## S A I L I N G. See Paradise.

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topsails loos'd, a Gale  
 Sprung up, and swell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail;  
 Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Vessels laves,  
 Which with sharp Keels, cut through the foaming Waves.

Blac.

The Wind suffic'd the Sail;  
 The belling Canvas strutted with the Gale.

Dryd.

Ent'ring with chearful Shouts the watry Reign,  
 And ploughing frothy Furrows on the Main.

Dryd. Virg.

The houl'ing Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,  
 And the tall Ships their spacious Wings display'd.  
 They spoom'd away before the shoving Wind,  
 And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.

Blac.

They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,  
 All Hands aloft, for *Creet*, for *Creet*, they cry,  
 And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly.

Dryd. Virg.

Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound,  
 An empty space above, a floating Field around.

Dryd. Virg.

There rose a gentle Breeze,  
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy Seas:  
 The rising Winds a rustling Gale afford,  
 And call the merry Marriner aboard.  
 They slip their Haulsers.

Fresh Gales arise; with equal strokes they vie,

And



And brush the Buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,  
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride.

*Blac.*

Stand to yuor Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars;  
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind.  
Now shift your Sails.

Tack to the *Larboard*, and stand off to Sea :  
Veer *Starboard* Sea and Land.

Before the Wind

They skud amain, and make the Port assign'd.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Their Anchors dropt, his Crew the Vessel moor;

They turn their Heads to Sea ; their Sterns to Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Sure he who first the Passage try'd,  
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,  
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side :  
Or his at least, in hollow Wood  
Who tempted first the briny Flood :  
Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar,  
Nor Billows, beating on the Shore.  
Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,  
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.  
What Face of Death could him affright,  
Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,  
Cou'd view the Surges Mountain-steep,  
And Monsters rolling in the Deep ?  
Cou'd through the Ranks of Ruin go,  
With Storms above, and Rocks below.  
In vain did Nature's wise Command  
Divide the Waters from the Land,  
If daring Ships, and Men Profane  
Invade th' inviolable Main :  
Th' Eternal Fences over-leap,  
And pass at will the boundless Deep.  
No Toil, no hardships can restrain  
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain :  
The more confin'd, the more he tries,  
And at forbidden Quarry flies.

*Dryd. Hor.*

#### S A L M O N E U S.

*Salmonius* suff'ring cruel Pains I found,  
For emulating *Jove*, the ratling Sound  
Of Mimick Thunder ; and the glitt'ring Blaze  
Of pointed Lightning and their forked Rays.  
Thro' *Elis* and the *Greusian* Towns he flew,  
Th' audacious Wretch four fiery Coursers drew,  
He wav'd a Torch aloft, and madly vain,

Sought

Sought Godlike-Worship from a Servile Train :  
 Audacious Fool ! with horny Hoofs to pass  
 O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brass :  
 To rival Thunder in its rapid Course,  
 And imitate inimitable Force.  
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on High,  
 Bar'd his right Arm, and lanching from the Sky,  
 His writhen bolt, not shaking empty Smoak,  
 Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook. *Dryd. Virg.*

Planet of S A T U R N.

Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my place  
 Till length of Time, and move with tardy Pace:  
 Man feels me when I press th' Æthereal Plains,  
 My hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.  
 Mine is the Ship-wreck in a wat'ry Sign;  
 And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.  
 Cold shiv'ring Agues, Melancholy Care,  
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poyson'd Air,  
 Are mine, and wilfull Death, resulting from Despair. }  
 The Throtling Quinsy 'tis my Star appoints,  
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the joynts:  
 When Churls Rebell against their Native Prince,  
 I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence.  
 And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign,  
 Bought Senates, and Deserting Troops are mine.  
 Mine is the privy Poys'ning, I command  
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.  
 By me King's Palaces are pulh'd to Ground,  
 And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines are found.  
 'Twas I slew *Sampson*, wen the Pillar'd Hall  
 Fell down, and crush'd the many with the Fall;  
 My looking is the Sire of Pestilence,  
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

S C A N D A L.

There is a Lust in Man, no Charm can tame,  
 Of loudly publishing his Neighbours Shame:  
 On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,  
 While virtuous Actions are but born and die. *Harv. Juv.*

S C H O O L - M E N.

In School-Divinity as able  
 As he that hight *irrefragable*. *Pro-*

Profound in all the nominal,  
 And real Ways beyond them all ;  
 And with as delicate a Hand  
 Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand ;  
 And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull  
 That's empty when the Moon's at full ;  
 Such as take Lodgings in a Head,  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He could raise Scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice.  
 As if Divinity had catch'd  
 The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;  
 Or, like a Mountebank, did wound,  
 And stab her self with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small Pain  
 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;  
 Altho' by woful Proof we find  
 They always leave a Scar behind.  
 He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what Degree it lies,  
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it  
 Below the Moon, or else above it.  
 What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride  
 Came from her Closet in his Side :  
 Whether the Devil tempted her  
 By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter.  
 If either of them had a Navel,  
 Who first made Musick malleable.  
 Whether the Serpent at the Fall  
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.  
 All this without a Gloss or Comment  
 He could unriddle in a Moment ;  
 In proper Terms, such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out, and miss the Matter.

Hud.

## S C O R N.

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,  
 In Tempests and rough Seas Love's Galley row :  
 They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find  
 Their Sighs increase the angry Wind.  
 As Water fluid is till it does grow  
 Solid and fix'd by Snow ;  
 So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow :  
 Frost only can it hold,  
 A Woman's Rigour and Disdain  
 Does its sweet Course restrain ;

Cool.

F f

But



But when kind Beams appear,  
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,  
And loses it self there:  
So the Sun's am'rous Play  
Kisses the Ice away.

Cowl.

Thus some the harsher and hide-bounder  
The Damsels prove, become the fonder,  
For what mad Lover ever dy'd  
To gain a soft and gentle Bride?  
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,  
In purling Streams or Hemp departed?  
But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,  
Th' amorous Fly burnt in his Flame.

Hud.

## S C U L P T U R E. See Statues.

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bestow,  
Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.

Cowl.

In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,  
By three fierce Tygers and three Lions born,  
Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:  
Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar,  
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.

Cowl.

## S C Y L L A and C H A R Y B D I S.

In the Streights,  
Where proud *Pelorus* opes a wider way,  
Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides,  
*Charybdis* roaring, on the left presides,  
And in her greedy Whirlpool sucks the Tides:  
Then spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,  
The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n:  
But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,  
The sinking Vessels in her Eddy draws,  
Then dashes on the Rocks: a humane Face,  
And Virgin-Bosom hide her Tail's Disgrace.  
Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,  
With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end.

}

Dryd. Virg.

S E A. See Creation. Rowing. Sailing. Storm. Tempest.

The Sea it self smooths its rough Face a while,  
Flat'ring the greedy Merchant with a smile;  
But he whose Shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,  
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.

Cowl.

S E A,

S E A, divided for a Passage to the *Israelites*.

Commanded by thy Breath, th' obsequious Main  
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train,

Th' Almighty did the Sea divide,  
And as he rends the Hills, he split the Tide:  
Benumb'd with Fear, the Waves erected stood,  
O'erlooking all the distant Flood.

Mountains of craggy Billows did arise,  
And Rocks of stiffen'd Water reach'd the Skies.  
Remoter Waves came rolling on to see

The strange transforming Mystery.

But they, approaching near,  
Where the high Crystal Ridges did appear,  
Felt the divine Contagion's Force,  
Mov'd slothfully a while, and then quite stop'd their Course;  
Th' *Egyptians* cry'd, Let us pursue the flying Slaves,  
We'll bathe the Desert with a purple Flood,  
And heal its gaping Wounds with *Hebrew* Blood.

S E R P E N T. See Creation. Paradise. Snake.

With speckled Pride

A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide:  
His huge Bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,  
Blue was his breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold.  
Thus, riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass,  
A rowling Fire along, and singe the Grass:  
More various Colours through his Body run,  
Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Two Serpents roul'd abreast, the Seas divide,  
And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.  
Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show;  
Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below:  
Their speckl'd Tails advance to steer their Course;  
And on the sounding Shore the flying Bilows force.  
And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,  
Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd;  
Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,  
And lick'd their hissing Jaws that sputter'd Flame.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Serpent tempting Eve.*

The Serpent, sleeping fast, the Devil found  
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-rowl'd,  
His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles;

F f 2

Not

Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Nor nocent yet; but on the grassy Herb  
 Fearless, unfear'd he slept: in at his Mouth  
 He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*  
 Address'd his Way, not with indented Wave,  
 Prone on the Ground, as since; but on his rear  
 Circular Base of rising Folds, that tow'r'd  
 Fold above Fold, a surging Maze: His Head  
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Grass  
 Floated redundant:

With Tract oblique,  
 At first, as one who sought Access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his Way;  
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought  
 Nigh Rivers Mouth, or Foreland, where the Wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail;  
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train  
 Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in sight of *Eve*,  
 To lure her Eye,  
 Then as in gaze admiring, oft he bow'd  
 His Turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
 Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon she trod.  
 Lead on, said *Eve*; he leading swiftly rowl'd  
 In Tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To Mischief swift: Hope elevates, and Joy  
 Brightens his Crest.

Milt.

*Hercules killing the Serpents.*

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,  
 Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurfes Hands:  
 When lo! by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,  
 Two dreadful Serpents come  
 Rowling, and hissing loud, into the Room.  
 To the bold Babe they trace their bidden way,  
 Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went, (sent,  
 Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts pre-  
 The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd  
 At his gay gilded Foes,  
 And as their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,  
 With his young warlike Hands on both he seiz'd,  
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,  
 In vain their armed Tails they twist,  
 And angry Circles cast about,  
 Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and pois'nous Soul he squeezes out.

(Cowl. Pind.)

SHADE.



## S H A D E.

Behold *Alexis*! see this gloomy Shade,  
Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made:  
Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,  
But Night, succeeding Night, excludes the Day:  
Where never Birds with Harmony repair,  
And lightsome Notes to cheer the dusky Air;  
To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,  
By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning *Philomel*!  
No Vi'let here, or Daffie e'er was seen,  
No sweetly budding Flow'r, nor springing Green:  
For fragrant Myrtle and the blushing Rose,  
Here baleful Yew, with deadly Cypress grows.

Cong.

Here highest Woods, impenetrable  
To Sun or Starlight, spread their Umbrage broad,  
And brown as Evening.

Milt.

So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,  
That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there:  
Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray,  
That lost it self in wandring from the Day:  
Which serv'd not to refresh, but to affright,  
Not to dispell, but to disclose the Night.

Blac.

A Green-wood shade, for long Religion known,  
Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,  
Which added holy Horror to the Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

## S H I P. See Deluge.

*Guyomar*. As far as I could cast my Eyes  
Upon the Sea, something methought did rise,  
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,  
Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the Shore;  
The Object I could first distinctly view,  
Was tall streight Trees, which on the Waters flew,  
Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,  
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow;  
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,  
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas?

*Montezuma*. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods! are these,  
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas?  
Came they alive, or dead upon the Shore?

*Guyom*. Alas! they liv'd too sure, I heard 'em roar:  
All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,  
I saw their words break out in Fire and Smoak.  
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,

Or these the younger Brothers of the Sky :  
Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,  
No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

*Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Behold a stately Ship

Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this way sailing,  
With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd and Streamers waving,  
Courted by all the Winds that hold them Play.

*Milt.*

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,  
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind :  
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,  
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon :  
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows ;  
And then again he curst'd down so low,  
I could not see him ; till at last, all sidelong  
With a great Crack, his Belly burst in pieces.

*Shak. Temp.*

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail  
Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,  
Both opposite ; and neither long prevail :  
She feels a double Force, by turns obeys  
Th' imperious Tempest, and impetuous Seas.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

### S I C K N E S S.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* still impairs,  
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares,  
Swoll'n is his Breast, his inward Pains increase ;  
All Means are us'd, and all without Success.

The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,  
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art :  
The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,  
Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void ;  
The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,  
All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell ;

Nor can the good receive, nor bad expell.  
Those breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,  
With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast  
Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,  
Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxative.

The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd, *( & Arc. )*  
When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void. *Dryd. Pal.*

Physicians had forsaken his Cure :

All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,  
The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature  
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away.

*Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,  
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,

*And*

And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;  
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains.  
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,  
 Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way;  
 Her Fate's like *Semele's*: the Flames destroy  
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.  
 Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,  
 Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade:  
 Her Skin has lost that Lustre, which surpass'd  
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last.  
 Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,  
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.  
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,  
 And *Sickness* triumphs in the Throne of *Love*.

Norm.

Ah! lovely *Amoret*, the Care  
 Of all that know what's good or fair!  
 Is Heav'n become our Rival too?  
 With such a Grace you entertain,  
 And look with such contempt on Pain,  
 That languishing you conquer more,  
 And wound us deeper than before.  
 So Lightnings which in Storms appear,  
 Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.  
 And as pale *Sickness* does invade  
 Your frailer Part, the Breaches made  
 In that fair Lodging, still more clear  
 Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.  
 So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,  
 Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,  
 From their fair Limbs exposing new  
 And unknown Beauties to the View  
 Of following Gods, increase their Flame,  
 And Haste to catch the flying Game.

Wall.

S I G H. See Tears.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,  
 That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,  
 And end his Being.

She drew a Length of Sighs.  
 Sigh'd from her inward Soul.

*Shak. Haml.*  
*Dryd. Virg.*  
*Dryd. Virg.*

All around

A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.

Dryd.

Then such deep sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,

As if his sorrowful Soul

Had crack'd the Strings of Life and burst away.

Lee OEdip.

All the vital Air that Life draws in,  
 Is render'd back in Sighs.

*Rowe Tamerl.*  
 Nor



Nor Women's Sighs, nor Tears are true,  
 Those idly blow, these idly fall;  
 Nothing like to ours at all:  
 But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too. *Congr.*  
 Keep down ye rising Sighs,  
 And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast;  
 Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind;  
 That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,  
 You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,  
 Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder. *Lee Alex.*

## S I L E N C E.

*Silence*, the Midnight God appears:  
 In all its downy Pomp array'd,  
 Behold the reverend Shade.  
 An ancient Sigh he sits upon,  
 Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,  
 And purposely annihilated for his Throne.  
 Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,  
 In which he seems to sink his softer Feet:  
 A Melancholy Thought condens'd to Air,  
 Stoll'n from a Lover in Despair,  
 Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap  
 In fluid Folds his visionary Shape;  
 A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,  
 Where curling Mists supply the Want of Hairs.  
 While the still Vapours, which from Poppies rise,  
 Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes. *Congr.*  
 Silence, more dreadful than severest Sounds?  
 Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,  
 Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,  
 There would be Musick ev'n in my Undoing. *Lee Alex.*

No, to what purpose should I speak!  
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break!  
 No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,  
 As silent, as they will be there:  
 I will not ask her, 'tis a milder Fate  
 To fall by her not loving, than her Hate. *Congr.*  
 Mean while the Knight had no small Task  
 To compass what he durst not ask:  
 He loves, but dares not make the Motion;  
 Her Ignorance is his Devotion.  
 Like Caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
 Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed;  
 Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,  
 Look one way, and another move: *Or*

Or as a Tumbler that does play  
His Game, and look another Way,  
Until he seize upon the Coney,  
Just so does he by Matrimony.

Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.  
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.

Hud.

Shak. K. Lear.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

SINGING. See Enthusiasm. Musick.

Behold, and listen, while the Fair  
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air;  
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,  
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire:  
What Reason can that Love controul,  
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?  
So when a Flash of Lightning falls  
On our Abodes, the Danger calls  
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame  
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came.  
But if the Winds with that conspire,  
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

Wall.

She rais'd her Voice so high, and sung so clear,  
The Fawns came skipping from the Groves to hear,  
And all the bending Forest lent an Ear.

At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending Throng  
Reply'd, and bore the Burthen of the Song:

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,  
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

(the Leaf.

Dryd. The Flower &amp;

She sung, and carol'd out so clear,  
That Men and Angels might rejoyce to hear:

Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to sing,

And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. Dryd. Pal. & Ara.

*Amphion* sung not sweeter to his Herd,

When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Turret rear'd. Dryd. Virg.

Unweary'd he pursu'd the tuneful Strain,

Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung,

And suddain Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd

(Song. Dryd. Virg.

A Song that would have charm'd th' infernal Gods

And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes.

Dryd.

While I listen to thy Voice,

*Chloris*! I feel my Life decay;

That powerful Noise

Calls my sitting Soul away.

Oh! suppress the magick Sound,

Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace *Chloris*! Peace! or singing, die,

That together you and I

To

To Heav'n may go :  
 For all we know,  
 Of what the Blessed do above,  
 Is that they sing, and that they love. *Wall.*  
*Chloe !* your self you so excel,  
 While you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought ;  
 That, like a Spirit, with this Spell  
 Of my own Teaching, I am caught.  
 That Eagle's Fate and mine are one,  
 VVho, on the Shaft that made him die,  
 Espy'd a Feather of his own,  
 VVith which he wont to soar so high :  
 Had *Echo* with so sweet a Grace  
*Narcissus* loud Complaints return'd,  
 Not for Reflexion of his Face,  
 But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd. *Wall.*  
 [To a Lady that sung a Song of his composing.]

## S L E E P,

Near the *Cimmerians* in his dark Abode,  
 Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowsie God ;  
 VVhose gloomy Mansion, nor the rising Sun,  
 Nor setting visits, nor the lightsom Moon.  
 But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,  
 Perpetual Twilight and a doubtful Sky.  
 No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,  
 Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day :  
 No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,  
 Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.  
 No Beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,  
 Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry.  
 But soft repose without an Air of Breath  
 Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.  
 An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow  
 Arising upward from the Rock below ;  
 The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,  
 And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.  
 Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,  
 And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.  
 Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,  
 And passing sheds it on the silent Plains :  
 No Door there was th' unguarded House to keep,  
 Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.  
 But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,  
 Stuff'd with black Plumages, and on an Ebon Sted,  
 Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,

And



And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad :  
 About his Head fantastick Visions fly,  
 Which various Images of Things supply,  
 And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees not more,  
 Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore. *Dryd. Ou.*

O sacred Rest !

Sweet pleasing Sleep ! of all the Pow'rs the best !  
 O Peace of Mind ! Repairer of Decay !  
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day,  
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and fullen flies away. *Dryd. Ovid.* }

The weary World's best Med'cine, Sleep !

It shuts those Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,  
 And flies Oppressors to relieve th' Opprest.  
 It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains ;  
 It stills the Seaman tho' the Storm be high ;  
 Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains, *(Gond. Dav.)*  
 Stops Wants loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy.

Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care ;  
 The Death of each Day's Life : tir'd Nature's Bath !  
 Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

*Shak. Macb.*

*Somnus*, the humble God that dwells  
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells ;  
 Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,  
 And tho' he fears no Princes Frown,  
 Flies from the Circle of a Crown.

Nature, alas ! vvhy art thou so  
 Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe ?

Sleep, that is thy best Repast,  
 Yet of Death it bears a Taste,  
 And both are the same Thing at last.

*Denb. Soph.*

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep !  
 Nature's best Nurse ! How have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,  
 And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness ?  
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribbs,  
 Upon uneasie Pallads stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing Night fly'st to thy Slumber,  
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,  
 Under the Canopies of costly State,  
 And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody ?  
 O thou dull God ! why ly'st thou with the Vile  
 In loathsom Beds, and leav'st the kingly Couch ?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,  
 Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,  
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,  
 And in the Visitation of the Winds ?  
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy Repose,

To

To the wet Sea-boy in an Hour so rude,  
And in the calmest and the stillest Night  
Deny it to a King ?

*Shak. Hen. 4.*

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,  
And yet so humble too as not to scorn

The meanest Country Cottages :

His Poppy grows among the Corn.

The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest

In any stormy Breast.

'Tis not enough, that he does find

Clouds and Darkneſs in the Mind,

Darkneſs but half his Work will do ;

'Tis not enough, he muſt find Quiet too.

*Cowl. Hor.*

In vain, thou drowfy God, I thee invoke,

For thou, who doſt from Fumes ariſe,

Thou, who Man's Soul doſt over-ſhade,

With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,

Canſt have no pow'r to ſhut his Eyes,

Or Paſſage of his Spirits to choak,

Whoſe Flame's ſo pure, that it ſends up no Smoke.

Thou who doſt Men, as Nights to Colours do,

Bring all to an Equality :

Come, thou juſt God, and equal me,

A while to my diſdainful She :

In that Condition let me lie,

Till Love does the Favour ſhew :

Love equals all a better way than thou.

Thou never more ſhalt be invok'd by me :

Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,

Let her but grant, and then will I

Thee and thy Kinfman Death defy :

For betwixt thee, and them that love,

Never will an Agreement be,

Thou ſcorn'ſt th' unhappy, and the happy, thee.

*Cowl.*

*Falling aſleep.*

The timely Dew of ſleep,

Now falling, with ſoft ſlumbrous Weight inclines

My Eye-Lids.

*Milt.*

Then gentle Sleep, with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd

My drowzed Senſe.

*Milt.*

Thick Miſts ariſe,

And with their ſilken Cords tie down his Eyes,

*Gar. }*

They ſtop the Senſe, and cloſe the conquer'd Eyes.

*Cowl. Hor. }*

### S L O T H.

The God of Sloth in undiſturb'd Repoſe,  
Upon a Couch of Down ſupinely nods :

**A**

A careless Deity !

His leaden Limbs at gentle Ease are laid,  
With Poppies and dull Night-shade round him spread.  
No Passions interrupt his easie Reign,  
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain :  
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed ;  
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.  
Thus at full length the pamper'd Monarch lay,  
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.

Gar.

### S M I L E.

She spoke it with a Smile,  
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

Cowl.

A Smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosie red, Love's proper Hue.

Milt.

He screw'd his Face into a harden'd Smile. Dryd. Don Seb.

From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile arose. Dryd. Con. of Gran.

The Terror of their Brows so rough e'er while

Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile.

Cowl.

What Charms have Sorrow in that Face ?

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness,

Yet now and then a melancholy Smile

Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,

And shews a Moment's Day.

Dryd. all for Love.

### S M I T H. See Cyclops.

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the stroke,  
While the lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provoke.

Dryd. Juv.

One stirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows :

The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd ;

The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around :

By turns their Arms advance in equal Time,

By turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime ;

They turn the glowing Mass with crooked Tongs,

The fiery Work proceeds with rustick Songs.

Dryd. Virg.

As when the Cyclops at th' almighty Nod,

New Thunder hasten for their angry God ;

Subdu'd in Fire, the stubborn Metal lies :

One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plys,

And draws and blows reciprocating Air,

Others to quench the hissing Mass prepare :

With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,

And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row :

With labour'd Anvils *Aetna* groans below.

Strongly



Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flame expire. (Virg.  
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire. Dryd.

## S M O K E.

In dusky VVreaths the Smoke began to roul. Milt.  
The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,  
Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies. Dryd. Virg.  
Black smould'ring Smoke from the green VVood expires,  
The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires. Dr. Vir.  
Feebly the Flames on clumfie Wings aspire,  
And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire. Gar.

## S N A K E. See Serpent.

In fair *Calabria's* Wood a Snake is bred ;  
With curling Crest, and with advancing Head :  
Waving he rous, and makes a winding Track ;  
His Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back ;  
While Springs are broken, while the southern Air,  
And dropping Heav'n's the moisten'd Earth repair ;  
He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,  
And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.  
But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,  
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,  
He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,  
And, hissing, rous his glaring Eyes around :  
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,  
He rages in the Field, and wide Destruction threatens:  
Oh ! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,  
In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,  
When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride,  
Of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough aside :  
And in his Summer Livery rous along  
Erect, and brandishing his fiery Tongue,  
Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young. }  
And, thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear,  
The hopes of Poison for the following Year. Dryd. Virg.

So when the Spring's warm Breath, and cheering Ray  
Calls from his Cave th' awaken'd Snake, that lay  
Folded to Rest, while Winter's Snows conceal'd  
The Mountain's Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd ;  
The sloughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,  
And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd :  
He views himself, with youthful Beauties crown'd,  
Elated, casts his haughty Eyes around,  
And rous his speckled Spires along the Ground. }

Fresh

Fresh Colours die his Sides, and thro' his Veins,  
Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.  
The sprightly Beast unfolds upon the Plain,  
The glossy Honours of his Summer Train:  
His Crest erected high, and Forky Tongue  
Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.

Blac.

So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,  
Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake;  
And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,  
Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:  
Restor'd with Pois'nous Herbs, his ardent Sides  
Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides;  
High o'er the Grass he hissing rous along  
And brandishes by fits his forky Tongue.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Snake surpriz'd upon the Road,  
Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load  
Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal VVound  
Her Belly bruiz'd, or trodden to the Ground:  
In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,  
Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue;  
Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,  
But grov'ling in the Dust, her Part unsound she trails.

(Virg.  
Dryd.

A Snake of size immense ascends a Tree,  
And in the leafy Summet spy'd a Nest,  
Which o'er her callow young a Sparrow press'd,  
Eight were the Birds unfledg'd: their Mother flew  
And hover'd round her Care, but still in view,  
Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,  
Then seiz'd the fluttr'ing Dam, and drank her Blood. Dryd. Hom.

Of a Lady playing with a Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes,  
In *Chloris* Fancy such Mistakes,  
To start at Love, and play with Snakes.  
Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve  
May'st boldly creep, ; we dare not give  
Our Thoughts, so unconfin'd a Leave.  
Contented in that Nest of Snow  
He lies, as he his Bliss did know,  
And to the Wood no more would go.  
Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make  
Another Tempter of this Snake,  
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

Wall.}

S N O W.

## S N O W.

A Shower of soft and fleecy Rain  
 Falls to new-cloath the Earth again:  
 Behold the Mountains Tops around,  
 As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:  
 And lo ! how by Degrees.  
 The univerfal Mantle hides the Trees,  
 In hoary Flakes which downward fly,  
 As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,  
 Whose fall of Leaf would theirs supply.  
 Trembling the Groves sustain the weight, and bow,  
 Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,  
 Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

## S O L D I E R. See Storm and Shipwreck.

A Leader seem'd  
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the Sway  
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
 The Ridges of grim War : no thought of Flight,  
 None of Retreat ; no unbecoming Deed  
 That argu'd Fear, each on himself rely'd  
 As only in his Arm the Moment lay  
 Of Victory.

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face,  
 The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,  
 And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red :  
 He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,  
 And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair :  
 Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,  
 Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long :  
 Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,  
 Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.  
 His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back,  
 His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven black :  
 Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,  
 Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound.

Ravish'd with Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,  
 He with impetuous Ardor flew to Arms :  
 Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in Sight,  
 He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,  
 And shudder'd with his Eagerness to fight.  
 What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far  
 View'd the sow'r Brows, and murdering Jaws of War !

*Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
*Blac.*  
 When



When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,  
 Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend.  
 He fought like *Mars* descending from the Skies,  
 And look'd like *Venus* rising from the Waves. *Dryd. Love. Trium.*

How nobly he becomes the great Battalion!  
 See how he shines in Arms, and suns the Field : *(of Guise.*  
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War. *Dryd. D.*

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,  
 He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. *Cowl.*

I fought him,  
 Where Ranks fell thickest ; thro' a Track of Death  
 I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men :  
 But still I came too late ; for he was flown,  
 Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter.  
 I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,  
 Defac'd the Pomp of Battel, but in vain :  
 For he was still supplying Death elsewhere, *Dryd. Don Seb.*

As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,  
 And where we see a Mountain of the slain,  
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,  
 There shall he find him at his manly Length,  
 With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument  
 Which his true Sword has digg'd. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Twelve Legions wait you,  
 And long to call you Chief : by painful Journeys  
 I led them patient both of Heat and Hunger ;  
 'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces ; *(them,*  
 Their scarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands : there's Virtue in  
 They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates  
 Than yon trim Bands can buy. *Dryd. all for Love.*

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms,  
 Watchful they stood ; expecting op'ning Day :  
 And now are hardly by their Leaders held,  
 From darting on the Foe : Like a hot Courser,  
 That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdain  
 The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. *Rowe. Tamerl.*

Oh thou hast fir'd me ! my Soul is up in Arms,  
 And mans each part about me : Once again  
 That noble eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,  
 That Eagerness, with which I darted upward  
 To *Cassius* Camp : In vain the steepy Hill  
 Oppos'd my way : In vain a War of Spears  
 Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield :  
 I won the Trenches while my foremost Men  
 Lagg'd in the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier !  
 Our Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long  
 Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I,

G g

Like

Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,  
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,  
 And entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,  
 Begin the noble Harvest of the Field. *Dryd. all for Love.*

## SOLITUDE.

O Solitude! first State of human Kind,  
 Which blest remain'd, till Man did find  
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company!

As soon as two, alas! together join'd,  
 The Serpent made up three.

Thee God himself thro' countless Ages, thee  
 His sole Companion chose to be!

Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,  
 Before the branchy Head of Numbers three  
 Sprung from the Trunk of one.

Ah! wretched and too solitary He,  
 Who loves not his own Company!  
 He'll feel the Weight of t ev'ry Day,

Unless he call in Sin or Vanity.

To help to bear't away.

For Solitude sometimes is best Society.

In Solitude

What Happiness? VVho can enjoy alone?

Or all enjoying what Contentment find?

*Cowl.  
Milt.*

*Milt.*

S O R R O W. *See Despair. Grief. Tears. Weeping.*

He at the News

Heart-struck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow stood,  
 That all his Senses bound.

*Milt.*

Some secret Anguish rous'd within his Breast,  
 That shakes him, like an Earthquake, which he presses,  
 And will not give it vent.

He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice,  
 And stares, and Gapes like a forbidden Ghost,

*Dryd. Cleom.*

Darkness and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,  
 And all th' inseperable Train of Grief,

Attend my Steps for ever.

*Dryd. Amphit.*

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,  
 Swell o'er my head like Waves, and dash me down.  
 Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,  
 They hang like Winter on my youthful Hope,  
 And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year.  
 So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,  
 To lose their Freshness among Bones and Rottenness,

*And*

And have their Odours stifled in the Dust. *Rome fair Pen.*

All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes; *(Cries.*

And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans and

Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear

Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,

And silent Shame are seen on ev'ry Face. *Dryd. Virg.*

Distracted with ungovernable VVoe,

All mingle Tears; their Cries together flow,

And form a hideous Harmony of VVoe. *Blac.*

The wretched Parent, with a pious Haste,

Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd:

Accusing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star. *Dryd. Virg.*

The wretched Father, Father now no more,

VVith Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor;

Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,

And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain. *Dr. Vir.*

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,

As could their hundred Offices discharge;

Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,

In all the Streams inspiring all the God:

Those Tongues, that VVit, those Streams, that God, in vain

VVould offer to describe the Sisters Pain.

They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,

Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow:

The Corps they cherish, while the Corps remains,

And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains.

And when to Fun'ral Flames 'tis born away

They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.

And when those Fun'ral Flames no longer burn,

(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)

Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,

And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Mean time no squallid Grief his Looks defiles,

He guilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles.

Thus the VVorld's Eye, with reconciled Streams

Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams. *Clau.*

# S P I R I T S.

Spirits, that live throughout

Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,

In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,

Cannot, but by annihilating, die;

Nor in their liquid Texture mortal VVound

Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:

All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,



All Intellect, all Sense ; and, as they please,  
They limb themselves ; and Colour, Shape or Size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Milt.

For Spirits when they please,  
Can either Sex assume, or both ; so soft,  
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,  
Not ty'd or manac'd with Joynt or Limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of Bones,  
Like cumbrous Flesh, but in what Shape they chuse,  
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy Purposes,  
And works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

Milt.

## The S P R I N G.

When with his golden Horns in full Carrier  
The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year ;  
And Argos and the Dog forsake the Northern Sphere. *Dryd. Virg.*  
Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun  
His Course exalted thro' the Ram had run ;  
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove  
Thro' Taurus, and the lightome Realms of Love ;  
When Venus from her Orb descends in Show'rs  
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs :  
When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,  
And Buds that yet the Blast of Eurus fear,  
Stand at the Door of Life and doubt to cloath the Year ;  
Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,  
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins ;  
Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,  
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room :  
Broader and broader yet their Blooms display,  
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.  
Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair,  
To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwholsome Air.  
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'ral Song *(and the Leaf.*  
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along. *Dr. The Flower*

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,  
The VVomb of Earth the genial Seed receives ;  
For then Almighty Jove descends, and pours  
Into his Buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs ;  
And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds  
His Births with timely Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.  
Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,  
And Beasts, by Nature strung, renew their Love.  
Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,  
And while the balmy VVestern Spirit blows,  
Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.

With

With kindly moisture then the Plants abound,  
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground :  
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,  
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.  
 The swerving Vines on the tall Elm prevail,  
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail :  
 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share,  
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.  
 In this soft season, (let me dare to sing,)  
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's imperial King,  
 In Prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.  
 Then did the new Creation first appear,  
 Nor other was the Tenour of the Year;  
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,  
 And Eastern Winds their wintry Breath suspend;  
 Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,  
 And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds;  
 And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,  
 And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.  
 Nor could the tender new Creation bear  
 Th' excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year;  
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,  
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd.  
 When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,  
 And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Spring makes equal Day,  
 When western Winds on curling Waters play;  
 When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,  
 And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-tops. *Dryd. Virg.*

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,  
 Where Nightingals their love-sick Ditties sing;  
 See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,  
 The Grottoes cool with shady Poplars crown'd,  
 And creeping Vines on Arbours weav'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The early dawning of the Year,  
 While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds  
 Her frozen Bosom to the western Winds;  
 While Mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,  
 And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours  
 Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs :  
 'Tis then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,  
 And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground.  
 With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,  
 Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines, *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass,  
 The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing,  
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. *Dryd. Virg.*

## S P U R.

The Horfes Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel,  
The clanking Lash and Goring of the Steel.

*Dryd. Virg.*

He ply'd

With iron Heel, his Courser's Side,  
Conveying sympathetick Speed,  
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed.

*Hud.*

VVhile *Hudibras*, with equal Haste,  
On both Sides laid about as fast;  
And spurr'd, as Jockies use, to break,  
Or Padders, to secure a Neck.

*Hud.*

Adds the remembrance of the Spur, and hides  
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As once the *Phrygian* Knight,  
So ours with rusty Steel did smite  
His *Trojan* Horfe, and just as much  
He mended Pace upon the Touch;  
But from his empty Stomach groand,  
Just as that hollow Beast did found;  
And angry, answer'd from behind,  
With brandish'd Tail, and Blast of Wind.  
So have I seen with armed Heel,  
A Wight bestride a Common-weal:  
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the fullen Jade has stirr'd.

*Hud.*

S T A G. See Creation. Hunting.

On the Plain,  
Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train  
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng  
Attend their stately steps; and slowly graze along.  
So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd  
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forrest fear'd,  
Resolv'd to try which must in Combat yield,  
In all their Might advance across the Field:  
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar  
Flourish their Horns, preluding to the VVar.  
The Combatants their threatening Heads incline,  
And with their clashing Horns in Battel joyn.  
They rush to Combat with amazing strokes;  
And their high Antlars meet with dreadful Shocks;  
The mighty Sound runs ratling o'er the Hills,  
And Echo with the Fight the Valley fills:  
Retiring oft the VVarriours cease to push

*Dryd. Virg.*

But



But then with fiercer Rage to Battel rush.  
The trembling Herds at Distance stand, and stay  
To know the Conqu'ror whom they must obey

Blac.

Thus when a fearful Stag is clos'd around  
VVith crimson Toils, or in a River found,  
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,  
Still op'ning, following still where'er he steers:  
The persecuted Creature to and fro  
Turns here and there, to 'scape his *Umbrian* Foe:  
Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gains the Land,  
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.  
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chase,  
Stretch'd at his length, gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:  
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,  
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;  
Just at the Pinch, the Stag springs out with Fear,  
He bites the VVind, and fills his sounding Jaws with Air,  
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries; (*Virg.*  
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies. *Dryd.*

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds  
Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds:  
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his VVay;  
Embolden'd by Despair, he stands at Bay,  
Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,  
And bounds aloft against the pointed Spears.

*Dryd. Virg.*

So the tall Stag upon the Brink  
Of some smooth Stream about to drink,  
Surveying there his armed Head,  
VVith Shame remembers that he fled  
The Dogs he scorns: resolves to try  
The Combat next; but if their Cry  
Invade again his trembling Ear,  
He strait resumes his wonted Care:  
Leaves the untasted Spring behind,  
And, wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind.

*Wall.*

*On the Head of a Stag.*

So we some antique Heroe's Strength  
Learn by his Lance's Weight and Length,  
As these vast Beams express the Beast,  
VVhose shady Brows alive they dress'd.  
O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year  
Could such a Crop of VVonder bear!  
VVhich might it never have been cast,  
Each Year's Growth added to the last,  
These lofty Branches had supply'd,

The Earth's bold Son's prodigious Pride:  
 Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,  
 VVhen Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd. *Wall.*

## S T A N D A R D.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd  
 The imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd  
 Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,  
 VVith Gems and golden Lustre rich imblaz'd,  
 Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while  
 Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.  
 All in a moment through the Gloom were seen,  
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air,  
 VVith orient Colours waving. *Milt.*

He wav'd his royal Banner in the VVind;  
 VVhere in an argent Field the God of VVar  
 VVas drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr,  
 Red was his Sword and Shield, and whole Attire,  
 And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire.  
 Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,  
 And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguin Hue. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

S T A R S. *See Creation. Sun.*

The Gems of Heav'n, that guild Night's sable Throne. *Dryd. (Virg.)*  
 The Moon's starry Train. *Milt.*

His marshall'd Clouds, to intercept the Light,  
 Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night. *Blac.*  
 VVith Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,  
 And studs the sable Night with silver Stars. *Blac.*

He spread the pure cerulean Fields on high,  
 And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky:  
 VVhich he, to suit their Glory with their Height,  
 Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light:  
 His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,  
 He turn'd their Orbs, and polish'd all the Stars. *Blac.*

As when the Stars in their ethereal Race  
 At length have roul'd around the liquid Space  
 At certain Periods they resume their Place.  
 From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,  
 And move in Measures of their former Dance. *Dryd. Virg. }*

*Morning Star.*

Guide of the starry Flock. *Dryd.*  
 Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,  
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn:  
*Sure*

Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'd the smiling Morn  
VVith thy bright Circler.

*Milt.*

So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,  
The Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led,  
Shakes from his rosie Locks the pearly Dews,  
Dispels the Darknes, and the Day renews.

*Dryd. Virg.*

*Evening Star.*

Bright *Hesperus*, that leads the Starry Train ;  
VVhose Office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth ; short Arbiter  
'Twixt Day and Night.

*Milt.*

*Falling Star. See Archers.*

The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,  
And, shooting through the Darknes, guild the Night  
VVith sweeping Glories, and long Trails of Light. *Dryd. Virg.*  
The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies. *Dryd. OEdip.*

#### S T A T U E S. *See Sculpture.*

Statues, that Skill inimitable show'd,  
In beauteous Order on the Terra's stood :  
They show'd indeed, but yet such Life did show,  
Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.

*Blac.*

He carv'd in Ivory such a Maid, so fair,  
As Nature could not with his VVork compare,  
VVere she to work, but in her own Defence  
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence ;  
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,  
Adores ; and last, the thing ador'd, desires.  
A very Virgin in her Face is seen,  
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been.  
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove  
VVith Modesty, and was asham'd to move.  
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,  
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit ;  
He knows his Madness, yet he must adore,  
And still the more he knows it, loves the more.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

[*Spoken of Pygmalion.*]

#### S T O C K S and VVHIPPING POST.

At farther end o' th' Town there stands  
An ancient Castle that commands  
Th' adjacent Parts: In all the Fabrick  
You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick ;  
But all of VVood, by pow'rful Spell

*Of*



Of Magick made impregnable.  
 There's neither Iron Bar, nor Gate,  
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate,  
 And yet Men Durance there abide,  
 In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide,  
 VVith Roof so low, that under it  
 They never stand, but lie, or sit ;  
 And yet so foul, that whoso is in,  
 Is to the middle-Leg in Prison ;  
 In Circle magical confin'd  
 VVith VValls of subtle Air and VVind,  
 Which none are able to break thorough,  
 Until they're freed by Head of Borough.  
 Nearth' outward Wall of this there stands  
 A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands :  
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter  
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater ;  
 For tho' the Body may creep through,  
 The Hands in Gate are fast enow.  
 And when a Circle 'bout the VVrist  
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist ;  
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,  
 As if 'twere ridden Post by a VVitch,  
 At twenty Miles an hour Pace,  
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.

For as the Ancients heretofore,  
 To Honour's Temple had no Door,  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay,  
 So from this Dungeon there's no Way  
 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing  
 That other virtuous School of Lashing,  
 VVhere Knights are kept in narrow Lifts,  
 With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with Hon'able Discharge.  
 Then in their Robes the Penitentials,  
 Are strait presented with Credentials ;  
 And on their Way attended on  
 By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,  
 And all Respect and Charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

## S T O R K.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,  
 The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,

V Wheel.

Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,  
 And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky,  
 In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and leisure give  
 For all their feather'd People to arrive:  
 To th' airy Rendezvous all haste away,  
 And their known Leader's noisy Call obey;  
 Then through the Heav'ns their trackless Flight they take,  
 And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake. *Blac.*

## S T O R M.

Oft have I seen a sudden Storm arise  
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies:  
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,  
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born:  
 With such a force the flying Rack is driv'n,  
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n!  
 And oft whole Sheets descend of fluicy Rain,  
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main:  
 The lofty Skies at once come pou'ring down,  
 The promis'd Crop, and golden Labours drown:  
 The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound,  
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground,  
 And Rocks the bellowing Noise of boiling Seas rebound. }  
 The Father of the Gods his Glory throws,  
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds;  
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out,  
 By Fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.  
 Earth feels the Motion of her angry God,  
 Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains Nod:  
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode. } *Dryd. Virg.*

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,  
 Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all th' Horizon frown.  
 Their swagging Wombs low in the Air depend,  
 Which struggling Flames and inbred Thunder rend.  
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,  
 And thro' the Heav'ns th' unwieldy Tempest shove;  
 O'er-charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,  
 They groan and pant, and labour up the Sky:  
 Impending Ruin does the Sailor scare,  
 Rolling and wall'wing thro' th' incumber'd Air,  
 Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night,  
 Compounded Horrors all the Deep affright,  
 Rent Clouds a Medley of Destruction spout,  
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about:  
 Tempests of Fire, and Cataracts of Rain,  
 Unnatural Friendship make t' afflict the Main.

Prest

Prest by incumbent Storms, the Billows rise,  
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies :  
 Then, falling lower than before they rose,  
 The secret Horrors of the Deep disclose ;  
 Pursu'd by conqu'ring Winds they fly, and roar,  
 And croud, and headlong run against the Shore :  
 This Orb's wide Frame with the Convulsion shakes,  
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks :  
 Horror, Amazement, and Despair appear,  
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Blac.

Either Tropick now  
 'Gan thunder ; at both ends of Heav'n the Clouds,  
 From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd  
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mix'd, Water with Fire  
 In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack  
 As Earth and Sky would mingle : Nor yet slept the Winds  
 Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four Hinges of the VWorld, and fell  
 On the vex'd Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,  
 Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer.

Milt.

Heav'n's Crystal Battlements to pieces dash'd,  
 In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd,  
 Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flash'd,  
 And Universal uproar fill'd the World.  
 Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,  
 From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.  
 At once the Hills that to the Clouds aspire,  
 Were wash'd with Rain, and scorch'd with Fire. Blac.

*On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.*

We must resign ! Heav'n his great Soul does claim,  
 In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame :  
 His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,  
 And Trees uncut fall for his Fun'ral Pile :  
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost  
 Into the Air ; so *Romulus* was lost !  
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd her King,  
 And from obeying fell to worshipping :  
 On *OEta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead.  
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.  
 Nature her self took Notice of his Death,  
 And, sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,  
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roul'd,  
 Th' approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Wall.  
Storms



*Storms at Sea.*

Now, like a fiery Meteor funk the Sun ;  
 The Promise of a Storm ! the shifting Gales  
 Forsake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.  
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,  
 And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,  
 But all at once : at once the Winds arise,  
 The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies :  
 In vain the Master issues out Commands,  
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands :  
 The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,  
 And from the first they labour in Despair.  
 The giddy Ship between the Winds and Tides,  
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,  
 Stunn'd with the different Blows ; then shoots amain,  
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again :

And now with Sails declin'd,  
 The wand'ring Vessel drove before the Wind ;  
 Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow ;  
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,  
 But ev'ry moment wait the coming Blow. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

Then o'er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,  
 And Night, with sable Clouds, involves the Main :  
 The ruffling Winds the foamy Billows raise ;  
 The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to sev'ral Ways :  
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,  
 And in redoubled Peals the roaring Thunder flies.  
 Cast from our Course, we wander in the Dark,  
 Nor Star to guide, nor Point of Land to mark ;  
 Ev'n *Palinurus* no distinction found *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
 Between the Night and Day : such Darknefs reign'd around.

Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,  
 White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean fries ;  
 Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies.  
 Till, by the Fury of the Storm, full blown,  
 The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. *Dryd. Virg.*

The furious Winds the swelling Surges beat,  
 And rowze old *Ocean* from his peaceful Seat.  
 The raging Seas in high-ridg'd Mountains rise,  
 And cast their angry Foam against the Skies :  
 Then gape so deep, that Daylight Hell invades,  
 And shoots grey Dawningthro' th' affrighted Shades.  
 Low-bellied Clouds soon intercept the Light,  
 And o'er the Sailors spread a Noon-day Night.  
 Exploded Thunder tears th' embowell'd Sky,

And

And sulph'rous Flames a dismal Day supply.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,  
Then down to Hell descend when they divide :  
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony Ground,  
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound,  
And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dews around. Dr. }  
(Virg.)

*Storm and Shipwreck.*

*Æolus* then hurl'd against the Mountain Side,  
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.  
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,  
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground:  
Then, settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep,  
Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep.  
South, East, and West with mixt Confusion roar,  
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shore :  
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries  
Ascend, and Sable Night involves the Skies ;  
And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from our Eyes.  
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue ;  
Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew.  
The face of things a frightful Image bears,  
And present Death in various Forms appears.  
Fierce *Boreas* drives against the flying Sails,  
And rends the Sheets : the raging Billows rise,  
And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies.  
Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow ;  
The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow :  
While those a-stern, descending down the steep,  
Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.  
Three Ships were hurry'd by the Southern Blast,  
And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast.  
Three more fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,  
Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,  
And in mid Ocean left them moor'd aland.  
From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborn,  
The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,  
Was headlong hurl'd ; the Ship thrice round was tost,  
Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was lost.  
And here and there above the Waves were seen,  
Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men :  
The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave Way,  
And suck'd thro' loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.

The Ships with gaping Seams  
Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,

*Dryd. Virg.*

The

The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row :  
 Then hoist their Yards atrip, and all their Sails  
 Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales.  
 By this the Vessel half her Course had run ;  
 And as much rested till the setting Sun :  
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close  
 Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :  
 The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,  
 Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.  
 This seen, the Master soon began to cry,  
 Strike, strike the Topfail ; let the Main-sheet fly ;  
 And furl your Sails : The Winds repel the Sound,  
 And in the Speaker's mouth the Speech is drown'd :  
 Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,  
 Each in his way, officiously they wrought :  
 Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,  
 Another, bolder yet, the Yard bestrides,  
 And folds the Sails ; a fourth with Labour, laves  
 Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.  
 In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,  
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,  
 And wage intestine Wars ; the suff'ring Seas  
 Are toss'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.  
 The Master would command, but in Despair  
 Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care ;  
 Nor what to bid, nor what forbid he knows,  
 Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows,  
 Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill ;  
 With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill !  
 The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds ;  
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.  
 At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,  
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roul.  
 Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,  
 And in the Fires above the Water fries.  
 When yellow Sands are sifted from below,  
 The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show :  
 And when the fouler Bottom spews the black,  
 The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take.  
 Then frothy white appear the flatted Seas,  
 And change their Colour, changing their Disease.  
 Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,  
 And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;  
 As from a lofty Summit looks from high,  
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky ;  
 Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,  
 And at a Distance see superiour Light :

The



The clashing Billows make a loud Report;  
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort.  
 Or as a Lion, bounding in his Way,  
 VVith Force augmented, bears against his Prey;  
 Sidelong to seize; or, unappall'd with Fear,  
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear;  
 So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,  
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.  
 The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away,  
 Now yield; and now a yawning Breach display.  
 The roaring VVaters with a hostile Tide,  
 Rush though the Ruins of her gaping Side.  
 Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,  
 And Ocean, swell'd with VVaters, upward tends.  
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'n's and Sea  
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.  
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,  
 Sweet VVaters mingle with the briny Main.  
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:  
 Darknes and Tempest make a double Night.  
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns;  
 And while the Lightnings blaze, the Water burns.  
 Now all the VVaves their scatter'd Force unite;  
 And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,  
 Makes VVay for others; and, an Host alone,  
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town:  
 So while th' invading Billows come a breast,  
 The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,  
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,  
 And from the VValls descends upon the Prey;  
 Part foll'wing enter, part remain without,  
 VVith Envy hear their Fellows conq'ring Shout,  
 And mount on others Backs, in Hope to share  
 The City, thus become the Seat of VVar.  
 An universal Cry resounds aloud,  
 The Sailors run in heaps, a helpless Crowd:  
 Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;  
 As many VVaves, as many Deaths appear.  
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;  
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;  
 But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:  
 One with loud shrieks laments his lost Estate,  
 And calls those happy whom their Fun'ral's wait.  
 This VVretch with Pray'r's and Vows the Gods implores,  
 And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores.  
 That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,  
 His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.

The

The covetous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,  
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All Crys his *Alcyone* employs ;

For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys.

His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,

Not her with him, but wishes him with her.

Now with last looks he seeks his native Shore,

Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more ;

He sought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,

He knew not whither to direct his Sight.

So whirl the Seas, such Darkness blinds the Sky,

That the black Night receives a deeper Die.

The giddy Ship ran round ; the Tempest tore

Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.

One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow

Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below ;

Nor lighter falls, than if some Gyant tore

*Pyndus* and *Athos*, with the Freight they bore,

And tofs'd on Seas ; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,

Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyss below :

Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The Many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care,

Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he, who late a Scepter did command,

Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand ;

And while he struggles on the Stormy Main,

Invokes his Father, and his Wife's in vain :

But yet his Consort is his greatest Care,

*Alcyone* he names amidst his Pray'r :

Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind ;

Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.

Tir'd with his Toil, all hopes of safety past,

From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last ;

That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,

Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.

As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,

And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;

And ev'n when plung'd beneath on her he raves,

Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.

At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,

Breaks o'er his Head, andwhelms him underneath. *Dryd.Ovid.*

**STORMING A TOWN.** *See War.*

**STREAM.** *See Brooks. Business. Country Life.*

The Stream is so transparent, pure and clear,  
That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,

So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen.

Denb.

Hard by a Stream did with that Softness creep,  
As't were by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep.

Oldb.

Cloſe by a ſoftly murmur'ing Stream,  
Where Lovers uſe to loſe and dream.

Hud.

Sometimes, miſguided by the tuneſul Throng,

I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,

That loſt in Silence and Oblivion lie,

(Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,)

Yet run for ever by the Muſes Skill,

And in the ſmooth Deſcription, murmur ſtill.

Add.

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow

By unjuſt Force: he now with wanton Play

Kiſſes the ſmiling Banks, and glides away:

But his known Channel ſtop'd, begins to roar,

And ſwell with Rage;

His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,

And Troops of Waves come rolling from afar:

Then ſcorns he ſuch weak Stops to his free Source,

And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent Courſe.

Cowl.

Th' innocent Stream, as it in Silence goes,

Freſh Honours, and a ſuddain Spring beſtows,

On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree.

Cowl.

### STRENGTH.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn he ſtands,  
A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands.

Dryd. Virg.

His brawny Back, and ample Breſt he ſhows,

His liſted Arms around his Head he throws,

And deals in whiſtling Air his empty Blows.

Dryd. Virg. }

We met in Fight; I know him to my Coſt,

With what a whirling Force his Lance he toſs'd!

Heav'ns! what a Spring was in his Arm to throw!

How high he held his Shield, and roſe at ev'ry Blow!

Had Troy produc'd two more his Match in Might,

They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight:

Th' Invaſion of the Greeks had been return'd,

Our Empire waſted, and our Cities burn'd.

Dryd. Virg.

[Diomedes ſays it of Aeneas.]

But what is Strength without a double Share

Of Wiſdom? Vaſt, unwieldy, burthenſom;

Proudly ſecure, yet liable to fall

By weakeſt Subtilties; Strength's not made to rule,

But to ſubſerve, where Wiſdom bears Command:

Milt.

STYLE



S T Y L E. *See River. Poet. Verse.*

His candid Style like a clear Stream does slide,  
 And his bright Fancy all the Way  
 Does like the Sunshine on it play:  
 It does, like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide;  
 Where the God does not rudely overturn,  
 But gently pour the christal Urn,  
 And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide;  
 'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,  
 And all the comely Drefs, without the Paint of Art. *Cowl.*  
 Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,  
 Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know:  
 Yet to such Height in all that Plainness wrought,  
 Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.  
 Easie in Words thy Style, in Sense Sublime,  
 On its best Steps each Age and Sex may rise;  
 'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,  
 Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies. *Prior.*

## S U B J E C T.

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon  
 Feel slacken'd Reins, and throw their Rider down. *Dryd. Aur.*

Subjects like these are seldom seen,  
 Who not forfook me at my greatest Need,  
 Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty:  
 But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,  
 And fenc'd them with their own. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,  
 To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

## S U C C E S S.

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,  
 Or surest Hand can always hit:  
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,  
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.  
 Which in Success oft disinherits,  
 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits:  
 Great Actions are not always true Sons,  
 Of great and mighty Resolutions:  
 Nor do the bold st Attempts bring forth  
 Events, still equal to their Worth.  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead,  
 Fortune and Cowardise succeed. *Hud.*

For Falling is no Shame,  
 And Cowardise alone is loss of Fame :  
 The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,  
 But 'tis the Fault of Fortune ; not his own :  
 If Crowns and Palms the conq'ring Side adorn,  
 The Victor under better Stars was born.  
 The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,  
 Nor over-pow'r'd with Arms, deserts his Cause,  
 Unchang'd tho' foil'd, he does the best he can ;  
 Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

If he that is in Battel slain,  
 Be in the Bed of Honour lain ;  
 Sure he that's beaten, may be said,  
 To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed. *Hud.*

Virtue without Success  
 Is but a Picture shewn by an ill Light :  
 But Lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*  
 All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

## S U L L E N.

What's he, who with contracted Brow,  
 And sullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes,  
 At once regardless of his Chains or Liberty ?  
 He shuns my Kindness,  
 And with a haughty Mien and stern Civility,  
 Dumbly declines all Offices : if he speak,  
 'Tis scarce above a Word ; as he were born  
 Alone to do ; and did disdain to talk,  
 At least to talk where he must not command. *Cong. Mour. Bride.*  
 That gloomy Out-side, like a rusty Chest,  
 Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul  
 Resolv'd and brave. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

## S U M M E R.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high,  
 The *Syrian* Star  
 Barks from afar,  
 And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky :  
 The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.  
 The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock  
 Beneath the Covert of a Rock ;  
 And seeks refreshing riv'lets nigh :  
 The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire ;  
 Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams require,  
 And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire.  
 The sultry Dog-Star from the Sky *(Dryd. Hor.)*  
 Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the riv'd Grass was dry ;

The

The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Floods  
And darting to the Bottom bak'd the Mud. *Dryd. Virg.*

S U N. See Creation. Light.

O Sun! Of this great World both Eye and Soul  
Oh thou! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion, like the God  
Of this great World, at whose Sight all the Stars  
Hide their diminish'd Heads! *Milt.*

The Golden Sun, in Splendour likest Heav'n,  
(Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his lordly Eye keep distance due,)  
Dispenses Light from far: they as they move  
Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute  
Days, Months, and Years, towards his all-cheering Lamp,  
Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd  
By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms  
The Universe, and to each inward Part,  
With gentle Penetration, tho' unseen,  
Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep. *Milt.*

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,  
And gently kisses ev'ry Thing:  
His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,  
Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour,  
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,  
He does still new Flowers beget. *Cowl.*

The self-same Sun  
At once does slow and swiftly run.  
Swiftly his daily Journey goes,  
But treads his annual with a statelier Pace,  
And does three hundred Rounds inclose  
Within one Yearly Circle's Space.  
At once with double Course in the same Sphere  
He runs the Day and walks the Year. *Cowl.*

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is blest,  
Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,  
Thro' diff'rent Regions does his Course pursue,  
And leaves one World but to revive a new.  
While by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night,  
Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light. *Steph.*

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,  
Strike on the polish'd Glass their trembling light;  
The glittering Species here and there divide,  
And cast their dubious Beams from side to side.  
Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,  
And to the Cieling flash the glaring Day.

H h 3

*Dryd. Virg.*  
The



The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high  
Appears at first but as a blood-hot Eye;  
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,  
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red.  
But, mounted high in his meridian Race,  
All bright he shines, and with a better Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

*Sun-Rising. See Morning.*

The Sun scarce risen,  
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean Brim,  
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray. *Milt.*

*Sun-Set. See Evening.*

The parting Sun.

Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Isles,  
*Hesperian sets.* *Milt.*

It was the time when witty Poets tell,  
That *Phæbus* into *Thetis* Bosom fell;  
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,  
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night. *Cowli. Hor.*

S W A L L O W. *See Horse-Race.*

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,  
O'er empty Courts, and under Arches flies;  
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,  
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swallows, privileg'd above the rest  
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,  
Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,  
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.  
When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,  
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,  
They seek a better Heav'n and warmer Climes.  
But whether upward to the Moon they go,  
Or Dream the Winter out in Caves below, *(Hind and Panth.)*  
Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know. *Dryd.*

S W A N. *See Creation.*

The silver Swans sail down the watry Road,  
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Swans that sail along the silver Flood, *(Virg.)*  
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food. *Dryd.*

Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,  
Which clap their Wings and cleave the liquid Sky:  
When homeward from their wat'ry Pastures born,  
They sing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,

And

And stoop with closing Pinions from above,  
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had driv'n along,  
And thro' the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng,  
Now all united in a goodly Team,  
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream,  
See ! they with Joy returning clap their Wings,  
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings.

As rising Swans  
Brush with their Wings the falling Drops away,  
And proudly plough the Waves.

## S W E E T.

Sweet as the Breath of Morn.  
Sweeter than Buds unfolded in a Show'r.  
Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,  
Breath'd in the Whispers of a yielding Maid.  
O soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far !  
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,  
Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels hands.

Sweet as Lovers freshest Kisses,  
Or their riper foll' wing Bliss.

## S W I F T.

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight.  
Swift as a shooting Star that thwarts the Night.  
Swift as exploded Light'ning from the Skies.  
Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,  
Swift as the Race of Light.  
*Asabel*, swifter than the Northern Wind ;  
Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind  
Outgo his Feet : so strangely would he run,  
That Time it self perceiv'd not what was done.  
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,  
His Weight unknown and harmless to the Grass :  
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,  
Yet not one Atom trouble or displace.

I've seen him swifter run than starting Hinds,  
Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet :  
Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,  
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.

## S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the Billows under him,  
And ride upon their Backs : he trod the Water,

Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The most swoll'n Surge that met him ; his bold Head,  
 High 'bove the most contentious Waves he kept,  
 And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore. *Shak. Temp.*

She by a Wave was wash'd into the Sea :  
 I instantly plung'd in,  
 And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,  
 Redeem'd her life with half the Loss of mine.  
 Like a rich Conquest in one hand I bore her,  
 And with the other dash'd the sawcy Waves,  
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize. *Otm. Ven. Pres.*

## S W O O N I N G.

A Sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd  
 His Ears rung inward, and his Senses fail'd. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Object dances  
 And swims before me in the Maze of Death. *Dryd. All for Love.*  
 Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis night,  
 Her Beauty shines without the help of Light.  
 Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,  
 And through her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life:  
 How fresh they shew ! the Roses almost gone,  
 For want of Air ; by Breath seem newly blown.  
 Her Eyes begin to move and shine with Life ;  
 Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife :  
 In doubtful Weather so the Sun resigns,  
 Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes shines. *(Verg. How. Vest.)*

He therefore sent out all his Senses,  
 To bring him in Intelligences ;  
 Which Vulgars out of Ignorance,  
 Mistake for falling in a Trance.  
 But those who deal in Geomancy,  
 Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy. *Hud.*

Then *Ralpho* gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his Bum upright :  
 To rouse him from lethargick Dump,  
 He tweak'd his Nose with gentle Thump :  
 Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been  
 To raise the Spirits lodg'd within ;  
 They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly  
 From inward Room to Window Eye,  
 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,  
 Look'd out, But yet with some Amazement. *Hud.*



**SWORD.** See Armour. Battel. War.

His puissant Sword unto his Side,  
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd;  
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,  
For want of Fighting was grown rusty,  
And eat into it self, for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.  
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,  
The Rancour of its Edge had felt:  
For of the lower End two handful  
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful.

*Hud.*

With his Refulgent Sword he hew'd his way.  
From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,  
Magnificent with Gold, *Lycan* made,  
And in an iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade.

*Dryd. Virg.*

**S Y B I L.**

The mad Prophetick *Sybil* you shall find  
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd:  
She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits,  
The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leafs commits;  
What she commits to Leafs, in order laid,  
Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd:  
Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind  
Without, or Vapours issue from behind;  
The Leafs are born aloft in liquid Air,  
And she resumes no more her muselful Care.  
Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse,  
Nor sets in Order what the Winds disperse.  
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid  
The madness of the visionary Maid,  
And with loud Curses leave the mystick Shade.

*Dryd. Virg.*

**TEARS.** See Grief. Sorrow. Weeping.

I'll teach him a Receipt to make  
Words that weep, and Tears that speak.  
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,  
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.

*Cowl.*

Tears not squeez'd by Art,  
But shed from Nature, like a kindly Show'r.  
She then look'd down and sigh'd,  
While from her unchang'd Face the silent Tears  
Drop'd as they had not Leave, and stole their Parting.

*Dryd. Don Seb.*

(for Love.

*Dryd. all*

Be-

Believe these Tears, which from my wounded Heart,  
Bleed at my Eyes.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries,  
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.

*Dryd. Juv.*

I found her on the Floor,

In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful.

Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips

Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown;

Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,

That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd

The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee. Mithr.*

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears

Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,

To lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips,

That talk such mournful things; when strait a Gale

Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,

As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs.

*Lee Mithr.*

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair,

And if a manly Drop or two fall down,

It scalds along my Cheeks; like the green Wood,

*(Cleom.)*

That sputt'ring in the Flames, works outward into Tears. *Dr.*

#### TEMPEST. *See Storm.*

#### THANKS.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak,  
And if I could,

*(Don Seb.)*

Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

*Dryd.*

My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,  
They over-run each other in the Crowd:

To you with hasty Flight they take their way,

And hardly for the Dress of Words will stay.

And now such Haste to tell their Message make,

They only stammer what they meant to speak.

*Old.*

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you,

Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,

That I should talk of nothing else all day.

*Otw. Orph.*

With what becoming thanks can I reply,

Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breast,

But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress'd.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Oh let me unlade my Breast!

Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,

Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought

This wond'rous Goodness stirs: but 'tis impossible,

And Utt'rance all is vile: Since I can only

Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

*Rare Fair Pen.*

THOUGHTS.

## THOUGHTS.

Oh wretched Man! whose too too busie Thoughts  
Ride swifter than the galloping Heavens round,  
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:

Nay, there's a time when ev'n the the rolling Year  
Seems to stand still; dead Calms are in the Ocean,  
When not a Breath disturbs the drowzy Waves.

But Man, the very Monster of the World,  
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

*Lee OEdip.*

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubled Waves,  
Dashing out one another.

*How D. of Ler.*

Restless Thoughts, that like a deadly Swarm  
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs come rushing on me.

*Milt.*

I have been studying how to compare  
The Prison where I live unto the World;  
And for because the World is populous,  
And here is not a Creature but my self,  
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out:  
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,  
My Soul the Father, and these two beget  
A Generation of still breeding Thoughts,  
And these same Thoughts people this little World;  
In Humours like the People of this World,  
For no Thought is contented. The better sort,  
As Thoughts of things Divine, are intermix'd  
With Scruples, and do set the Faith it self  
Against the Faith.

Thoughts tending to Ambition they do plot  
Unlikely Wonders; how these vain weak Nails  
May tear a Passage thro' the flinty Ribs  
Of this hard World, my rugged Prison-Walls;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.

Thoughts tending to Content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of Fortunes Slaves,  
And shall not be the last: like silly Beggars,  
Who, sitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame  
That many have, and others must be there,  
And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease;  
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I in one Prison many People,  
And none contented: Sometimes am I a King;  
Then Treason makes me with my self a Beggar,  
And so I am: Then crushing Penury  
Perswades me I was better when a King,

*Then*



Then am I King again ; and by and by  
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,  
 And freight am Nothing. But whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any Man, that but Man is,  
 With Nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 By being Nothing. [Spoken by Rich. 2d.]

Shak.

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd  
 With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind :  
 Sometimes they lose their way : sometimes as slow  
 As Beasts o'er-loaded, heavily they move;  
 Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *How. Vest. Virg.*

VVild hurrying Thoughts  
 Start ev'ry way from my distracted Soul  
 To find out Hope, and only meet Despair. *South. Fatal Mar.*  
 A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. *Dryd. Cleom.*

### T H U N D E R. See Lightning. Storm.

With Terror through the dark Aerial Hall. *Milt.*  
 A Peal of rattling Thunder roll'd along,  
 And shook the Firmament. *Dryd.*

Cre. Lucr.

The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies.  
 The Thunder now,  
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,  
 Has spent his Shafts; it ceases now to roar,  
 And bellow through the vast and boundless Deep. *Milt.*

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roll. *Don Seb.*

(Dryd.)

It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,  
 Before the dreadful Break; if here it falls,  
 The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,  
 And in a moment turn my Heart to Ashes. *Dryd. Troil. & Cres.*

### T I G E R.

So when a *Scythian* Tyger gazing round,  
 A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,  
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry Pride,  
 And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry side :  
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,  
 In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall ;  
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,  
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.

Cowl.

Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance has spy'd  
 In some Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,  
 Strait couches close ; then, rising, changes oft  
 His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,  
 Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,  
 Grasped in each Paw.

*Milt.*  
 T I M E.

## T I M E.

Time of it self is nothing, but from Thought  
 Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought  
 From things consider'd, while we think on some  
 As present, some as past, or yet to come.  
 No Thought can think on Time,  
 But thinks on things in Motion or at Rest.

*Cre. Luhr.*

For Nature knows,  
 No stedfast Station, but or ebbs or flows.  
 Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,  
 And casts new Figures in another Mold.  
 Even Times are in perpetual Flux, and run,  
 Like Rivers, from their Fountains rolling on :  
 For Time, no more than Streams, is at a stay,  
 The flying Hour is ever on her Way :  
 And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,  
 The Wave behind impels the Wave before.  
 Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,  
 And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.  
 Still moving, ever new ; for former Things  
 Are set aside like abdicated Kings.  
 And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,  
 And innovates some Act, till then unknown.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

Time is th' Effect of Motion, born a Twin  
 And with the World did equally begin :  
 Time, like a Stream, that hastens from the Shore,  
 Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.  
 All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,  
 And Motion rest in everlasting sleep.  
 Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,  
 The Future but a Length behind the past,  
 So swift are Years.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

Thy Teeth, devouring Time! thine envious Age!  
 On Things below still exercise your Rage;  
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,  
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morsels eat.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

Time hastes away,  
 Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay :  
 The rolling Years with constant Motion run :  
 Lo ! while I speak the present Minute's gone :  
 And foll'wing Hours urge the foregoing on.  
 'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,  
 'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure,

They're all too feeble to withstand  
 Gray Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless End. *Cildb. Hor.*  
 T I M E R U N S.

## T I T I U S.

There *Tityus* was to see, who took his Birth  
 From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth;  
 Here his Gigantick Limbs, with large Embrace,  
 Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.  
 A rav'nous Vulture in his op'ning Side  
 Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd:  
 Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breast,  
 The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast.  
 Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains;  
 Th' immortal Hunger lasts, th' immortal Food remains. *(Virg. Dryd.)*

## T O A D.

So when a Toad, squat on a Border, spies  
 The Gard'ner passing by; his blood-shot Eyes  
 With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around  
 The verdant Walks; and on the flow'ry Ground  
 The bloated Vermin loathsome Poison spits,  
 And swollen, and bursting with his Malice, sits. *Blac.*

## A T O P.

As young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,  
 On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court;  
 The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,  
 Admir'd with Clamours of the beardless Rout.  
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,  
 And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 The whirling Top they whip,  
 And drive her giddy till she fall asleep. *Dryd. Virg.*

## T O R R E N T. See Brook. Flood. Stream.

As when a Torrent rouls with rapid Force,  
 And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course:  
 The Flood constrain'd within a scanty Space,  
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy Race:  
 White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around,  
 The rocky Shores re-bellow to the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*  
 Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents rush from high,  
 Rapid they run, the foamy VVaters fry;  
 They foul to Sea with unresisted Force,  
 And down the Rocks precipitate their Course. *Dryd. Virg.*

## T R A I N.



## TRAIN-BANDS.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,  
 And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia swarms.  
 Of seeming Arms they make a short Essay;  
 Then hasten to be drunk, the Bus'ness of the Day. *(Or Iph. Dryd. Cym.)*  
 'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,  
 That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,  
 And quash'd the stern *Aeacides* :  
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel,  
 How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel :  
 Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,  
 And won the long-disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field.  
 But Soldiers of a rustick Mold,  
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,  
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,  
 Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound.  
 And after the declining Sun  
 Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,  
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,  
 And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day. *Rosc. Hor.*

## TRANSMIGRATION of SOULS.

Now since the God inspires me to proceed ;  
 Be thou, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd.  
 For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,  
 Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes,  
 Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.  
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere  
 Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year :  
 To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height  
 Of *Atlas*, who supports the Heav'nly Weight.  
 To look from upper Light, and thence survey  
 Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,  
 And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State  
 Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate.  
 These I would teach, and by right Reason bring  
 To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.  
 Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,  
 A Dream of Darkness, and fictitious Flame ?  
 Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,  
 And Fables of a World, that never was.  
 What feels the Body when the Soul expires,  
 By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires ?  
 Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats

In other Forms, and only changes Seats.  
 Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd  
 In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest.  
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
 And here and there th' unbod'y'd Spirit flies,  
 By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſſeſ'd,  
 And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beaſt.  
 Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,  
 And actuates thoſe according to their Kind :  
 From Tenement to Tenement is toſſ'd ;  
 The Soul is ſtill the ſame ; the Figure only loſt.  
 And, as the ſofter'd Wax new Seals receives,  
 This Face aſſumes, and that Impreſſion leaves ;  
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name,  
 The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is ſtill the ſame :  
 So Death, ſo call'd, can but the Form deſace,  
 Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty ſpace,  
 To ſeek her Fortune in ſome other place.

Dryd. Ovid. }

## T R E E S. See Creation. Grove. Paradise.

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,  
 And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.  
 Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, deſcend  
 VVith mighty Sway, and makes the Foreſt bend.  
 The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks  
 Groan with their VVounds from thick redoubled Strokes.  
 The falling Trees deſert the neighb'ring Sky,  
 VVhere now the Clouds may unmoleſted fly.  
 A ſhady Harveſt lies diſpers'd around,  
 And loſty Ruin loads th' incumber'd Ground.

Blac.

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,  
 And the laſt mortal Stroke alone remains ;  
 Lab'ring in pangs of Death, and threat'ning all,  
 This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall. Dryd. Ovid.

The Trees were unctuous Firr  
 And Mountain-Aſh the Mother of the Spear,  
 The Mourner Eugh, and Builder-Oak were there.  
 The Beech, the ſwimming Alder, and the Plane,  
 Hard Box, and Linden of a ſofter Grain, (Dryd. Pal. & Art.)  
 And Lawrel, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.

The Indian Fig-tree too there ſpreads her Arms  
 Branching ſo broad, and long, that in the Ground  
 The bended Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree : a pillar'd Shade,  
 High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between :  
 There oft the Indian Herdſman ſhun'ning Heat

Shelters

Shelters in Cool, and tends his past'ring Herds  
At Loopholes cut thro' thickest Shades.

*Milt.*

*Of a Tree cut in Paper.*

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,  
Yet from the Stain of Ink preserve it white ;  
Whose Travel o'er that silver Field does show  
Like Tracks of Leverets in Morning Snow.  
Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,  
Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought.  
Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil,  
Without the help of Colours, or of Oil :  
For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,  
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake.  
Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove,  
Like Southern Winds, and makes it gently move.  
*Orpheus* could make the Forest dance, but you  
Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

*Wall.*

#### TRUMPET. *See Country-Life.*

The sprightly Trumpets from afar,  
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War ;  
Had rowz'd the neighing Steeds to scowr the Fields,  
While the fierce Riders clatter'd on their Shields. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Trumpets terribly from far,  
With ratling Clangor rowze the sleepy War :  
The Soldiers Shouts succeed the brazen Sounds,  
And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise rebounds. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*  
By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,  
We learn that Sound as well as Sense perswades. *Wall.*

*Trumpeter.*

None so renown'd  
The Warriour Trumpet in the Field to sound ;  
With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms,  
And rowze to dare their Fate in honourable Arms. *Dryd. Virg.*

#### TWILIGHT.

When blended Shades and Light  
A brown Confusion make of Day and Night,  
When Birds obscene fly from their dark Abodes ;  
And prowling Wolves forsake the shady Woods :  
The Lion now, who in his Den by Day,  
His lazy Limbs extended, slumb'ring lay,  
Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes,  
Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams. *Blac.*

I i

TYRANT.



TYRANT. *See King. Usurper.*

Proud, impatient,  
Of Ought superiour, ev'n of Heav'n, that made him :  
Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r  
Of ruling without Reason, of confounding  
Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will ;  
By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands  
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,  
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes  
To draw their Neighbours to Destruction,  
To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields.  
Like some accursed Fiend, who, scap'd from Hell,  
Poysons the balmy Air thro' which he flies ;  
He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, (*Rom. Turner!*)  
The lab'ring Hinds best Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Oh the sweet Charms of independant Sway !  
Princes, whose Will pretended Law restrains,  
Are only royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.  
But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,  
Like the fierce Monarchs, who the Desert awe,  
Who uncontroul'd range the wild Mountains o'er :  
And shake the Forest with their dreadful Roar :  
Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,  
Nor are their Subjects only, but their Prey.

*Blas.*

V E N U S.

Delight of Human-Kind, and Gods above,  
Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love !  
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies ;  
And breeds what e'er is born beneath the rolling Skies ;  
For ev'ry Kind, by thy prolifick Might,  
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.  
Thee, Goddess ! thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,  
And at thy pleasing Presence disappear :  
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd,  
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast,  
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer Light is blest ;  
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,  
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd ;  
VVhen teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,  
And VVestern Gales unlock the lazy Year ;  
The joyous Birds thy VVelcome first express,  
VVhose native Songs thy genial Fire confess :  
Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,  
Strook with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood :

*All*

All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air and Sea :  
 Of all that breaths the various Progeny  
 Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.  
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,  
 The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,  
 Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.  
 Thro' all the living Regions thou dost move,  
 And scatter'st where thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of Love.  
 Since then the Race of ev'ry living thing  
 Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring  
 VVithout thy VVarmth, without thy Influence bear;  
 Or beautiful or lovesom can appear;  
 Be thou my Aid : My tuneful Song inspire,  
 And kindle with thy own productive Fire ;  
 VVhile all thy Province, Nature, I survey ;  
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay, (Pow'r display.)  
 Of Heav'n, and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous  
 Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord cease,  
 And lull the list'ning VVorld in universal Peace.  
 To thee Mankind their soft Repose must owe,  
 For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow ;  
 Because the brutal Bus'ness of the VVar,  
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care :  
 VVho oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove  
 The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love :  
 And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies,  
 VVhile with thy Heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd Eyes :  
 Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,  
 By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.  
 There while thy curling Arms about him move,  
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love ;  
 VVhen wishing all, he nothing can deny,  
 Thy Charms in that auspicious Moment try,  
 VVith winning Eloquence our Peace implore,  
 And Quiet to the weary VVorld restore.

*Dryd. Lucr.*

Creator *Venus* ! Genial Power of Love !  
 The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above !  
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,  
 Dost fairest Shine, and best become thy Place :  
 For thee the VVinds their Eastern Blasts forbear,  
 Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.  
 Thee, Goddess ! thee, the Storms of VVinter fly,  
 Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,  
 And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.  
 For thee, the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,  
 And roaring hunts his Female thro' the VVeeds ;  
 For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,  
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves.

Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,  
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,  
 Thou mad'st the VVorld, and dost the VVorld repair.  
 Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,  
 Increase of *Fove*, Companion of the Sun!  
 VVith smiling Aspect you serenely move  
 In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.  
 The Fates but only spin the courser Clue,  
 The finest of the Wool is left for you;  
 Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,  
 And let the Sisters cut below your Line;  
 The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,  
 Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*  
 Temple of Venus.

In *Venus* Temple on the Sides were seen  
 The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men;  
 Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call;  
 And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the Wall;  
 Complaints, and hot Desires, the Lovers Hell,  
 And scalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell:  
 And all around were nuptial Bonds, the Ties  
 Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lies,  
 That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.  
 Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,  
 And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;  
 And Sorceries to raise th' infernal Pow'rs,  
 And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours:  
 Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,  
 And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair;  
 Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,  
 And Jealousie suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,  
 Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest,  
 Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.  
 Oppos'd to her on th' other Side advance  
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance;  
 Minstrels and Musick, Poetry and Play,  
 And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.  
 — There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron*,  
 The Court of *Venus* was in Colours drawn.  
 Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Drest,  
 And loose Array, fate Portress *Idleness*:  
 There by the Fount *Narcissus* pin'd alone,  
 There *Sampson* was, with wiser *Solomon*,  
 And all the mighty Names by Love undone.  
*Medea's* Charms were there, *Circean* Feasts,  
 With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth to Beasts:  
 Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,

And



And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit ;  
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,  
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd :  
 The Goddess self some noble Hand had wrought,  
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought :  
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,  
 And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies.  
 She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,  
 And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest :  
 A Lute she held ; and on her Head was seen  
 A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green :  
 Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,  
 And, by his Mother, stood an infant Love,  
 With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,  
 His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore, (Pal. & Arc. }  
 Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. Dryd. }

## V E R S E. See Poets and Poetry.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charms we use,  
 Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse.  
 Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,  
 But they move more in lofty Numbers told.

Wall.

Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,  
 That play thro' trembling Trees delight me more,  
 Nor murmur'ing Billows on the sandy Shore,  
 Nor winding Streams, that thro' the Valleys glide,  
 And the scarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide:

For such thy Verse appears,  
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,  
 As to the weary Swain with Cares oppress'd,  
 Beneath the Sylvan shade refreshing Rest:  
 As to the ferv'ish Traveller, when first  
 He finds a chrystal Stream, to quench his Thirst.

Dryd. Virg.

Not Winds to Voyagers at Sea,  
 Nor Show'rs to Earth more necessary be,  
 Than Verse to Virtue, which can do  
 The Midwife's Office, and the Nurse's too :

It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay ;  
 And when it dies, with comely Pride,  
 Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid

That never will decay,  
 Till Heav'n it self shall melt away,  
 And nought behind it stay.

Cowl.

For ev'n when Death dissolves our human Frame,  
 The Soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came,  
 Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.

Dryd. }  
Begin

Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre!  
 Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Quire,  
 All hand in hand do decently advance,  
 And to my Song with smooth and equal Measures dance;  
 While the Dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,  
 My Musick's Voice shall bear it Company.

Till all gentle Notes be drown'd  
 In the last Trumpets dreadful Sound.  
 That to the Spheres themselves shall Silence bring,  
 Untune the universal String;  
 Then all the wide extended Sky,  
 And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,  
 And *Virgil's* sacred VVork shall die:

And he himself shall see in one Fire shine  
 Rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, tho' built by Hands divine. *Cowp.*

### V I C I S S I T U D E.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,  
 Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene:  
 Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,  
 Then fall so hard, they bound, and rise again. *Dryd. Virg.*

Short is th' uncertain Reign, and Pomp of mortal Pride;  
 New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day  
 Are of inconstant Chance, the constant Arts;

Soon she gives, soon takes away,  
 She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts:  
 But if she stays, or if she goes,  
 The wise Man little Joy, or little Sorrow shows.

For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,  
 One gains by what another is bereft;  
 The frugal Destinies have only left  
 A common Bank of Happiness below,  
 Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. *How. Vest. Virg.*

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,  
 VVhich taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune;  
 Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,  
 Is bound in Shallows and in Miseries. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

VVhat God, alas! will Caution be  
 For living Man's Security,  
 Or will ensure his Vessel in this faithless Sea?

VVhere Fortune's Favour, and her Spight  
 Roll with alternate VVaves like Day and Night. *Cowp. Pind.*

He various Changes of the World had known,  
 And strange Vicissitudes of humane Fate:  
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady State.  
 Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,  
 Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.  
 Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,

And

And none can boast sincere Felicity;  
 VVith equal Mind what happens let us bear,  
 Not joy, nor grieve too much, for things beyond our Care,  
 Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend,  
 The VVorld's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.  
 Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done,  
 Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

VVhat then remains, but after past Annoy  
 To take the good Vicissitude of Joy:  
 To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,  
 Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

## V I N E.

They led the Vine  
 To wed her Elm: She spous'd, about him twines  
 Her marriageable Arms, and with her brings  
 Her Dower, th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
 His barren Leaves.

*Milt.*

Th' aspiring Vines  
 Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines. *Dryd. Virg.*

Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was Young,  
 Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:  
 But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,  
 And all my Clusters, and my Branches gone. *Otw. Don Carl.*

## V I R A G O.

A Warriour Dame,  
 Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,  
 She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field;  
 Mix'd with the first the fierce Virago fought,  
 Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Dangers sought:  
 Out-strip'd the Wind in Speed upon the Plain,  
 Flew o'er the Field, nor hurt the bearded Grain,  
 She swept the Seas, and as she skimm'd along,  
 Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung:  
 Men, Boys, and VVomen, stupid with Surprise,  
 VVhere e'er she passes fix their wond'ring Eyes.  
 Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,  
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.  
 Her purple Habit sits with such a Grace,  
 On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face:  
 Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,  
 And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.  
 She shakes her Myrtle Jav'lin, and behind  
 Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the VVind.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Next *Trulla* came; *Trulla* more bright  
 Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.  
 A bold Virago, stout and tall,



As *Joan of France*, or *English Moll*;  
 Thro' Perils both of VVind and Limb,  
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him;  
 At Breach of VVall, or Hedge Surprize,  
 She shar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize,  
 At beating Quarters up, or Forrage,  
 Behav'd her self with matchless Courage;  
 And laid about in Fight more busily  
 Than th' *Amazonian Pen-Thesily*.  
 But here some Criticks do cry shame,  
 And say our Authors are to blame,  
 That spite of all Philosophers,  
 VVho hold no Females stout, but Bears,  
 Make feeble Ladies in their VVorks  
 To fight like Termagants and Turks,  
 To lay their naked Arms aside,  
 Their Modesty, and ride astride,  
 To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield  
 Their naked Tools in open Field,  
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,  
 And she that should have been the Mistress  
 Of *Gondibert*, but he had Grace,  
 And rather took a Country Lass.

Hud.

## V I R T U E.

Virtue, the noble Cause for which you're made!  
 Improperly we measure Life by Breath,  
 Those do not truly live who merit Death.

Step. Fuv.

Our Life is short, but to extend that Span  
 To vast Eternity, is Virtue's VVork.

Shak. Troil. &amp; Cre.

He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cause. *Shak. Tit. Andron.*

How vain is Virtue which directs our VVays  
 Through certain Dangers to uncertain Praise!  
 Barren and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies,  
 VVith thy lean Train, the pious and the wise.  
 Heav'n takes thee at thy VVord without Regard,  
 And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.  
 The VVorld is made for the bold impious Man,  
 VVho stops at nothing, seizes all he can;  
 Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,  
 And trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword:  
 Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,  
 And while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

Dryd. Auren.

VVould'st thou to Honours and Preferments climb?  
 Be bold in Mischiefe, dare some mighty Crime;  
 VVhich Dangers, Death, or Banishment deserves,

For

For Virtue is but dryly prais'd and starves :

Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboss'd,  
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost,

And high Commands : A sneaking Sin is lost. *Dryd. Furv. }*

How few are virtuous when Reward's away ? *Dryd.*

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul.

A Man is wholly wise, or wholly is a Fool. *Dryd. Pers.*

If when a Crown and Mistress are in Place,  
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face ;

Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe :

VVhy does she come where she has nought to do ?

Let her with Anchorets, not with Lovers lie,

Statesmen and they keep better Company. *Dryd Conq. of Gran.*

#### U S U R P E R. See King. Tyrant.

He who by Force a Scepter does obtain,  
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.

Right comes of Course, whate'er he was before,

Murder and Usurpation are no more. *Dryd. Auren.*

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,

And overflows the level Grounds ;

Those Banks and Dams, that like a Screen

Did keep it out, now keep it in ;

So when tyrannick Usurpation,

Invades the Freedom of a Nation,

Those Laws o'th' Land that were intended

To keep it out, are made defend it. *Hud.*

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,

View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.

'Tis base to seize on all because you may ;

That's Empire, that which I can give away :

There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,

VVhen you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.

A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,

A Fame which will to endless Ages last. *Dryd. Auren.*

And few Usurpers to the Shades descend,

By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. *Dryd. Furv.*

#### V U L C A N See Cyclops.

In *Ausonian* Land

Men call'd him *Mulciber* ; and how he fell

From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*

Sheer o'er the chrystal Battlements : from Morn

To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,

A Summer's day ; and with the setting Sun

*Dropt*

Dropt from the *Zenith*, like a falling Star,  
On *Lemnos*, th' *Egean* Ile.

Milt.

Me by the Heel he drew ;  
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.  
All Day I fell : my flight at Morn begun,  
And ended not but with the setting Sun.  
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground,  
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinhians* heal'd my Wound.

(Dryd. Hom.

## W A N T.

VVant is a bitter and a hateful Good,  
Because its Virtues are not understood :  
Yet many things, impossible to Thought,  
Have been by Need, to full Perfection brought.  
The daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,  
Sharpness of VVit, and active Diligence.  
Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,  
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives :  
For ev'n that Indigence that brings me low,  
Makes me my self, and him above to know.

A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse,  
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.

If we from VVealth to Poverty descend, (of Bath's Tale.  
VVant gives to know the Flatter'r from the Friend. Dryd. Wife

VVant is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,  
And VVit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. Dryd. Jew.

Famine is in thy Cheeks,  
Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,  
Contempt and Beggery hang on thy Back. Otw. Caius. Marius.

Oh ! we must change the Scene,  
In which the pass'd Delights of Love were tasted :  
The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch  
Our Labours late, and early ev'ry Morning,  
Midst VVinter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,  
Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.

Oh *Belvidera* !

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meager Fiend  
Is at our Heels, and chafes us in View.  
Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can these Limbs,  
Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,  
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty ?  
VVhen in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,  
And the bleak VVinds whistle about our Heads,  
VVilt thou then talk to me thus ?

Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love ?

Oh ! I will love thee, ev'n in Madness love thee,

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Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me!  
 Tho' the bare Earth be all our resting Place,  
 Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation,  
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,  
 And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,  
 Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love  
 Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest.

*Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,  
 And ne'er know Comfort more.

*Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Lord! vvhhat an am'rous thing is Want!  
 Howv Debts and Mortgages inchant!  
 VVhat Graces must that Lady have,  
 That can from Execution save?  
 VVhat Charms, that can reverse Extent,  
 And null Decree and Exigent?  
 VVhat magical Attracts and Graces,  
 That can redeem from *Scire Facias*?  
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,  
 And from Contempts of Courts inlarge?  
 These are the highest Excellences,  
 Of all our true or false Pretences:  
 And you vvould damn your selves, and svwear  
 As much t'an Hostess Dovvager,  
 Grovvn fat and purvy by Retail  
 Of Pots of Beer, and bottled Ale,  
 And find her fitter for your Turn,  
 For Fat is vvondrous apt to burn;  
 VVho at your Flames vvould soon take Fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your Desire,  
 And, like a Candle in the Socket,  
 Dissolve her Graces into your Pocket.

*Hud.*

W A R. See Battle. Fighting. Jousts. *Mars.*

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound:  
 The peaceful Peasant to the War is press'd.  
 The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest.  
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords;  
 The crooked Scythes are sharpened into Swords.  
 Perfidious *Mars* long-plighted Leagues divides,  
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The peaceful Cities,  
 Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,  
 Are all on Fire; and some with studious Care,  
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.  
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,  
 And VVar is all their wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.

Part

Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and part  
 New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.  
 With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,  
 And hear the Trumpet's Clangour pierce the Sky,  
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,  
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield.  
 The Corset some, and some the Cuishes mould,  
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.  
 The rustick honours of the Scythe and Share,  
 Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.  
 The Faulchions are new-temper'd in the Fires ;  
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.  
 The Word is given, with eager haste they lace  
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.  
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,  
 The trusty Weapon sits on ev'ry Side.

*Dryd. Virg.*

An iron Harvest on the Field appears,  
 Of Lances, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears :  
 Throng'd Helms in long embattel'd Ranks dispos'd,  
 The lou'ring Front of horrid War disclos'd.

*Blac.*

The Neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er,  
 The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield  
 Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field,  
 The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far ;  
 And ev'ry moment nearer shews the War.

*Dryd. Aur.*

The various Glories of their Arms combine,  
 And in one fearful dazling Medley joyn.  
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath  
 Shine with a bright variety of Death.  
 The Sun starts back to see the Fields display  
 Their rival Lustre, and terrestrial Day.

*Blac.*

The Fields  
 Are bright with flaming Swords, and brazen Shields ;  
 A shining Harvest either Host displays,  
 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays.

*Dryd. Virg.*

All in a moment rose  
 A Forest huge of Spears ; and thronging Helms  
 Appear'd, and ferri'd Shields, in thick Array,  
 Of Depth immeasurable ; strait out-flew  
 Millions of flaming Swords ; the sudden Blaze  
 Far round illumin'd Hell. They fierce with grasped Arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,  
 Hurling Defiance towards the Vault of Heav'n.

*Milt.*

It was the time  
 When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark  
 Fill the whole Vessel of the Universe :  
 From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,

*The*

The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.  
 Fire answers Fire, and though their paly Flames  
 Each Battel sees the other's umber'd Face.  
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighs,  
 Piercing the Nights dull Ear; and from the Tents  
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,  
 With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,  
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation.

*Shak. Hen. 5.*

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring;  
 When confus'd and high,  
 Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry,  
 For *Mars* was early up, and rouz'd the Sky.  
 The Gods came downward to behold the VVars,  
 Sharpning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars:  
 The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,  
 For Battel by the busy Groom prepar'd.  
 Rustling of Harness, Rattling of the Shield,  
 Clat'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field:  
 The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold  
 Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazling to behold;  
 And polish'd Steel, that cast the View aside,  
 And crested Morions with their plummy Pride.  
 Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires  
 In gaudy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires:  
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,  
 A third the shining Buckler did advance:  
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,  
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden Bit.  
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,  
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side:  
 And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields pro-

}

(vide. }

*(Dryd. Pal. & Arb.)*

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate  
 Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,  
 Disclosing slow the horrid Face of VVar.  
 The thick Battallions move in dreadful Form,  
 As lowering Clouds advance before a Storm.

*Blac.*

Advancing in a Line they couch their Spears  
 And less and less the middle Space appears.  
 Thick Smoke obscures the Field, and scarce are seen  
 The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.  
 In distance of their Darts they stop their Course,  
 Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse:  
 The Face of Heav'n their flying Javlines hide,  
 And Deaths unseen are dealt on ev'ry Side.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Thick



Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,  
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus equal Deaths are dealt, with equal Chance,  
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance,  
Victors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,  
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield :  
The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,  
And mourn the Miseries of human Life. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lins fly,  
And Balls of Fire hiss through th' enlightend Sky.  
Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,  
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs. *Blac.*

To the rude shock of War both Armies came,  
Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same.  
With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they strike ;  
And zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike:  
Like them, their dauntless Men maintain the Field,  
And Hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield :  
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound,  
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.  
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space,  
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace,  
And where one falls another fills his Place. *Dryd. Virg. }*

An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky, *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who die.

The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work,  
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein.  
When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the Tug of War ;  
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled. *Lee Alex.*

Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strew'd  
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood.  
Arms, Horses, Men, on Heaps together lie ;  
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.  
The Sands with streaming Blood, are sanguin dy'd,  
And Death with Honour fought on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

What noise of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound !  
What Ruin, what slain Heaps deform the Ground ?  
The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,  
That in the Air rise like our Walls sublime. *Blac.*

Dead Corps imboss the Vale with little Hills. *Cowl.*  
His smoaking Horses at their utmost Speed,  
He lashes on, and urges o'er the Dead :  
Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and when they bound,  
The Gore and gath'ring Dust are dash'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not weild  
Their angry Weapons to dispute the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

They Darts with Clamour, at a distance drive,  
And

And only keep the languish'd War alive.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,  
More on their Speed, than on their Strength rely.  
Confus'd in Flight, they bear each other down,  
And spur their Horses headlong to the Town.  
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,  
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.  
These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forgo,  
Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow :  
The Hoofs of Horses, with a rattling sound,  
Beat thick, and short, and shake the solid Ground.  
Black Clouds of Dust come rouling in the Sky,  
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampiers fly.  
All pressing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd  
Are crush'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude,  
Some happy few escape : the Throng too late  
Rush on for entrance till they choak the Gate.  
Then in a fright the folding Gates they close,  
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.  
The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout  
'Tis terror all within, and Slaughter all without.  
Blind in their Fear, they bounce against the Wall ;  
Or to the Moats pursu'd precipitate their Fall.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The dreadful business of the War is over,  
And Slaughter, that, from yester Morn till Even,  
With Giant Steps, pass'd striding o'er the Field,  
Besmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,  
Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,  
And slumbers o'er her Prey.

*Rowe. Tamerl.*

#### W A V E S. *See* Enjoyment.

So swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,  
Driv'n on each others Backs, insult the Shore,  
Bound o'er the Rocks, inroach upon the Land,  
And far upon the Beach eject the Sand :  
Then backwards with a Swing they take their way,  
Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother Sea.  
With equal Hurry quit th' invaded Shore, *(Dryd. Virg.)*  
And swallow back the Sands and Stones they spew'd before.

Far off we hear the Waves with surly Sound  
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.  
The Billows break upon the sounding Strand,  
And roul the rising Tides impure with Sand.

*Dryd. Virg.*

#### W E E P I N G. *See* Grief. Sorrow. Tears.

Her brimful Eyes that ready stood,  
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,

*Releas'd*

Releas'd their wat'ry Store, and pour'd amain,  
Like Clouds, low-hung, a sober Show'r of Rain:  
Mute, solemn Sorrow, free from female Noise,  
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys: *Dryd. Sig. & Guif.*

O'er her *Adonis* so

Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r  
Of her warm Tears cherish'd the springing Flow'r. *Wall.*

She silently a gentle Tear let fall  
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair:  
Two other precious Drops that ready stood,  
Each in their Cryстал Sluice, he, e'er they fell,  
Kiss'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet Remorse,  
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended. *Milt.*

A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,  
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet sweeter Grace. *Blac.*

So thro' a watry Cloud,

The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

She came weeping forth

Shining through Tears, like *April*-Suns in Show'rs,  
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.  
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she lean'd,  
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,  
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her;  
Ev'n the lewd Rabble, that were gather'd round,  
To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her, (*Ven. Pres.*)  
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity. *Orw.*

Dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers by,

The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,  
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,  
For tender Pity wept; when she began,  
Through the bright Quire th' infectious Virtue ran,  
All drop'd their Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,  
And stop'd her Speech in pompous Train of Woe. *Dryd. Virg.*

See where she sits; and in what comely wise

Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes,  
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see

Th' Attire thy Sorrow wears,

Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,

For she'll still come to dress her self in thee.

Ne'er did I yet behold such glorious Weather,

As this Sun-shine and Rain together. *Cowl.*

With Head declin'd

Like a fair Flow'r surcharg'd with Dew, she weeps. *Dryd.*

Then setting free a Sigh from her fair Eyes

She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,  
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

In



In *Palamon*, a manly Grief appears,  
Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Bear my Weakness,  
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,  
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom. *Osw. Ven. Pres.*

Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;  
I have not wept these forty years, but now  
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,  
I cannot help her softness.

By Heav'n he weeps! Poor good old Man he weeps,  
The big round Drops course one another down.  
The Furrows of his Cheeks. *Dryd. All for Love.*

His Eyes,  
Altho unus'd unto the melting Mood,  
Drop Tears more fast than the *Arabian* Tree  
Her medicinal Gums. *Shak. Othel.*

Compassion quell'd  
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears. *Milt.*

## W E L C O M E.

Welcome as kindly show'rs to long-parch'd Earth. *Dryd. Span.*  
Welcome as Mercy to a man condemn'd. *(Fry.)*

Welcome to me, as to a sinking Mariner  
The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore. *Lee. OEdip.*

Welcome as the Light  
To chearful Birds, or as to Lovers Night. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears. *Osw. Orph.*

## W I F E. See Marriage. Husband.

Who loves to hear of Wife? *Osw. Orph.*

That dull insipid thing without desires,  
And without Pow'r to give them. *Dryd. Auren.*

When you would give all Worldly Plagues a Name  
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife!

But a new-marry'd Wife's a seeming Mischief,  
Full of her self: Why, what a deal of Horror

Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded yesterday? *Osw. Orph.*

We hope to find  
That Help, which Nature meant in Woman-kind  
To Man, that Supplemental self design'd:

But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd;  
And *Adam* sure could with more Ease abide *(Batch.)*

The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride. *Cong. Old.*

What hunt a Wife

On the dull Soil? sure a stanch Husband  
Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,  
Never be wean'd from Cawdles and Confections?  
What feminine Taste hast thou been list'ning to  
Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooah-ash got  
By thin-soal'd shooes?

Osw. Ven. Pres.

Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,  
To Husbands, tho' unjust, long Patience owe.  
They were for freedom made, Obedience we,  
Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity:  
Reason it self in us must not be bold,  
Nor decent Custom be by Wit controll'd;  
On our own Heads we desperately stray,  
And are still happiest the vulgar Way.

Seld.

## W I N D S.

He views with Horror next the noisie Cave,  
Where with hoarse Din imprison'd Tempests rave;  
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,  
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

Gar.

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,  
The restless Regions of the Storms she sought.  
Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,  
The Tyrant *Æolus*, from his airy Throne,  
With Pow'r imperial curbs the struggling Winds,  
And sounding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.  
This way and that, th' impatient Captives tend,  
And, pressing for Release, the Mountain rend.  
High in his Hall th' undaunted Monarch stands,  
And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:  
Which did he not, their unresisted Sway  
Would sweep the World before 'em in their Way.  
Earth, Air, and Seas thro' empty Space would roul,  
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.  
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods  
Confin'd their Fury to these dark Abodes,  
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with Mountain.  
Impos'd a King with arbitrary Sway,  
To loose their Fetters, or their Force ally.

(Loads.}

Dryd. Virg.

Nor were those blust'ring Brethren left at large,  
On Seas and Shores their Fury to discharge;  
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in Place,  
They rend the World, resistless where they pass;  
And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind.  
First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,  
(The Regions of the balmy Continent)

And

And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run  
 To greet the blest Appearance of the Sun.  
 Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his flight,  
 Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light.  
 Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-spring, issues forth  
 T' invade the frozen Waggon of the North ;  
 While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,  
 And rots with endless Rain th' unwholsome Year. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Thus when the Rival Winds their Quarrel try,  
 Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky ;  
 South, East, and West, on airy Coursers born ;  
 The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn ;  
 Then *Nereus* strikes the Deep, the Billows rise,  
 And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,  
 From the mid Ocean drives the Waves before ;  
 The painful Hind with heavy Heart foresees  
 The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when loud *Boreas*, with his blust'ring Train,  
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main ;  
 Where'er he flies, he drives the Rack before,  
 And rous the Billows on th' *Aegean* Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth  
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North :  
 The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,  
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast :  
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar  
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,  
 In Whispers first their tender Voices try :  
 Then issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,  
 And Storms to trembling Mariners preface. *Dryd. Virg.*

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,  
 With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try,  
 They rage, they roar ; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n  
 Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n :  
 Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,  
 They long suspend the Fortune of the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

## W I N T E R.

No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear,  
 The frozen Earth lies bury'd there below  
 A hilly Heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow,  
 And all the West Allies of Stormy *Boreas* blow. }  
 The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,  
 Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chafe,  
 K k 2 When



When up the Skies he shoots his rosy Head,  
 Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.  
 Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,  
 And studded Wheels are on its Back sustain'd;  
 An Hoftry now for Waggon, which before  
 Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.  
 The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,  
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd;  
 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence  
 By Weight the solid Portions they dispence;  
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,  
 Long Ificles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard:  
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,  
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.  
 The starving Cattel perish in their Stalls,  
 Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wintry Walls  
 Of Snow congeal'd; whole Herds are bury'd there  
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.  
 The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,  
 With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War  
 With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,  
 But close engages in unequal Fight,  
 And while they strive in vain to make their Way  
 Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,  
 Assaults with dint of Swords or pointed Spears,  
 And homeward on his Back the joyful Burden bears.  
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire,  
 Secure from Cold, and crowd the chearful Fire;  
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,  
 Nor tempt th' Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.  
 Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play  
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away;  
 And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear  
 Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer:  
 Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and such  
 The Savage *Sythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch*;  
 Where skins of Beasts the rude Barbarians wear,  
 The spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.

Dryd. Virg.

Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood,  
 And Cakes of rustling Ice come rowling down the Flood. Dryd.

When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar, (Virg.  
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore.

When naked Hills in frozen Armour stand.

Blac.

Behold yon Mountain's hoary Height,  
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;  
 Again behold the Winter's Weight  
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below;

And

And Streams with icy Fetters bound,  
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground,  
 With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold.  
 And feed the genial Hearth with Fires;  
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,  
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:  
 For what hereafter shall betide,  
 God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

*Dryd. Hor.*

## W I S D O M.

VVifdom's too froward to let any find  
 Trust in himself, or pleasure in his Mind;  
 She takes by what she gives; her Help destroys:  
 She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys. *How. Ind. Queen.*

VVifdom's an evenness of Soul,  
 A steady Temper which no Cares controul,  
 No Passions ruffle, no Desire inflame;  
 Still constant to it self, and still the same. *Dryd.*

The VVise and Active conquer Difficulties  
 By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly  
 Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,  
 And make th' Impossibility they fear. *Rowe. Amb. Stepm.*

But VVifdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,  
 None are so busie as the Fool and Knave. *Dryd. Med.*

Vain Boast of VVifdom,  
 That with fantastick Pride, like busie Children,  
 Builds Paper Towns and Houses, which at once  
 The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters. *Rowe Amb. (Stepm.)*

V V I S H E S. *See Content.*

Look round the habitable VVorld, how few  
 Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue!  
 How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!  
 What in the Conduct of our Life appears  
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,  
 But when we have our wish, we wish undone?  
 Whole Houses of their whole Desires possess'd,  
 Are often ruin'd at their own Request.  
 In Wars and Peace things hurtful we require,  
 When made obnoxious to our own Desire, *Dryd. Juv. (Mod.)*  
 So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,  
 That what we most desire, proves most our Pain. *Dryd. Mar. Ala-*

With Lawrels some have fatally been crown'd,  
 Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,  
 In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd. *} Some*

Some ask for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate  
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.  
All with the dire Prerogative to kill;  
Ev'n they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will. *Dryd. Juv.*  
'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows request,  
Are hurtful Things, or useless at the best. *Dryd. Juv.*

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,  
VVe know not what to wish, or what to fear. *Dryd.*

VVhat then remains are we depriv'd of VVill?  
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?  
Receive my Counsel, and securely move:  
Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above;  
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
VVhat their unerring VVisdom sees thee want.  
In Goodness as in Greatness they excel;  
Oh! That we lov'd our selves but half so well! *Dryd. Juv.*

## VV I T.

A thousand different Shapes it bears,  
Comely in thousand Shapes appears.  
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,  
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,  
Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain,  
The Proofs of VVit for ever must remain.  
'Tis no to force some lifeless Verses meet,  
VVith their five gouty Feet;  
All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,  
And Reason the inferiour Pow'rs controul.  
Yet 'tis not to adorn and guild each Part;  
That shews more Cost than Art:  
'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,  
(Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys,)  
In which who finds out VVit, the same might see  
In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.  
Much less can that have any Place,  
At which a Virgin hides her Face:  
Such Dross the Fire must purge away:  
'Tis just

The Author blush there where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,

VVhen *Bajazet* begins to rage:

Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombast way,

Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd *Seneca*:

Nor upon all things to intrude

And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Pow'r Divine,

VVe only can by Negatives define?

In a true Piece of Wit all things must be,

Yet



Yet all things there agree :

As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,  
All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.  
Or as the Primitive Forms of all,  
Which without Discord and Confusion lie,  
In that strange Mirrour of the Deity,

*Cowl.*

'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes  
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes,  
Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;  
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.

*Norm.*

Wit like a luxuriant Vine,

Unless to Virtue's Prop it join,

Firm and erect tow'rd Heav'n bound.

Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,  
It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground.

*Cowl.*

Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,  
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.

*Prior.*

Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,  
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;  
But in its full Perfection of Decay,

Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

*Roch.*

Unequally th' impartial Hand of Heav'n,  
Has all but this one only Blessing given.

In Wit alone 't has been munificent,  
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,  
That the most avaritious are content :

For none e'er thought, the due Division's such,  
His own too little, or his Friend's too much.

*Roch.*

Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,  
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Great VVits and Valours, like great States,  
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.

Th' Extreame of Glory and of Shame,

Like East and VVest become the same.

No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace

More Foll'wers, than a Thief to th' Gallows.

*Hud.*

W I T C H. *See* Despair. Necromancer.

What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire,  
That look not like th' Inhabitants of the Earth,  
And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought,  
That Man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy Fingers laying

Upon her skinny Lips :

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,  
And see which Grain will grow, and which will not;  
I conjure you by that which you profess,

To answer me,

*K k 4*

*The'*

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight  
 Against the Churches; tho' the yesty Waves  
 Confound and swallow Navigation up:  
 Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down;  
 Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads;  
 Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope  
 Their Heads to their Foundations:  
 Ev'n till Destruction sicken, answer me.

*Shak. Macb.*

The mumbling Beldam mutter'd thus her Charms.

On the corner of the Moon  
 Hangs a vaporous drop profound,  
 I'll catch it e're it come to Ground:  
 Which distill'd by magick Slights,  
 Shall raise artificial Sprights.  
 Thrice the brindled Cat has mew'd  
 Twice and once the Hedg-pig whin'd:  
 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time:  
 Round about the Cauldron go,  
 In the poyson'd Entrails throw,  
 Pour in Sow's Blood that has eaten  
 Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweet  
 From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw  
 Into the Flame.  
 Toad that under the cold Stone  
 Days and Nights hast thirty one  
 Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,  
 Boil thou first the charmed Pot.  
 Fillet of a fenny Snake  
 In the Cauldron boil and bake,  
 Eye of Neuts and Toe of Frogs,  
 Wool of Bats, and Tongue of Dogs,  
 Adder's Fork, and blind worm's Sting,  
 Lizard's Leg, and Howlets Wing,  
 For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,  
 Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.  
 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,  
 Witch's Mummy, Maw and Gulf  
 Of the ravin'd Salt Sea Shark,  
 Root of Hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;  
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
 Gall of Goats, and slips of Yeugh,  
 Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;  
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips,  
 Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,  
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,  
 Make the Gruel thick and slab:  
 Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron  
 For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.

Cool

Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,  
Then our Charm is firm and good.

*Shak. Macb.*

Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices on the Plain,  
He howls a Wolf among the hungry Train;  
And oft the mighty Necromancer boasts,  
With these to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts,  
And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn,  
Which whirl'd aloft to distant Fields is born,  
Such is the strength of Spells.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse, from Heav'n descends,  
And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends.  
Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,  
And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake;  
Verse fires the frozen Veins.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Renown'd for magick Arts her Charms unbind  
The Chains of Love, or fix 'em to the Mind;  
She stops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,  
Repels the Stars, and backward beats the Sky.  
The yawning Earth re-bellows to her call,  
Pale Ghosts ascend, and Mountain Ashes fall.

*Dryd. Virg.*

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,  
Black were her Robes; and loose her flaky Hair;  
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,  
Their hideous Howling shook the trembling Ground.  
A Palenefs, casting Horror round the Place,  
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.  
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,  
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste.  
A Cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,  
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.  
By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,  
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.  
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool,  
The Waxen was a little puling Fool,  
A chidden Image, ready still to skip  
Whene'er the Woollen one but snap'd his Whip:  
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,  
*Tisiphone* as loud the other bawls.

A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,  
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Garden round.  
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,  
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright.

*Staff. Hor.*

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the Air, she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of Infant-Blood, to dance  
With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon  
Eclipses at their Charms.

*Milt.*  
*But*



But see, they're gone,  
The Earth has Bubbles as the VVater has,  
And these are of them: they vanish'd  
Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal  
Melted as Breath into the VVind.

*Shak. Macb.*

# VV O L F.

So roams the nightly VVolf about the Fold,  
VVet with descending Show'rs, and stiff with Cold;  
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain,  
His gnashing Teeth are exercis'd in vain;  
And impotent of Anger, finds no VVay  
In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.  
The Mothers listen, but the bleating Lambs  
Securely swig the Dug beneath the Dams.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As when a VVolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold  
And Hunger-starv'd scours round the lofty Fold,  
He licks his rabbid Jaws, and seems possess'd  
Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast.  
He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs  
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams.

*Blac.*

As hungry VVolves, with raging Appetite,  
Scour through the Fields, nor fear the stormy Night;  
Their VVhelps at home expect the promis'd Food,  
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As when a prowling Wolf,  
VVhom Hunger drives to seek new Haunts for Prey,  
VVatching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,  
In hurdled Cotes amid the Field secure,  
Leaps o'er the Fence with ease into the Fold.

*Milt.*

So seizes the grim VVolf the tender Lamb,  
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.

*Dryd. Virg.*

As when a VVolf has torn a Bullock's Hide,  
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side,  
Conscious of his audacious Deed he flies,  
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs.

*Dryd. Virg.*

Such Rage inflames the VVolfs' wild Heart and Eyes,  
Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his Prize;  
VVhom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws  
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.  
The Shepherd fain himself he would assail,  
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail:  
He knows his Foe's too strong, and must be gone,  
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

*Cam.*

*Lycan*

*Lycaon turn'd into a Wolf.*

The Tyrant in a fright for Shelter gains  
The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains,  
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,  
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forsook ;  
About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns  
And breathing Slaughter, still with Rage he burns,  
But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.  
His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,  
Cleaves to his Back, a famish'd Face he bears,  
His Arms descend, his Shoulders shrink away,  
To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey.  
He grows a Wolf, his Hoariness remains,  
And the same Rage in other Members reigns ;  
His Eyes still sparkle in a narrower Space,  
His Jaws retain the Grin and Violence of Face.

*Dryd. Ovid.*

*Romulus and Remus nurs'd by a Wolf.*

The Cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy Greens ;  
There by the Wolf were laid the martial Twins ;  
Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung,  
The Foster Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue,  
They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head,  
She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

*(Dryd. Virg.)*

## W O M A N.

\*Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,  
In whom the Race of all Mankind was Curst :  
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,  
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.  
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,  
And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.  
Weep on ! a stock of Tears like Vows you have,  
And always ready when you would deceive.

*Oth. Dem Carl.*

Oh Virtue ! Virtue ! what art thou become,  
That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman !  
Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man :  
Heav'n took him sleeping when he made her too ;  
Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented.

*Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Out of my Sight thou Serpent, that Name best  
Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false,  
And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,  
Like his, and Colour serpentine, may shew  
Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee.

*Milt.*

Thy all is but a Show,  
Rather than solid Virtue ; all but a Rib,  
Crooked by Nature. Oh why did God,

Creator

Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
 This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect  
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
 With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate Mankind?

Milt.

Ah Traitors! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless Mind!  
 Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind!  
 Nature took care to dress you up for Sin;  
 Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within:  
 Hence by no Judgment you your Love direct;  
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.  
 So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,  
 That Love to others still remains unfix'd.  
 Greatness, and Noise, and Shew, are your Delight;  
 Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight:  
 And finding in their native Wit no Ease,  
 Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

Dryd. Auren.

The Sex was first in Mockery of us made;  
 They are the false, deceitful Glasses, where  
 We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes  
 Of Folly. What is it, Woman cannot do?  
 She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,  
 And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,  
 Where Fops have daily Entrance: Make a Priest,  
 Forgetting the Hypocrisy of 's Office,  
 Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.  
 Make a Projector quibble; an old Judge  
 Put on false Hair and Paint: and after all,  
 Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,  
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.

Otw. Orph.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At Women by Appearances:  
 That paint and patch their Imperfections  
 Of intellectual Complexions;  
 And dawb their Tempers o'er with Washes,  
 As artificial as their Faces.

Hud.

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles  
 The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit:  
 But all that gaze upon 'em are undone.  
 For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,  
 And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.  
 One Lover to another still succeeds;  
 Another, and another after that,  
 And the last Fool is welcome as the former;  
 Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,  
 And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

(Fair Pen-  
 Rows-  
 Me.



Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt,  
 That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Diffimulation  
 Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to publick View  
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.  
 Oh false Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,  
 Or boasted Pow'r, when they oppose their Arts?  
 Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools:  
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,  
 The first fair she beguil'd her easie Lord:  
 Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,  
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;  
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face  
 Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race.  
*(Rowe. Fair Pen.)*

Henceforth not name a Woman;  
 'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are  
 The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r!  
 The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres?  
 What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages?  
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,  
 And faster damns than Providence can save. *Lee. Constant.*  
 Oh Woman, Woman, VWoman! All the Gods  
 Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,  
 As you of doing Harm! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the VWorld for him that hates a VWoman!  
 VWoman, the Fountain of all human Frailty!  
 VWhat mighty Ills have not been done by Woman?  
 VWho was't betray'd the Capitol? a Woman!  
 VWho was the Cause of a long ten Years War,  
 And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? Woman!  
 VWho lost Mark Anthony the World? a Woman!  
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman!  
 VWoman, to Man first as a Blessing given,  
 VWhen Innocence and Love were in their Prime;  
 Happy a while, in Paradise they lay,  
 But quickly VWoman long'd to go astray:  
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,  
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love.  
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd  
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind. *Orw. Oph.*

But I forget my self, and rove  
 Beyond th' Instruction of my Love:  
 Forgive me, Fair! and only blame  
 Th' Extravagancy of my Flame;  
 Since 'tis too much at once to show  
 Excess of Love, and Temper too:

All I have said that's bad and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you.

Hud.

Oh VVoman! lovely VVoman! Nature made you  
To temper Man: we had been Brutes without you.  
Angels are painted fair to look like you.  
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;  
Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,  
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Oth. Ven. Pres.

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!  
Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.  
If we want Beauty we of Love despair,  
And are besieg'd like Frontier Towns, if fair.

Wall.

Unhappy Sex! where Beauty is your Snare;  
Expos'd to trials, made too frail to bear.

Dryd. Aurea.

VVomen are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;  
Their Love's insuperable as their Hate;  
No merit their Aversion can remove,  
No ill Requit can efface their Love.

Wall.

For I who made them, know their inward State:  
No VVoman, once well-pleas'd, can thoroughly hate:  
I gave 'em Beauty to subdue the strong;  
A mighty Empire! but it lasts not long:  
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,  
But in exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.  
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,  
Submits to Conquer, and but kneels to rise.

Dryd. Amphit.

[ Spoken by Jupiter.

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,  
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.  
Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws!

Dryd. OEdip.

Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,  
For none but Fools will VVomankind obey,  
If they prove stubborn, and resist our VVill,  
VVe exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em ill:  
The passive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies;  
Sometimes we pity, but we still despise:  
But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove;  
Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love.  
We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn;  
Then, falling from our height, more basely mourn;  
And Man, th' insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn;  
Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,  
And hugs another Mistress in his Arms:  
And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,  
Of all our slighted Favours makes his Boast.

Dryd. Cleom.

VVomen, to the brave an easie Prey,  
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way.

Dryd Pal. &amp; Arc.

For

For VVomen born to be controul'd,  
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
 Affect the haughty and the proud,  
 The gay, the frolick, and the loud,  
 VVho first the generous Steed oppress,  
 Not kneeling did salute the Beast,  
 But with high Courage, Life, and Force  
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.  
 Unwisely we the wiser *East*  
 Pity, supposing them oppress  
 With Tyrant's Force, whose Law is Will,  
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill;  
 Each Nymph, but moderately fair,  
 Commands with no less Rigour here.  
 Should some brave *Turk*, that walks among  
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,  
 And beckens to the willing Dame,  
 Preferr'd to quench his present Flame,  
 Behold as many Gallants here,  
 VVith modest Guise, and silent Fear,  
 All to one Female Idol bend,  
 Whilst her high Pride does scarce descend  
 To mark their Follies, he would swear  
 That these her Guard of Eunuch's were;  
 And that a more majestic Queen,  
 Or humbler Slaves he had not seen.

For Women, you know, seldom fail,  
 To make the stoutest Men turn Tail,  
 And bravely scora to turn their Backs  
 Upon the desperat'st Attacks.

They wound like *Parthians*, while they fly,  
 And kill with a retreating Eye;  
 Retire the more, the more vve press,  
 To dravv us into Ambushes.

# W O R D S.

Words with the Leaves of Trees Resemblance hold,  
 In this Respect; where ev'ry Year the old  
 Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:  
 Death is the Fate of all things here below.  
 If Man, and Nature's works submit to Fare,  
 Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:  
 Many, which we approve for currant now,  
 In the next Age out of Request will grow:  
 And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,  
 Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,



If Custom please, from whom their Force they draw,  
Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law. *Oldb. Hor.*  
Words are but the Pictures of our Thoughts. *Dryd.*

His Words replete with Guile,  
Into her Heart too easie Entrance won. *Milt.*

In her Ears the Sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive Words, impregn'd  
With Reason, to her Seeming, and with Truth. *Milt.*

## WORLD.

The World's a stormy Sea,  
Whose ev'ry Beach is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches,  
That daily perish in it. *Rowe. Amb. Stepm.*

The World's a VVood, in which all lose their Way,  
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray. *Roch.*

The VVorld's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men,  
Walk up and down to find their Weariness:  
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil,  
One crooked Path in hope to gain our Freedom,  
But it betrays us to a new Affliction. *Beau. Night-walker.*

## WORMS. See Creation.

## VVOUNDS.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd VVound;  
Dishonest, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears:  
Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face. *Dryd. Virg. Blac.*

VVith many a VVound she made her Bosom gay,  
Her VVounds like Flood-gates, did themselves display,  
Thro' which life ran in scarlet streams away. *Lee. Nero.*

The yawning Wound  
Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*  
The gaping VVound gush'd out a crimson Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*  
Like dumb Mouths, his VVounds

Open'd their ruby-Lips. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*  
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,  
Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do wonders.  
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,  
Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Valent.*

They made bare their Breasts,  
Lac'd with long Scars and studded o'er with Thrusts,  
The noble VVardrobe of the scarlet VVar. *Lee Mistr.*

## WRETCH.

## WRETCH.

Look who comes here! A Grave unto a Soul:  
Holding th' eternal Spirit 'gainst her VVill,  
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath.

Shak. K. John.

To be a Dog, and dead  
VVere Paradise to such a State as his ;  
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,  
VVith strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings.  
VVhile his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it.

Rowe. Tamersl.

To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind  
Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,  
VVhere one Dishonour treads upon another,  
What know the Fiends beyond it!

Rowe. Tamersl.

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,  
But's happier far than me: for I have known  
The luscious Sweets of Plenty: ev'ry Night  
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,  
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning:  
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,  
Whose Blossom 'scap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning.

(Ven. Pres.

Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we saw  
The ghastly Village of a Man unknown:  
An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale and wild,  
Afflictions foul and terrible Dismay  
Sate on his Looks: his Face impair'd and worn  
With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress;  
His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard  
Matted with Filth.

Add. Virg.

## YEAR.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year;  
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,  
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear.  
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,  
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;  
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.  
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,  
But only feeds with Hopes the Farmer's Eyes.  
Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd.  
And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.  
But no substantial Nourishment receives;  
Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves:  
Proceeding onward whence the Year began;  
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man:

L 1

This

This Season, as in Man, is most replete  
 With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.  
 Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,  
 Nor froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage ;  
 More than mature, and tending to Decay,  
 When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.  
 Last Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace ;  
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.  
 His Scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,  
 The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare. *Dryd. Qu.*

### Y O U T H.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.  
 Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,  
 And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Cref.*

Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began  
 To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,  
 And blooming Beauty grac'd his youthful Years. *Blac.*

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,  
 Which from decrepid Age will fly,  
 Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosom of the Spring,  
 In Winter's cold Embraces die. *Coner.*

Secure those golden early Joys,  
 That Youth, unsowr'd with Sorrow bears ;  
 E'er with'ring Time the Taste destroys,  
 With Sickness and unwieldy Years.  
 For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,  
 This is the time to be possess'd !  
 The best is but in Season best.  
 The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,  
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,  
 The half, unwilling willing Kiss,  
 The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,  
 When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,  
 And hides but to be found again,

These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. *Dryd. Hor.*

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live ;  
 But Ah ! the mighty Bliss is fugitive :  
 Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labours come,  
 And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom. *Dryd. Virg.*

All the good VVine of Life our drunken Youth devours,  
 Sourness and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,

Remain for latter Years to drink ;  
 Untill some one, offended with the Taste, *(Concl.)*  
 The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at last.  
 Grief



Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is seen ;  
 Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been ?  
 Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,  
 But VVifdom does unlucky Age misguide. *How. Ind. Quen.*

## Z E A L.

Zeal is the pious Madnefs of the Mind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*  
 And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal,  
 Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well. *Greene. Two.*

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant ;  
 And Independants to profess  
 The Doctrine of Dependances :  
 Turns meek and sneaking secret Ones  
 To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones :  
 And not content with endless Quarrels  
 Against the Wicked and their Morals,  
 The *Gibellins* for want of *Guelfs*,  
 Divert their Rage upon themselves. *Hud.*

## Z O N E S.

Five Girdles bind the Skies : the torrid Zone  
 Glows with the passing and re-passing Sun.  
 Far on the Right and Left, th' Extreame of Heav'n  
 To Frosts and Snows and bitter Blasts are giv'n.  
 Betwixt the midst of these the Gods assign'd  
 Two habitable Seats for human-kind :  
 And cross their Limits cut a sloping VVay,  
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway :  
 Two Poles surround the Globe: one seen to rise  
 O'er *Scythian* Hills, and one in *Lybian* Skies.  
 The first sublime in Heav'n : the last is whirl'd  
 Below the Regions of the nether VVorld.  
 Around our Pole the fiery *Dragon* glides,  
 And, like a wandring Stream, the *Bears* divides :  
 The less and greater, who by Fates Decree  
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.  
 There as they say, perpetual Night is found,  
 In Silence brooding on th' unhappy Ground :  
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,  
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.  
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,  
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night.  
 And as five Zones th' Æthereal Regions bind,  
 Five correspondent are to Earth assign'd.

*Dryd. Virg.*

The

The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,  
Fries all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.  
The two beneath the distant Poles complain,  
Of endless VVinter and perpetual Rain.  
Betwixt th' Extreame two happier Climates hold,  
The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold.

*Dryd. Ovid.*



**F I N I S.**

